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Post Biographies of Famous Journalists

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POST BIOGRAPHIES
of
FAMOUS JOURNALISTS

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INTRODUCTION

Post Biographies of Famous Journalists was suggested by *Post Stories of 1941*. When this annual collection of fiction appeared, it reminded me of the articles about prominent writers, editors, columnists, and publishers which had been appearing in the *Post* during recent years and which I had clipped for use in my University work. Why shouldn't these articles be brought together and be given that permanence and dignity of book publication which their content so richly merited?

As was pointed out to the *Post* editors, all of the persons discussed in these articles are, or have been, major figures in contemporary journalism, and as such have earned a niche in biographical literature. The very fact that each of them has been deemed worthy of treatment to the extent of five thousand words, more or less, in a periodical with a circulation of over three million copies bespeaks the popular interest in those described in this book. It is unlikely, moreover, that many of them will soon be the subjects of full-length biographies, thereby making such a collection as this the most practicable way of preserving and making readily available information about them. Publication of book-length studies of the subjects of this collection should not, however, weaken or destroy the value of what is herein brought together. In the cases of Walter Winchell and O. O. McIntyre, for example, both of whom have been treated by other authors, the sketches by J. P. McEvoy and J. Bryan, III, are as interesting and valuable as they ever were.

Equally as interesting as the subjects of these sketches are the authors. If the persons treated in these articles are, as the title indicates, *famous journalists*, the same terminology could be applied to some, if not all, of the contributors to this

volume. Stanley Walker of *City Editor* fame, Jack Alexander as an associate editor of the *Post*, Tom Wallace as the journalistic heir to "Marse Henry" Watterson, and John Chamberlain as the literary critic of a leading American newspaper and an equally distinguished magazine—to mention but a few of the contributors—can easily take their places alongside those about whom they write.

All of those treated in this book are, or have been, journalists in the broad or commonly accepted meaning of the term, with the exception of Marshall Field, III. He is not, of course, a journalist by profession. As publisher of two of the most widely discussed recent experiments in metropolitan journalism, however—*PM* of New York City and the *Chicago Sun*—Mr. Field very definitely merits a place in a collection such as this one. This is particularly true since his chief Chicago rival, Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, is the subject of one of these *Post* biographies. Fortunately both the Field and the McCormick sketches are by the same writer—Jack Alexander. The article about Mr. Field, moreover, contains significant information about others in the newspaper and magazine world, particularly Ralph Ingersoll, who before becoming editor of *PM*, was associated with the *New Yorker*, *Fortune*, and *Time*, Inc.

A special word should be said about George Gallup. He can, of course, qualify as a journalist since he has been reporter, editor, teacher of journalism, and advertising executive. He is included among these famous journalists, however, because of his work in the study of public opinion. His contribution in this realm is notable and has an important bearing on contemporary journalism.

All of those whose lives are depicted in this book are making or have made distinctive and, in most instances, eminently worthwhile contributions to American journalism. Individuality and variety are, perhaps, the keynotes of the careers, personal and professional, herein delineated. Dorothy Dix and Dorothy Thompson, Arthur Brisbane and Westbrook Pegler, O. O. McIntyre and Walter Winchell, Ed Howe and Sir Willmott Lewis—the contrasts are many and striking. But

equally impressive are the similarities, particularly in terms of magnitude of achievement. All have been very successful in the popular understanding of the term. They are all "big names." But, more than this, they have all contributed something to the profession. They have, in their several ways, earned the right to be known as famous journalists.

There is much to be said for the magazine article as a convenient and suitable length for a satisfying personality sketch. It is neither too long nor too short for the high points in an individual's personal and professional life. It lends itself to the presentation of the distilled essence of a career—the facts and the philosophies in which all but the student of a particular subject are interested. A magazine article often represents the best thought of a best mind on a subject about which that mind will never write a book.

Post Biographies of Famous Journalists was prepared with several specific groups in mind. First and foremost comes the general public—those same intelligent and informed men and women who read some of this material when it first appeared, and who turn to the non-fiction content of the *Post* and similar magazines week by week. These are the persons to whom the press is one of the vital safeguards of the democratic way of life, and who, therefore, would know more about the men and women who occupy the high posts within its ranks. To them, these sketches are history in the making—biographies of our contemporary custodians of that "keystone of the arch which supports all of our liberties." *

In addition to the general public there are numerous smaller groups, such as the reporters and editors of high school and college newspapers, students in schools of journalism, the social scientists, and practising newspaper men and women, who should find material of practical and background value in these articles.

Post Biographies of Famous Journalists was suggested to the *Post* editors and to the publisher of this book as a potentially valuable contribution to biographical and historical literature, as well as to journalism. To examine the table of con-

* Arthur Robb, Editor of *Editor and Publisher*.

tents, with special reference to the authors of these articles, is to be persuaded of the validity of this contention. To read the articles themselves is to be convinced.

The editors of the *Post* are, of course, largely responsible for this book. First, they initiated the original publication of this material in the pages of their magazine. And, second, they have made this book possible. This introduction would, therefore, be quite incomplete without a word of thanks to Robert M. Fuoss, Douglas Borgstedt, and W. B. Williams for their assistance in translating the idea of *Post Biographies of Famous Journalists* into a reality.

J. E. D.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF CONTRIBUTORS

JACK ALEXANDER.—A native of St. Louis, Jack Alexander was educated at St. Louis University. He worked for a year on the *St. Louis Star*, crossed the street and spent six years on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* as reporter, sports writer, rewrite man, Sunday feature writer, editorial writer, substitute columnist, and movie reviewer. He moved East in 1931 and for three years was with the New York City News Association, for two years with the New York *Daily News*, and for two years with the *New Yorker* magazine. He has contributed many articles to the *Post* and other periodicals. He is at present an associate editor of the *Post*.

J. BRYAN, III.—Although he was once an editor of *Town and Country*, and also an associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, J. Bryan, III, is essentially a writer. The *Post* people discovered this fact while he was there and put him on a number of special assignments, the first one in the *Post* to make a considerable hit being the profile of O. O. McIntyre. After four years on the *Post*, he started free-lancing and has written for *Life*, *Reader's Digest*, *Collier's*, and has done a number of articles for the *Post*, the last major job being a long piece on Katherine Hepburn.

Mr. Bryan is reported to be quite a circus enthusiast. Each year he spends two weeks traveling with the "big top," living and working with the performers.

ROGER BUTTERFIELD.—Now national affairs editor of *Life* magazine, Roger Butterfield is a product of Lyndonville, New York. Born July 29, 1907, he was educated at the University of Rochester (A.B., 1927) and at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism (1927-1928). In 1928 he began news-

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paper work in Philadelphia, where he worked on both the *Bulletin* and the *Evening Ledger*. He joined the staff of *Time* after resigning his newspaper connections in 1937. He has been press editor of *Time* and has done national reporting for both *Time* and *Life*. He wrote the close-up of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh which appeared in an August, 1941, *Life*. While accompanying Jim Farley on a Southern tour, he met Mr. Evans and decided that he had stumbled across a good *Saturday Evening Post* article. The editors agreed, and the sketch herein included was the result.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.—Essentially a book reviewer, John (Rensselaer) Chamberlain is a product of both New Haven, Connecticut, and its best known enterprise—Yale University. He also married a New Haven girl. Born October 28, 1903, he received his degree in 1925. After beginning his journalistic career as an advertising writer, he soon switched to the editorial side and joined the staff of the *New York Times* in 1926 as a reporter. In 1928 he became assistant editor of the *Times* Sunday Book Review and from 1933 to 1936 he conducted a daily book column for this paper. He was also associate editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* in 1933. He served as an editor of *Fortune* magazine in 1936, and from 1936 to 1938 was book editor of *Scribner's* magazine. He succeeded Harry Hansen in a similar position on *Harper's* magazine in 1939. Mr. Chamberlain has combined teaching, lecturing, and authorship with his newspaper and magazine work. He has lectured at the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University; the New School for Social Research; and the Columbia Summer School. He has also been an associate fellow of Timothy Dwight College, Yale University. Author of *Farewell to Reform*, he has contributed to *The Critique of Humanism*, *Challenge to the New Deal*, *After the Genteel Tradition*, and *Books That Have Changed Our Minds*.

FORREST DAVIS.—"Why is it that you can so often scratch a writer and find a minister's son?" asks the writer of the

"Keeping Posted" section of the *Post*. "We can't tell you; it's one of those minor mysteries of life which leave us puzzled but untroubled. We accept the fact as unquestioningly as we do an Irish cop. We also accept a great many manuscripts from minister's sons. The latest is from Forrest Davis whose case is especially complicated. The fact that he is a minister's son first helped him to become well known as a reporter.

"Remember the famous monkey trial at Dayton, Tennessee? When the late William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow locked tongues over the right of the State of Tennessee to protect its school children from exposure to the theory of evolution, the nation's newspapers held their first three-ring circus.

"The New York *Herald Tribune* assigned Forrest Davis. Now it happens that Mr. Davis followed up on what he learned from his father's sermons out in Indiana and made himself an amateur student of theology at an early age. His knowledge of exegesis and dogmatics, heresies and homiletics, enabled him to keep score and describe what was happening in Dayton more accurately and colorfully than most of his colleagues. Forrest had been a star reporter, a foreign correspondent and a managing editor—but it took Dayton to make him nationally known.

"During the years he was reporter in New York City, Mr. Davis' specialty was to take a complicated financial or politico-economic story and make it as readable as the account of a first-rate murder. It is a rare talent, as any reporter will tell you."

Born in Decatur, Indiana, November 16, 1893, Mr. Davis attended Winona Academy and began his career as a newspaper man. He has been editor, *Evansville (Ind.) Journal*; assistant editor, *Washington* and foreign correspondent, *Detroit Free Press*; a staff member of the *New York Herald Tribune* and *World-Telegram*; a general correspondent of the *Scripps-Howard* newspapers; and editor, *Rocky Mountain News*, Denver. He served in an advisory capacity to Senator Robert A. Taft and Senator Charles L. McNary dur-

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ing the 1910 presidential campaign. Mr. Davis writes often for the magazines and is author of *What Price Wall Street?*, *Huey Long: A Candid Biography*, and *The Atlantic System* (about Anglo-American command of the seas).

MAXINE DAVIS.—Maxine Davis, in the language of a *Post* editor, "has been wandering in and out of the State Department since those giddy days when passports were to be had for the asking. In the course of her journalistic duties, she's covered such assignments as the Washington Disarmament Conference, the British-Indian Round Table Conference, the League of Nations, and the World Economic Conference. The tragedy of her life is that on one of those expeditions she broke an appointment with Hitler! He just didn't seem that important! Miss Davis lives not far from the State Department in a Georgetown house filled with old furniture she collects with a fine disregard for dealers' standards, mixing good Sheraton with the worst French Directoire. But it doesn't matter; her puppies—of which there are always a number—aren't particular about the kind of furniture they chew."

Born in Chicago of "a mother who was an idealist and a father who was a cynic," Miss Davis says, "Between them I struck a balance for which I shall be eternally grateful." A newspaper woman of experience, she has run a news agency in Washington and has written much about politics, international relations, and women's activities. She is regarded as an authority on youth and its problems.

"I began my journalistic career on the old *Chicago Daily Journal*, under an angel named Dick Finnegan, at the end of my first year at my home town college, the University of Chicago," Miss Davis recalls. "Every vacation thereafter I reported. Having gravitated happily to political journalism as soon as I got my degree in 1921 I naturally wanted to go to Washington. As no one there shared my belief in my supreme importance, and as I was so young I knew nothing whatsoever of the difficulties of the syndicate business, I manufactured a job. I talked 17 newspapers into taking a weekly letter on news about women in Washington. At the

end of three months I had only four contracts left. Still, when I closed the service in 1930 it was a daily mail and telegraph news bureau serving 63 of the largest dailies. Except for occasional sorties to Europe and scrappy sojourns in New York, I have been in Washington, writing, ever since I came here. I love Washington for a grand combination of Cosmopolis and Main Street. . . . My idea of a grand time is sitting around the Senate Press Gallery talking over the situation."

Miss Davis is the author of several books, including *The Lost Generation* and *They Shall Not Want*.

HERMANN B. DEUTSCH.—Born in what was Czechoslovakia, Hermann B. Deutsch says that he has been "a part of what supplies the 'Americana' satirists with material ever since the age of two." He received his education in Cincinnati and at the University of Chicago. He did newspaper work in Chicago during what he calls the "ante-machine-gun-days." Finding the winters there too cold, however, he started around the world with a friend, got as far as New Orleans where he has since done much newspaper work and where he knew Dorothy Dix, his *Post* sketch of whom appears herein. Mr. Deutsch reports that he has been at various times a stenographer, brakeman, and "even a college professor." He contributes to a variety of magazines in addition to the *Post*.

Announcement was made only recently that Mr. Deutsch had been named associate editor of the New Orleans *Item*, a paper with which he has been connected since 1917 and for which he had been serving as associate editor, without the title, for some months.

GENE A. HOWE.—Distinguished son of an illustrious sire, Gene Alexander Howe was born in Atchison, Kansas, March 22, 1886. Like his celebrated father, E. W. Howe, he yielded to the seductive influence of printer's ink and has spent most of his life as a newspaper man. Beginning as a boy, Mr. Howe was a printer and reporter in Kansas, Idaho, and Ore-

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gon from 1900 to 1908 when he joined the staff of the *Atchison Globe*. After three years there, he became editor of the Amarillo (Texas) *News-Globe* where he was also publisher and secretary and treasurer. He resigned as editor in 1936 but continues as the writer of a column under the name of "Old Talk." He contributes to professional and game conservation publications.

ALVA JOHNSTON.—A Pulitzer prize winner (1923 for reporting), Alva Johnston has been called "the best reporter in New York" and also a "reporter's reporter." First with the *Times* and later with the *Herald Tribune*, he has covered many important assignments. As a magazine writer he has contributed to the "Profiles" section of the *New Yorker* and other magazines.

"Like most good reporters, Mr. Johnston," according to a *Post* editor, "approaches a new story with an eye rolling and rancorous. His news sense often works something like Buck Rogers' disintegrator—he investigates, there's a *pouf* and no story. And when what looks like a great idea for an article proves to be simply a great idea, Mr. Johnston says so. Alva is not an editor's yes man."

A *Post* editor brought back from Hollywood an off-the-record story of Mr. Johnston and Samuel Goldwyn ("The Great Goldwyn") which is an interesting commentary on the journalist. "It seems that Alva was in Goldwyn's office on one of his many interviews with the producer. They'd been working for some time when one of the associate producers came in with Robert Sherwood, the playwright. Alva, knowing that Sherwood had been called West for two weeks' work on a special job, and realizing that the playwright's time meant money to Goldwyn, rose immediately, excused himself, and gathered his papers. Mr. Goldwyn, already deep in some work on his desk, waved a negligent farewell without looking up. Then he turned to welcome Sherwood who was standing by his desk.

"The playwright was watching Alva as he walked across Mr. Goldwyn's office toward the door.

" 'And there, Mr. Goldwyn,' said Robert Sherwood, 'goes the finest reporter in America.'

" 'He is?' said Goldwyn, startled. 'My! I should joomp up and see him to the door.'

"And he did just that."

DON MARQUIS.—Details of the life and career of this newspaperman, author, and playwright are to be found in his contribution to this volume—the only autobiographical article in the collection. Here it may be said that Donald Robert Perry Marquis—his full name—was born in Walnut, Bureau County, Virginia, July 29, 1898, and died December 29, 1937. Among his better known works are *Danny's Own Story*, *Dreams and Dust*, *Cruise of the Jasper B.*, *Hermione*, *Prefaces*, *The Old Soak*, *Carter and Other People*, *Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith*, *Poems and Portraits*, *Revolt of the Oyster*, *Sonnets to a Red Haired Lady*, *The Old Soak's History of the World*, *The Dark Hours*, *Out of the Sea*, *The Almost Perfect State*, *Archy and Mehitabel*, *Love Sonnets of a Cave Man*, *When the Turtles Sing*, *Variety of People*, *Off the Arm*.

J. P. McEVoy.—One of those supposedly rare specimens—a native New Yorker—Joseph Patrick McEvoy is as much a part of Hollywood and the theatrical world as he is of the writing profession. He has written much about and for the cinema and stage. Born January 10, 1895, he attended Notre Dame University. A partial list of his creative work would include *Slams of Life* (verse), *The Bam Bam Clock*, *The Potters* (comedy), *The Comic Supplement* (revue), *Americana* (revue), *Show Girl* (novel), *Hollywood Girl*, *Denny and the Dumb Cluck*, *Mister Noodle*, *Society*, and *Are You Listening?*

Mr. McEvoy's article on Shirley Temple made him, according to *Post* editors, "one of the most popular men in America. Each visit from the postman brought Mr. McEvoy bales of letters from mothers, and pictures of their daughters. All the mothers wanted Mr. McEvoy to arrange a movie starring career for their daughters. A great many of them offered Mr.

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McEvoy a share in the profits. Mr. McEvoy begged us to print a tiny, tiny notice in some inconspicuous spot, such as on the cover, notifying the mothers of the land to cease and desist. Knowing Mr. McEvoy to be fond of both children and money, we always declined. We thought he might weaken. But now there's no hope of that. Mrs. McEvoy has presented Mr. McEvoy with an eight-pound baby girl. No others need apply."

WILLISTON C. RICH, JR.—Born Thanksgiving day, November 26, 1907, in Minneapolis, of parents descended from Norwegian and English folk, Williston C. Rich, Jr., tells his own story briefly and effectively as follows:

"1907-22: Childhood without serious illness, very tough public school (the kind Jimmy Farrell writes about), editor of school paper, in trouble most of the time, considerable travel with grandfather, John H. Rich, banker, who made the Federal Reserve System—a tough-minded, sweet guy. Had a grand time.

"1922-26: Shattuck School, preparatory and military, at Faribault, Minn. Did fine in football, basketball and track. Liked it.

"1926-30: Dartmouth College, English major, no athletics, read everything I could stick my nose into, worked under a proctor, found it a magnificent opportunity to read the things I would wish to read later on but wouldn't. Good four years, but could have been done in two.

"1930-31: Hit the depression right on the nose at graduation. Family and I lost our dough. Decision: Must make money swiftly and get it over with. Guaranty Trust Company school of banking. Sold bonds. No go figured customers should be selling their bonds to me. Quit.

"1931-33: Did Federal Reserve Board survey of closed banks with Oliver Powell, the economist. Washed me up with business men—stupid, greedy, and no one laughed. Figured it was time I turned black sheep and did something I wanted to do.

"November, 1933 June, 1935: Reporter, the Minneapolis

Journal. Joined up two weeks after John Dillinger robbed his first bank. Covered everything that came down the pike. Delighted to begin learning how the world worked. Got the hell beat out of me in the Minneapolis truck strike in '34. Heard of Stanley Walker and headed East.

"July, 1935—to date: Reporter, the New York *Herald Tribune*. Covering features, plenty of crime with Thomas E. Dewey, politics with Fiorello H. LaGuardia, re-write and variegated assignments of any working newspaper reporter."

STANLEY WALKER.—Best known as city editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Stanley Walker is a Texas born (Lampasas, Texas, October 21, 1898) newspaper man who has had a variety of reportorial, editorial, and general writing experience. Educated at the University of Texas, he served as a reporter first on the Austin (Texas) *American* and later on the Dallas (Texas) *Morning News*. He joined the staff of the old New York *Herald*, now the *Herald Tribune*, in 1920, and between then and 1935 he was reporter, rewrite man, night city editor, city editor, and editorial writer. From the *Herald Tribune* he went to the New York *Mirror* as managing editor in 1935, and for the next two years was successively with the New York *American*, the *New Yorker*, and the *New York Woman*. He returned to the *Herald Tribune* as an editor-writer in 1937–1939, leaving again to serve for a year as editor of the Philadelphia Evening *Public Ledger*. Mr. Walker is a frequent contributor to the better magazines, and is the author of three widely praised books—*The Night Club Era*, *City Editor*, and *Mrs. Astor's Horse*.

Mr. Walker, according to a "Keeping Posted" note, is a "small man but a dead shot with an air pistol. That's the Texas in him. . . . His best trick consists of placing the tips of his index and little fingers together and withdrawing the other two fingers without disturbing the triangle thus formed. Go ahead, try it."

TOM WALLACE.—An associate of the famous "Marse Henry" Watterson, about whom he writes in the article in

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this collection, Tom Wallace is a native of Kentucky (born November 26, 1874, in Hurricane, Crittenden County, Kentucky) and has devoted most of his life to newspaper work in that state. Educated at Sampson's Academy, Shelbyville, Kentucky, and Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Virginia, Mr. Wallace was successively with the *Louisville Times*, *Dispatch*, *Post*, *Herald*, *Courier-Journal*; *Cincinnati Post*; and *St. Louis Republic* until 1905 when he became editorial writer and dramatic critic of the *Courier-Journal*, a position which he held until the retirement of Mr. Watterson, except when on leave making a tour around the world as correspondent for a syndicate in 1909 and a similar trip to Portugal and Spain after the overthrow of the Braganza dynasty. Associate editor of the *Courier-Journal* until 1923, Mr. Wallace was chief of the editorial staff of the *Louisville Times* from 1923 to 1930, when he became editor. He has been awarded an honorary degree by the University of Louisville; was one of a group of American editors visiting eight European countries in 1927 upon invitation of the Carnegie Foundation to make an examination of post-war conditions; has contributed articles on Mexico to American and European publications; was awarded the Pugsley medal of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Association; has been a speaker and writer on conservation of natural resources; was honorary vice president, American Forestry Association; was president, Southern Forestry Association; is a member, National Park Conference; was a founder, Ohio Valley Regional Conference on State Parks; and is a member, American Society of Newspaper Editors.

In granting permission for the inclusion of his article on Mr. Watterson in this collection, Mr. Wallace indirectly paid tribute to his former chief in this way: ". . . putting Henry Watterson, a man of statesmanlike qualities and genuine distinction, in a book with people like some of those in your galaxy would seem to Mr. Watterson a deliberately unfriendly act if he could know about it."

"THEY TELL ME HE'S A BIG MAN"

By STANLEY WALKER

WHEN Arthur Brisbane, the journalistic sage and shrewd real-estate speculator, died on Christmas Day, 1936, editorial writers everywhere were torn between politeness and honesty.

In the immediate presence of death, and particularly at Christmastime, they felt they had to make obeisance to the man who had been the most successful of all editorial writers, a gifted colleague who had become a millionaire in the practice of what, in these degenerate times, is commonly regarded as one of the most thankless of the arts.

On the other hand, because so many of them viewed him with a mixture of awe, hatred and envy, they could not bring themselves—unless, of course, they happened to be employed on the Hearst papers—to give forth the usual ungrudging encomiums. Therefore, they dismissed him with the lazy man's epithet—that is, they said he was "contradictory." This was perhaps a safe enough escape from a tough situation.

But these gentlemen were on the trail of a sound idea, even so. Brisbane was "contradictory." He wrote more than 500,000 words a year; it would have been remarkable if, out of that appalling mass, there had not been a great deal of downright nonsense, and many ideas that clashed with one another violently. He could reverse himself, with a charming blandness, on almost any subject. He could be delightfully and whimsically generous; he could be mean and cruel. When in good humor, he could be the most affable of men; when crossed, his handsome face would contort itself into a monstrous and frightening caricature. His word was good, and yet he was sly in business matters. A hardheaded New

[Note: This article appeared February 28, 1942.]

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Yorker who had been associated with him in many deals said of him recently, "He was thoroughly honorable, but you had to watch him. What of it? You have to watch everybody these days, don't you?" Yes, he was "contradictory," but there was nothing particularly baffling about him.

An old acquaintance summed him up this way: "Arthur was no enigma. The truth about him was simply this: He was never a man to cringe from either adulation or money." Those were what he wanted. He got them both. From first to last, in fair weather and foul, he was steadfastly, unshakably pro-Brisbane. He kept his eye on the main chance.

Perhaps his most startling eccentricity was his mania for talking about how much money he made. This trait could be dismaying to persons who had just met him, and who had been accustomed to a certain amount of reticence in such matters. It sounds incredible, but he was addicted to forthright announcements like this: "I'm delighted to meet you, sir. Did you know that Hearst paid me two hundred and sixty thousand dollars last year?" Some people were inclined to be flabbergasted; others, after getting over their first surprise, professed to see something almost lovable in his blunt, delighted confessions about money.

And this love of money as a topic of conversation was by no means a new thing with him. Twenty years ago I met a faded crone who had been a cashier in a moderately rowdy resort operated in the 90's and earlier at Houston and Crosby streets, New York, by Harry Hill, a well-known sporting figure of that period. It was in this place that John L. Sullivan, later a friend of Brisbane's, fought for his first New York purse. This woman said that one day Brisbane, then a dashing, good-looking reporter, came bouncing in and announced with glee that he had just received a five-dollar raise. She said he bought wine, which he often liked to do when he had something to celebrate, although ordinarily he was anything but a Good-Time Charlie.

Although, in his later years, Brisbane was occasionally repetitious to the point of being a bore, he was fascinating to watch in action. He had made his money, though he al-

ways wanted more. He had achieved that distinction in his profession for which he had driven himself so relentlessly through the decades. But there were times when he had certain misgivings. He would wonder—and grow bitter with frustration at the thought—whether he was not losing touch with current ideas, fresh customs, the new generation. He would write as cocksurely as ever, but to a few friends he often referred to the dispiriting fact that he was an old man.

It would occur to him, especially after his seventieth birthday, in 1934, that he might be approaching the end. But he would pull himself together gamely and write in his column that if people took care of themselves and ate sensibly, they might easily live to be 140. He still drove himself hard, but he would coddle himself in many little ways. He feared drafts. On chilly days he would swathe his throat in a heavy muffler; in very bad weather he would appear grotesquely wearing a black skullcap. He often observed that germs were everywhere, and his tone indicated that he felt they had malicious designs on him. "One more attack of pneumonia and I'm done for," he used to say. The ever-present fear of death appeared to accentuate his frantic manner. He became more and more impatient. He suspected, and correctly enough, that he might not have long to live, and he thoroughly disapproved of the idea.

It was in these last years, and particularly during the last months of his life, that he took an even greater delight than usual in recounting—for the benefit of almost anyone who would listen—the glories and triumphs of his yesterdays. He would chuckle at the recollection of having beaten the blind Joseph Pulitzer at cards. He would refer to his relations with William Randolph Hearst with pride, and would estimate the millions he had made for Hearst. When he spoke of Hearst, it was without any note of feeling, one way or the other, though his remarks were always friendly enough. But when he talked of Pulitzer, for whom he had worked before he joined Hearst, there was something approaching affection in his voice, and his cold blue eyes would show a trace of warmth. He referred to Pulitzer almost rev-

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erently as "Uncle Joe." He would boast of his real-estate coups. He would tell of the noted journalists he had snared away from other papers—"I took Bill Corum away from Ochs, who didn't appreciate him. I brought Keats Speed from Atlanta," and so on. And to the very last, he would take an almost childish pleasure in winning a bet, no matter how small—anything to prove his superiority. Still, in his column he was the stern moralist, opposing gambling of all forms.

Those who talked much with Brisbane, or followed his curious pronouncements closely, could not avoid being struck by the respect he had for what he regarded as his own virtues. The manifestations were many and sometimes fantastic. For example, he had never gone to college, although he had attended lectures abroad; therefore he often denounced American colleges and universities as being a waste of time. He estimated that it "would take a young man eleven years" to recover from the pernicious effects of a college education. His own eyes were strikingly blue; he had a good word for blue-eyed individuals, wherever placed, and he belligerently upheld the superiority of the blue-eyed races. He waited until he was forty-seven to marry; he was an advocate of late marriages for men. In a speech before the women comprising the Fashion Group in New York, he advised them to stop such foolishness as designing clothes and go home "and have six children." Brisbane was the father of six children.

Brisbane was treated with deference by his journalistic associates, many of whom feared him. He was impatient when other people tried to tell anecdotes. And in conferences, when someone might offer a light note, he would observe that "this is no time for levity"—and usually he was right. Many of his coworkers referred to him as "Boss." Years ago, when he was directing the *New York Evening Journal*, the famous cartoonist, Thomas A. Dorgan ("Tad"), began referring to him, behind his back, as "Double-Dome George," professing to see a similarity between Brisbane and a current comic-strip character who went by that name. Tad later shortened this merely to "Big George," and that is the

only nickname Brisbane ever had. It is doubtful that he ever knew about it.

I had seen Arthur Brisbane many times, usually in restaurants or at those semipublic affairs to which newspapermen are dragooned, but I did not meet him until Christmas Day, 1934.

He telephoned me at noon at the office of the *Herald Tribune*, where I was city editor, and said, "This is Arthur Brisbane. I want you to have lunch with me. Meet me at one o'clock at Moore's Restaurant, Forty-sixth Street."

I was there, at a table where I knew he usually sat, five minutes before he arrived. He came in, gave his hat to the girl by the door, and then walked on rapidly. We were the only customers in the establishment that cold day. Quickly he gave a magnificent exhibition of the Brisbane technique, the basis of which was flattery—obvious flattery, but effective, nonetheless. He did three things:

1. He looked me up and down quickly and greeted me with, "Hello, Boss; I'm glad to see you." I warmed at that "Boss."

2. He said, as earnestly and happily as a boy meeting a blind date, "You look exactly as I hoped you would." I was beginning to be on his side.

3. Then he said, "I called you at your office because, from what I've heard of you, I knew that you and I are the only newspapermen in New York who would be fools enough to work on Christmas Day when they didn't have to." That was a stroke of genius, for I had always taken a secret and silly pride in doing work I didn't have to do.

The rest was easy. He said he wanted me to join him on the *Daily Mirror*, of which he had just taken charge at Hearst's request. I was to be managing editor. He mentioned a sum which, although not exorbitant, was more than I had been making. We talked of the paper, its needs and its chances. I told him that I thought it had an excellent chance to get ahead, but that it needed better news services; that it should pay more attention to legitimate news and less to the morbid, the cheap and the unreliable stuff which often

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filled its columns; that it needed a stronger and more entertaining editorial page, and that it should decide on a consistent policy and follow it. He agreed with enthusiasm. He asked me what the paper had that was of much value, and I said:

"The best assets you have are Dan Parker, the sports editor, who is one of the best anywhere, and then you have Walter Winchell. If you lost Winchell you wouldn't have much left."

At the mention of the great Broadway gossip writer, Brisbane's face clouded.

Then he said, "I suppose you're right." He toyed with a lamb chop and went on. "But not even Hearst has enough money to pay me to read him." Brisbane finished one lamb chop; he had another one left. "I can't eat it," he said. "It's too much." He was worried, and called the waiter. "If I don't eat this chop, what will happen?"

The waiter, an elderly Irishman who looked like a statesman, was puzzled, but said, "Why, nothing, Mr. Brisbane."

"What?" exclaimed Brisbane. "You don't mean you'll throw it away—waste it?"

"Oh, no," said the waiter. "It will go to a good cause."

Brisbane was much relieved at this; the idea of waste was so abhorrent to him that it could almost make him ill.

Brisbane and I quickly came to terms; there was no haggling. I had always wanted to see what a tabloid could be like. Moreover, I would be getting more money. I was tired of the work I had been doing without a letup for some seven years, and I had the feeling—not uncommon among young men—that I was not quite properly appreciated. We signed a short memorandum of agreement. He pulled out a dollar bill and, before giving it to me as a token binding the contract, wrote on it: "For this Stanley Walker agrees to work for Arthur Brisbane."

A few days later I went to work at the *Mirror*--if "work" is what it might be called. The whole adventure turned out to be unhappy, though there was never any actual unpleasantness. I found that I was supposed to find some way of

easing out the editor, Emile Gauvreau, the talented but unpredictable tabloid operator whose contract still had almost a year to run. Rather than do that, I went to some pains to remain on good terms with Gauvreau. It also became apparent that Brisbane, far from directing the paper into the lines I had expected, was bent on making it, if possible, somewhat yellower and more incomprehensible than usual. He resurrected many of the ideas he had used with telling effect on the *Journal* of forty years before, believing that they still had potency. He brought back from retirement an old colleague, Mrs. Marie Gasch, the original Beatrice Fairfax, and had her start an advice-to-the-lovelorn section. He insisted on panels of drawings to illustrate crimes, just as he had in the days before photography became important. He wanted bigger and blacker headlines for the first page. "You can't see these from across the street," he complained. Neither Brisbane, Gauvreau nor myself was making any effective contributions to the paper, and Hearst was not far wrong some months later when he notified Brisbane that "you are now getting out the worst newspaper in America."

Brisbane seemed puzzled, and somehow offended, when circulation remained about where it had been. He insisted on circulation, at the same time howling for more and more economy. In other words, he wanted magic. He professed to be unable to understand the enormous circulation of the other morning tabloid, Capt. Joseph Medill Patterson's *Daily News*.

"Patterson is no genius," he would tell me and Gauvreau. "In some ways he isn't even bright. And we are letting him get away with this."

In August, after I had been shifted downtown to the *American* to warm a chair, I requested that, if agreeable to Mr. Hearst, I be released from my contract. All hands were delighted. I walked out. The dollar bill which Brisbane had signed on Christmas Day I gave to a panhandler, cautioning him to buy nothing but whisky with it. Gauvreau followed me out of the organization soon afterward, and Brisbane himself finally relinquished most of his interest in

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the paper. This was all for the best. We were a hopeless trio. The *Mirror* is today a pretty fair paper. I saw Brisbane many times after that, for short chats. There was never any hard feeling between us. Indeed, he looked upon me with a new curiosity when he learned that I had given up a contract which still had \$48,000 to go. He didn't know whether I was a fool or not; neither did I.

But in spite of all the pulling and hauling and the working at cross-purposes, we had some amusing times on the *Mirror*. There was the day when Brisbane, his eyes alight with inspiration, announced that the paper was going to start a campaign—a campaign with the triple-threat slogan: "Get Married—Have a Baby—Buy an Automobile." He asked me and Gauvreau and George Clarke, the coffee-drinking, tap-dancing city editor, what we thought of it. Gauvreau and I, who had long since decided there was no more fun in jessing the great man, or any point to it either, said we didn't like it.

Then Clarke said, "If I may say so, Mr. Brisbane, I think it will be confusing. Read your slogan again. You will see that it reverses the sequence to which most of our readers, and, I dare say, most modern New Yorkers, have become accustomed."

Brisbane glowered, said something about this being no occasion for levity, and went ahead with his campaign, which was a dismal flop.

Brisbane often delivered himself of eloquent opinions on the value of healthy, vigorous American womanhood. One day he read a stray item about two girls from the Northwest who had won a woodchopping contest. He wrote an editorial praising them, and then asked us to bring the girls to New York and have them chop down a tree in Central Park. All this entailed much negotiation, some expense, and a vast amount of worry for all. This is not meant unkindly, but when the girls showed up it was clear at once that they would never have caused the late Florenz Ziegfeld, or even Mr. Billy Rose, to turn a hair. We put them through their paces, and then Clarke and I did a cruel thing: We delivered them to

Brisbane's office just before lunchtime and left them there. Never again did Brisbane mention lady woodchoppers. Indeed, he wrote that in evaluating womanly charms, the forehead—he himself had a prominent forehead—was the most important factor, more so than even the eyes, nose, mouth or torso.

Another sight during the *Mirror* period was Brisbane and Winchell flattering and kowtowing to each other. They had only two things in common—great energy and a desire to talk about themselves, particularly about how much money they made. In these bouts, Winchell, being younger and faster, usually beat Brisbane to the punch, although the Old Master would manage to get in a sentence now and then. Brisbane, although he spoke approvingly of Winchell in interviews and in speeches, often confessed in private that he had little use for him. He could never quite understand why Winchell should have been able to make so much money by writing and talking of matters which, to Brisbane, seemed utterly inconsequential; on the other hand, he admired anyone who could make money. And when a man could make so much from Hearst, it was doubly marvelous.

Brisbane had a way of picking out favorites on a staff, often with little more to guide him than their looks or pure whim. Also, he could take an instant and unaccountable dislike to some persons. He would rely on the snap judgments and personal prejudice or grudges of his rich friends. Once, because the owner of a racing stable had objected to something written by Fred Keats, the turf writer, he ordered that Keats be fired forthwith. It took much diplomacy and argument to save Keats. Again, he came into the office one day, stopped short, scowled and pointed his finger at a woman reporter who happened to be wearing a low-cut red dress. "Fire that woman!" he commanded. It was explained to him that she was one of the ablest reporters and rewrite experts on the paper, with a fine record. At length he relented, and this woman finally became one of his favorite lady journalists.

He did not like fat men around him, a phobia which

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seems to afflict many publishers, including the late Frank A. Munsey. He did not approve of smoking, but he felt that if an employee must smoke, he should smoke cigarettes, which would keep him nervous and therefore alert. He distrusted pipe smokers because they were too contemplative, and probably slow. He was suspicious of journalists who wrote books; he held, and sometimes with justice, that they were neglecting their regular work in order to further their literary ambitions. He hated any show of idleness as savagely as he hated waste. As a young man, when he was building up the *Journal*, he used to commute from Hempstead, Long Island, arriving at the office at 4:30 in the morning. He often recalled this, and had harsh words for the modern softies who like to sleep late.

And yet, for all his insistence on hard work and getting things done, there is grave doubt that he himself was a model of efficiency. He liked to attend to all his correspondence, as well as write his columns and editorials, by barking into a dictaphone. These records would later be transcribed by his corps of secretaries. He had one dictaphone in his office, another in his automobile and another in his home. But he had so many irons in the fire and was in such a hurry to keep things moving that he often overran himself, with the result that his affairs would suffer from delays and errors. It is probable that he could have accomplished just as much with two ordinary, fast, levelheaded stenographer secretaries. His impressive paraphernalia was largely window dressing, making him before the world as an extremely high-powered and scientific executive.

This dictaphone habit of Brisbane's was the subject of much comment and rude jest among the more irreverent. Once Gene Fowler, who was with the Hearst papers for many years, and who was widely loved because of his high spirits and devilish ingenuity, sneaked into Brisbane's office while Brisbane was out and dictated a long, brilliant but shockingly Rabelaisian editorial. When the gadget was turned on for transcription, it sounded like a Brisbane gone mad, to the

consternation of many people. This was the sort of joke that Brisbane did not appreciate.

It is still a moot question among students of such subjects whether Brisbane had what is known as a sense of humor. Some of the companions of his younger days swore that he had. Certainly he could laugh. It is possible that his admirers mistook his high good humor and his animal zest for a sense of humor. However, he could not trust his own judgment on what was amusing. When the *Journal* was enjoying its great years, Brisbane used to take a drawing, or a new comic strip, or some other fresh idea, and show it to Tad, or Damon Runyon, or "Bugs" Baer, demanding to know, "Is this funny?" And out of the millions of sentences he wrote, though many of them had an arresting and even powerful quality, not one is remembered today as an example of lasting wit.

There was one line, of course, that lived because he harped on it so much. Speaking of two pugilists, he wrote that "a gorilla could lick them both," and this rather unimportant observation plagued him for years. Once, when a gorilla escaped from the Bronx Zoo and was recaptured with little difficulty by its keeper, reporters kept Brisbane's telephone busy for hours with such questions as: "Now, what do you make of that?" "Doesn't this revise your theory?" "Are you going to make a retraction?" And so on until he was beside himself. He replied simply by saying that he stuck by his guns, that the Bronx incident had been "framed."

Over and over Brisbane belabored the point that pugilism was a waste of time, that fighters, with the possible exception of his friend Gene Tunney, were a stupid lot, and that people who went to prize fights were almost as ridiculous as those who went to race tracks. And yet, when a big fight came along, Brisbane would be there, in the front row, sometimes writing a story about it—and doing it pretty well, at that. He had been interested in fighting since, as a correspondent for the *New York Sun*, he had covered the messy encounter between John L. Sullivan and Charlie Mitchell,

who went thirty-nine rounds at Chantilly, France. Brisbane himself, as a stripling, was handy with his fists, and a competent wrestler. He was also a fast runner.

Brisbane's fascination with the prize ring, which he so persistently denied, once caused much anguish. Someone told him in the early part of 1935 that Joe Louis, who had not then won the championship, was sure to be recognized as probably the greatest of all heavyweights. Brisbane insisted that Louis be brought to his office, and the meeting was arranged. Louis said a dozen or so words, while Brisbane dilated on his theories of fighting and recalled his experiences with the great Sullivan. Louis finally departed with his managers and bodyguards, and Brisbane whirled about to dictate his daily column. He told of meeting Louis, and he had a circumstantial passage in which he said that Louis was not all Negro—that he had white blood in his veins. Now, to Brisbane, who was pathetically obtuse in such delicate matters, this was not an insult. Far from it. But poor Louis was terribly shaken and hurt by the slur, and for long afterward his face would grow stormy when the great editor's name was mentioned. He felt worse about this than Brisbane would have felt if someone had written that Brisbane's grandfather was a Senegalese witch doctor.

Just as he had a blind spot in dealing with the sensibilities of this simple Negro fighter, he also had an abiding contempt for the great masses of the people—the very people to whom he preached, and who at times looked upon him as friend and mentor. In his twilight years he still seemed to regard the bulk of New Yorkers as the same bewildered, ignorant, trusting oafs to whom he had catered back in the *Journal* days. Forty years of education and breeding, he felt, had left them untouched.

He had in him, clearly, many of the instincts of the aristocrat, but he was predominantly a snob. He had little use for people who were of no importance; they were a waste of time. That is probably why, in his relations with "important" people, he could be so amiable and open handed, every inch the "good sport." As a young man he had been some-

thing of a social lion. When he was coming up in the world he dined at places like Delmonico's, the Café Martin, and the Hoffman House. As an old man he also ate well—usually at Dinty Moore's, Jack and Charlie's 21, the Plaza, the Lafayette, Christ Cella's, and Pietro's in New York, all of which are beyond the reach of the proletariat. Here he was almost lavish in his expenditures. But there are stories of how, when in a hurry, he would slip into a cheap restaurant or a lunch counter for a quick meal.

A waitress in one such place, pocketing a five-cent tip and glaring at his retreating figure, said one day, "They tell me he's a big man, but a girl will never get rich off his tips."

However, for all his occasionally antisocial attitudes, he had a great many friends, and many of these were men and women who had known him for a long time. One of the closest and stanchest was Bernard F. Gimbel, the department-store operator and sportsman. These two saw much of each other. They lunched together, went to the theater and to prize fights together, and visited each other in their homes. They also collaborated in many business ventures. Likewise, Brisbane was on good terms with Henry Ford, the Rockefellers, and many other men of substance. And he was a good friend, companionable, entertaining and thoughtful. Important men liked to listen to his homilies and his prophecies. Some of his predictions were utterly ridiculous, but others hit the nail squarely on the head.

For example, more than thirty years ago he wrote a column that set forth, with amazing accuracy, the whole future trend of the automobile industry.

Here, also, is one of the explanations of why he was successful in the real-estate field. Real-estate men were immensely flattered when he spoke at their meetings. Some of them would go home that night and yawn, "Well, mamma, you'll never guess who I had lunch with today. Arthur Brisbane. He told me there was a parallel between New York real-estate conditions today and some period in ancient Rome. Very interesting." He put on an act now and then for real-estate men which never failed to charm them. He

would refer to himself as "a bad guesser" in real-estate matters, as a man who had "made many mistakes," who was burdened by taxes, and so on. To his listeners, who had a pretty good idea of how his deals had gone, this talk was not only ingratiating but it was humor of a rare order.

He would say that he had learned about real estate by studying the theories of Henry George, the old apostle of the single tax, whom Brisbane once had supported for mayor of New York. It is more likely that he worked out his own schemes for profitable dabbling in realty. He often knew in advance the trend of public improvements; some of his Jersey City investments may be traced to this foreknowledge. Again, he foresaw the need for the great East River Drive in Manhattan, and bought parcels here and there along the route. He thought for years that a bridge would be built across the Hudson at 57th Street, and he bought much property in the upper Fifties. This was by no means an unsound idea, even though the bridge never materialized. In many of his realty speculations, Hearst was a close partner, but there came a vague coolness between them. Hearst once said that Brisbane was always coming to him with attractive schemes for making money, but that when these schemes were examined, it would turn out that the profits were to be split, "ten per cent for Hearst and ninety per cent for Arthur."

Students of journalistic ethics, who are easily horrified, have criticized Brisbane for boosting editorially various improvements by which he stood to profit. There is a wealth of proof that he did this; muckrakers have been over the ground many times. It is doubtful that this ugly charge ever gave Brisbane a moment's twinge of conscience. He would also use his editorials to gain advertising for the paper in which he happened to be interested at the time. For example, he would write a glowing article advising his public to see a certain theatrical production. There would be a *quid pro quo*—a page of advertising, or a contract for a series of advertisements.

There were times, however, when he yearned for righteousness. He had respect for the memory of his father, Albert

Brisbane, the old disciple of Charles Fourier, who was one of the original Socialists and a believer in communal-living projects. Arthur was fond of recalling how his father had actually paid out good money to get a column he wrote into Horace Greeley's old New York *Tribune*. "Whereas," he would say, "Hearst pays me a fortune for writing stuff that's not as good." To a question as to why he drove himself so furiously to make money, Arthur Brisbane once said it was because his own father had died in obscurity, leaving his children nothing; he did not want that to happen to his own children. And yet he looked up to Albert Brisbane, that dreamer of another century, another world almost. Once, when he was engaged in a fruitless dicker with Heywood Broun, they sat under a picture of Albert Brisbane.

"That," said Broun, "looks like a man who was at peace with himself."

"Yes," said Brisbane. "He never had to work for Hearst."

Many times Arthur Brisbane wrote approvingly of religion. But this was because he regarded it as a sort of merciful illusion which sustained people and comforted them when they might otherwise have had nothing on which to lean. In the conduct of his own life, he had little use for clergymen, particularly Protestant clergymen, many of whom he regarded as nuisances. He had a large autographed photograph of Cardinal Hayes in the big room of his apartment in upper Fifth Avenue. It was so placed, whether intentionally or not, that it was one of the first objects that a visitor—let us say a potential big advertiser—would observe. He wrote admiringly of Catholic prelates and of the outstanding rabbis. But what did Arthur Brisbane think? About all that is known of that devious soul is that he had a sort of pat harangue, which he would deliver when the talk came around to the subject, in which he would argue that Nero, and not Christ, was probably the most admirable character in history. He would argue that Christ was an unhappy failure, and that Nero was not only successful but had a lot of fun. Much of this may be set down as sheer exercise in rhetoric.

"Old Double Dome" could talk such stuff as well as he could write it, although he was not an effective public speaker. When making a speech he talked as if he were dictating into one of his machines. He was more at home in conversation. He could leap from one subject to another with the agility of a water bug. He had a good memory and a quick mind, but he was hardly well educated. His mental equipment was a jerry-built structure, compounded of odds and ends he had picked up here and there in his headlong rush through life. He wrote much of evolution, physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, but his facts were sometimes wrong, and his conclusions thirty years out of date. It was as if he had really stopped his educational processes with the books he had read back in the 90's, although this was not entirely true of his material. He did read Sir James Jeans, and he was fascinated by the prophecies of J. B. S. Haldane as to the sort of world we would live in during the next few centuries. But for the most part, his thinking was outdated. He clung on to many of the same old reference books that had served him as a youth. Once, when he wrote solemnly that the female Gaboon viper, seeing her young ones in danger, would open her mouth and let them run inside, he was berated by herpetologists for his ignorance of the habits of the Gaboon viper. He replied simply that he had always believed that vipers did this; that he was too old to give up "one of life's cherished delusions," and that he was going to continue believing it.

Occasionally he would put forth a suggestion calculated to aid people in reaching the more abundant life. He recommended that motorists, when starting on a long journey, carry along a Toggenburg nanny goat in a box. When night came, he suggested, the goat could be milked, then tethered by the roadside to graze. In the morning, more goat milk, and another happy day. He spoke sharply of Americans who were not sufficiently goat-conscious. One story about this goat article is that he really believed it was a good idea; another, more credible, is that he had a large number of Tog-

genburg goats on his big farm at Allaire, New Jersey, and wanted to get rid of them.

Brisbane had little use for men in public life—politicians, police commissioners, bosses, or what not. He had been through disillusioning experiences in campaigns to elevate Hearst to high office. He had guessed wrong many times, as in 1932, when he wrote, just before the Democratic National Convention, that the party was ruined and could never elect another candidate, unless it nominated Al Smith. As a general rule, he did not see how any officeholder could be honest. Once, in his presence, a friend praised the ability and probity of a man who had been making a good record in a New York office, and asked if the editor had ever met him.

"Don't want to meet him," said Brisbane. "He couldn't be straight. He could not have associated with the people he had to meet coming up and still be on the level. They're all the same, in different degrees."

The last months of Brisbane's life were not altogether happy. Hearst had sent out orders that any editor had the right to refuse to print the Brisbane column, or to edit it. And his manifold enterprises were not going so well. Business was in the doldrums; the Government was up to idiotic didos; the world in general was askew. He was not well. For some time he had a habit of drinking a spot of brandy with his coffee, taking one lump of sugar in the belief that it would put a thin protective layer of fat around his heart. But the heart was acting up, and his throat was uncomfortable. Finally he took to his bed, but tried to keep the fact secret from the world and from the Hearst hierarchy. He talked more and more of the old days. He was, to the last, proud of his family, and hopeful that they would do great things. He was volubly fond of his son-in-law, a lean, energetic and attractive Texan, John Reagan McCrary, who had become one of the editors of the *Mirror*.

It was McCrary who sat up late with Brisbane on Christmas Eve, 1936. Brisbane had dictated his usual Christmas column, all but the last paragraph, when he had to give up.

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His son, Seward, wrote the last paragraph. It was much like all his other Christmas columns—a ray of hope in a troubled world. Before he lapsed into a coma he turned his head to McCrary and quoted from Voltaire's *Candide*: "All is for the best in the best of possible worlds." He knew the time had come. He died before sunup. Condolences came from the rich and powerful, and from the glib yes-men who had sought his favors. The newspapers set to work to give him the final salute.

The funeral was in the pseudo-Byzantine Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Bartholomew. The names of the notables present filled more than a column in the newspapers, and they were not all. Among them were his friends, as well as a sprinkling of those who had fought with him and on occasion reviled him in life. In the little group that went to the grave in New Jersey was William Randolph Hearst, who sat and watched it all, impassive as a basilisk.

Some said that Brisbane left \$30,000,000. The grave was still fresh when the New Jersey taxgatherers began talking of the fabulous sum they would collect from the estate. They gloated too soon. The best information today is that he left only about \$8,000,000. Not a staggering amount, but at least he did not leave the world as his father Albert had left it, broke and virtually forgotten and serene.

DOROTHY DIX TALKS

By HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

THIS very day in Tampa—or it may be Seattle—an indignant matron, outraged by her husband's casual infidelities, begins to weigh the relative merits of pistol or poison. In a grass-thatched suburb of Manila, a native girl sullenly meditates revolt against the edict of her old-fashioned parents that she must not cut short her hair in the modern American manner. Somewhere off Guantánamo, a gunner's mate is tortured almost to the point of desertion by doubts as to whether certain girls in Colón, San Diego, Charleston and Philadelphia are all still true to him. In Bethany, West Virginia, a farm lad broods despondently because the most wonderful girl in the world, who lives with her parents in a low white house surrounded by apple orchards just this side of West Liberty, refuses to let him squire her to the forthcoming C. E. sociable. In Little Italy, on Chicago's North Side, dark-eyed Francesca has just found out how thoroughly she was betrayed by the smooth-spoken lad with the lacquered hair, and can think of no way but suicide. In a Bronxville flat, a stenographer tries to reach a final decision in the matter of her employer's insistence that she accept at its face value his promise ultimately to divorce his wife and marry her.

And, scattered about half the habitable sections of one hemisphere, with a fair sprinkling in the other, utterly perplexed by their individual problems, this very day these very people take pen in hand and write for advice, or for solace, or just to let off steam, to a Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer in New Orleans. None of them happen to realize they are writing to Mrs. Gilmer, any more than they know their

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letters will be read by a compact and gracious little white-haired embodiment of vivacity, with the world's brightest and most twinkling pair of black eyes, in a home whose chief treasure is a Kilmarnock edition of the poems of Robert Burns.

Nor do they realize that she was receiving and answering such letters before the Florodora Sextette had come into being; when soldiers were boys in blue and sang a sentimental farewell to Dolly Gray, as well as when soldiers were khaki-clad doughboys and hymned the equivocal biography of Mademoiselle from Armentières; when daring young misses lifted their skirts almost ankle-high while mincing across a muddy street, as well as when knee-length dresses were the target of vaudeville wits; when those who were up to the minute in their small talk tossed off such scintillant bits as "Nit-tie on your tintype!" as well as when they snapped, "Twenty-three, skidoo for you!"; that she is still answering them, now that what was successively labeled coon-shouting, rag-time, jazz and blues is known to the world as Swing.

Every day several hundred, and sometimes more than a thousand, troubled hearts lay their woes before her, though scarcely one out of tens of thousands knows that his or her letter will ultimately be delivered to a Mrs. Gilmer at her home overlooking Audubon Park, in New Orleans. For the salutation on those letters from Shanghai or Keokuk or Nome or Baltimore is always:

"Dear Dorothy Dix."

Through the medium of this fictive Dorothy Dix, each mail delivery brings to Mrs. Gilmer tragedy which might have plunged Momus into lasting gloom, comedy calculated to evoke a chuckle from the marble lips of a statue of Niobe, endlessly drab tales of domestic monotony, pulsing romances, visions of old age seeking vainly to stir dead embers into the flame of bygone fires, pictures of youth ardent with all delight. Bashful or bold, radiant or disillusioned, half a world has beaten a path for nearly half a century to the door of Dorothy Dix to lay before her its heartaches and its heart throbs.

The world has certain set rules for its humor, as witness the fact that in our comic strips the errant husband who is caught back of the neck by a connubially impelled rolling pin, or the youth who is sent flying downstairs by a hearty sub-sacral kick, each immediately develops a black eye as a result of such battery. Similarly, it has been definitely established that the idea of writing to a journalistic sibyl for advice in affairs of the heart is funny. Well, often enough it is.

My husband keeps telling me to go to hell. Have I a legal right to take the children?

He is colder than electric refrigeration, Miss Dix. Please tell me how to defrost him.

I am a fifty-year-old man, in love with a woman who already has a husband. Please suggest the quickest and most humane way of getting rid of same.

I know you have traveled a great deal, so I want you to tell me if there is such a thing as really truly a cure for superfluous hair.

I have been a decent girl, as far as I remember.

You say, Miss Dix, that the domestic woman who keeps a clean house is salt of the earth. Maybe so, but did you ever hear of salt attracting the sugar daddies?

He has been a perfect gentleman toward me, which I did not expect from a married man.

I am a young girl of sixteen, and do not know what is wrong to do. Please tell me everything that is wrong and bad so that I won't do it.

I have a medium-sized nose, full lips and a college education.

That is a scant handful gleaned from a rich trove collected by Mrs. Gilmer over a period of forty years; gleaned with some circumspection, by the way, for many of the items are sufficiently naïve to be quite unprintable. They are funny enough, of course. By way of contrast, here is the other side of the picture:

Dear Miss Dix: I am still a young man. Specifically, I am twenty-eight, a college graduate with an engineering degree, holding a position in which I am absorbedly interested, which pays me well, and which I had hoped to make my life's work.

I was honor man of my class at ——— University, and was fortunate enough to obtain employment almost at once with my present firm. I have received several promotions and, by ordinarily moderate standards, have material provision for life.

I am not a "ladies' man" in any sense of the word. As a boy I engaged in none of the youthful sweethearting that most of my friends went in for. As a student, and later, as a hard-working cub engineer, I had no time for diversions. However, among the friends in the circle to which I ultimately gravitated in this city, there was a girl just out of her teens. I went out with her once or twice, as I did with other girls in the same group. She went out a great deal with other men. Our acquaintance was hardly even casual. I was not particularly fond of her company, and the vague gossip that she was "fast" repelled rather than attracted me. Believe me when I tell you, Miss Dix, I never so much as kissed her.

A little more than a year ago, this girl's father and two brothers came one night to the house where I boarded, and entered my room. They were armed. They gave me no chance to speak, telling me the girl had confessed she was to have a child, and that I was its father. They said that unless I married her forthwith, that very night, they would kill me. I went with them, hoping I could induce her to tell the truth, but in my presence she repeated her story and stuck to it.

Many persons, perhaps even you, have laughed at the jokes about shotgun weddings. They are not very funny to me, because that is how I was married that night. Bewildered, not knowing which way to turn, unable to convince anyone of my innocence, it seemed to me I could gain nothing by letting these men kill me, since that would only mean that I could never clear myself of the charge. All my confused mind could think of was that sooner or later something might come up to straighten matters out.

We are still married. You have no idea what that means. We hardly so much as speak to each other. The little girl, now six months old, is not my child, and what her future is to be, reared in such an environment, I cannot imagine.

I do want children and a home of my own. What man does not? Yet I cannot divorce this wife, because her father and brothers have told me they would kill me if

I did. If I run away I become a hunted fugitive for the balance of my life, I cut myself off from any possibility of settling down to a real home and family of my own, and I sacrifice a career to which I am devoted and a position in which, under other circumstances, I would be happy and contented. Suicide is, in my opinion, not only a cowardly way of begging the question, but does violence to all that my upbringing has taught me.

So I am putting it up to you, Miss Dix. It may be that in your detachment from the realities of this problem you can help me to find a solution. If not, please rest assured that I have found some consolation merely in being able to tell someone else my troubles. Perhaps you can advise me. What shall I do?

Let the reader consider what solution to this dilemma he or she might offer the writer of such a letter as that. Let the reader likewise bear in mind that this is one not of thousands but of millions of letters received by Dorothy Dix. Add to this the further consideration that, during those forty years, standards have changed almost unbelievably; that "the girls used to write to ask whether, when a young man called on them, it would be proper to help him on with his overcoat as he made ready to leave; now they want to know what I think about going to Atlantic City for a week end with a man."

To all these troubled spirits Dorothy Dix is still just a name and a smudged picture in the daily newspaper; not a sweet, gentle, bright-eyed, white-haired little *grande dame* named Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer, who has retained her humor and a keen zest for life in spite of, or possibly because of, a deep personal tragedy that began with her own wedding many, many years ago.

Yet, obviously enough, she must be quite a person, this oracle who has managed to maintain warm, living contact with one generation after another over nearly half a century of swiftly changing social and ethical standards, whose confidence and counsel are sought both by youngsters who regard their parents as hopelessly old-fashioned and by oldsters who are eternally bewildered by the vagaries of the current younger generation.

Behind that phenomenal capacity for inviting confidences ordinarily withheld even from intimates, and behind that knack for giving advice that is accepted by those who balk at heeding even parental admonition, there must be something unusual in the way of background and experience.

To gain an idea of the background of Dorothy Dix, glance at the flyleaf of that Kilmarnock volume of poems, one of her most highly prized treasures.

In the year 1786, a dissolute and comparatively unknown Scotch farmer, disheartened by failure, decided to emigrate to Jamaica and dig in for a fresh start. To finance the journey, he wrote a book of poems "chiefly in the Scottish dialect," and published them at Kilmarnock. One copy of this edition was purchased by Parson Will Douglas, a Virginia cleric and schoolmaster, who had numbered among the youngsters under his tutelage boys named Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and Patrick Henry.

Parson Douglas read the book, penned upon the flyleaf of the now priceless volume the tart words: "Burns' poems. Quite good, for a Scotsman," and presented it to his daughter Margaret when she married Nicholas Meriwether, of Albemarle County, writing her name and that of her husband under his tabloid review. The couple inscribed on the same flyleaf the name of their son, Charles Meriwether, who was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine, and who was a practicing physician there for seven years before returning to the young republic of his birth, settling at a place he called Meriville, in Southern Kentucky. He practiced medicine and invested his professional income in fine farms there as well as in the vicinity of Woodstock, Tennessee.

Upon the marriage of his son, who had been named Charles Nicholas Meriwether, the doctor gave him as wedding presents 1500 acres of land at Woodstock, fifty male slaves, and the Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems, in which his name had been inscribed at birth and in which he, in turn, inscribed the name of his son: "Willson Douglas Meriwether, in honor of old Parson Will." Charles Nicholas did not follow his father's profession, but engaged in the breed-

ing of blooded horses, a work which William Douglas carried on after him.

The latter had three children. One of them, a daughter named Elizabeth for her grandmother, was born in the decade immediately following the close of the Civil War, and grew up in the *nouveau pauvre* environment that fell to the lot of all Southern patricians during the carpetbag era.

There was food enough, to be sure. The fat farms Dr. Charles Meriwether had acquired after his migration from Virginia were as productive as ever. Indeed, with one exception, they are in the possession of the Meriwether family to this very day. And the family dined off costly silver plates, for the oldest of the Meriwether retainers, the newly emancipated Dick, whose billowy spouse never referred to him except as "Mister Dicks," had preserved the family silver from the armies of both sides by hiding it amid the cast-iron coffins in the vaults of the Meriwether family tomb. But there was no money, there were none of the little luxuries that give the routine of existence an occasional lift beyond the commonplace, there was none of the gracious and leisured ease that is embraced by the generic term "society," there was no schooling worthy of the name.

"We were sent to school to Miss Alice's or Miss Jenny's," Mrs. Gilmer explains, "not because they were either trained or even qualified to teach, but because their fathers had been colonels under Beauregard, or had been killed at Shiloh, and somebody had to help the poor souls along. And so I could climb like a squirrel and ride like a jockey long before I knew a great deal about the three R's."

Thus the earliest recollections of the Dorothy Dix to whom numberless strangers have appealed for intimate advice are memories of being raked off, by a low-hanging pin-oak limb, from the back of Fraxionella, then gentle and old, but once the toast of all the South, when, as a young mare, she had run twenty miles in an afternoon to win a four-mile race, what with the trial heats and the one dead heat that had to be run over.

In the dawning 80's, however, times had mended; the Meri-

wethers, their fortunes repaired, moved to Clarksville, that their children might have the advantages of city schooling.

Here the tree-climbing, hard-riding tomboy, Elizabeth Meriwether, discovered the joys of writing. Her first major literary opus, a composition on "The Pleasures of Anticipation," created a sensation in Clarksville's grammar grades, and anyone gifted with sufficient foresight might have reaped a rich reward by saving the manuscript, for it would be a collector's item today. However, there was no thought then, or, indeed, much later, of professional writing. Gentlewomen did not engage in the professions. Besides, at eighteen, to use the words Mrs. Gilmer herself employed in a brief autobiographical sketch she wrote some years ago, "I tucked up my hair and got married, as was the tribal custom among my people."

Following the death of his first wife, William Douglas Meriwether had married again. Elizabeth's stepmother brought with her to the Meriwether home her brother, George O. Gilmer, a man-about-Clarksville in his late twenties, a debonaire gallant who dabbled a bit in business. He fell under the spell of swift infatuation when he saw the transformed hoyden who had put up her hair.

What young girl does not feel flattered by the attentions an older man shows her, more particularly if, in her circle, he is regarded as a man of the world? Moreover, Gracie and Sue and Willie Mae and the other girls of eighteen or so were all following "the tribal custom of my people" and more in, the beaux of their choice. Elizabeth Meriwether became Mrs. George O. Gilmer.

Almost from the first, the marriage was a tragedy. Gilmer, it developed, had fallen victim to an incurable mental affliction, whose slow course was not to end until he died in a madhouse thirty-five years later. His bride not only had never been taught any gainful occupation but had been reared in an atmosphere which stigmatized self-support in a woman as somehow shameful. But Elizabeth Gilmer set herself to the task that has confronted so many women, the task of achieving the impossible; of maintaining a home on little

else than the courage demanded by the need to face a pitying world. She learned what it meant to try to make one dollar do the work of five. She knew how to turn last year's bonnet hind side before and add a touch of bright velvet remnant to make it look new to all but the understanding eyes of more fortunate wives. She knew why some wives pause a moment before their doors, to call up the inner reserves before re-entering a home where an ailing husband broods darkly upon his infirmities.

Later, when she was receiving fifteen or twenty dollars a week as a reporter, she found out what it meant to support not only herself but her husband as well on such pay. She not only led the arduous life of a newspaper sob sister but kept house, nursed her invalid husband, and, at home in the evenings, wrote the "Dorothy Dix Talks" of advice to womanhood that were to make her famous and, ultimately, wealthy. Divorce? There were many who urged her to follow such a course. But——

"I never once thought of getting a divorce. By that time I had gotten into the full swing of my work, and I felt that I would not be fit to give advice to others unless I could live that advice myself. I could not say to others: 'Be strong!' if I did not myself have the strength to endure. If I turned my back on a hard job, it would ruin any influence for good my work might ever have—and I took my work pretty seriously. I felt that there were people who depended on me. Not on me, personally, for they did not know who I was, but on the something that I represented to them. To do that, I had to give them honest talk, something that came from my heart and my soul. I had to be strong that I might help others to be strong."

Surely, in the crucible of that experience there was refined at least one element of the sympathy and understanding which have made Dorothy Dix the most widely known woman writer in the world, with 60,000,000 daily readers in the United States, England, Australia, New Zealand, South America, China, Mexico, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, Puerto Rico and Canada.

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After the first year or two of this marriage, the strain of endeavoring to maintain an all but intolerable tie resulted in a nervous collapse. Broken in health, young Mrs. Gilmer went with the members of her family to the little resort of Bay Saint Louis, on the Mississippi coast.

There was little to do but rest. Sitting beneath the bearded live oaks that rim the Gulf sands, Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer turned to her schoolday scribbling in search of something that might distract her, much as a musician might have sought comfort in melody: Little narrative sketches harking back to her childhood on the Tennessee stock farm, essays that sought to rationalize the emotional shambles of her marriage, descriptions of the easy-paced life of the Gulf Coast.

Out of the saga of "Mister Dicks," who had salvaged the Meriwether family plate by concealing it in a tomb, was spun a fictionalized version under the title: *How Chloe Saved the Silver*. Quite by chance, this tale fell under the eye of a neighbor, Mrs. Eliza Poitevent Nicholson, who owned the New Orleans *Picayune*, then edited by Nathaniel Burbank. Mrs. Nicholson not only bought the story for publication in the *Picayune*, paying a round three dollars cash on acceptance, but offered a position as reporter to the young woman.

On its own account, newspaper work had the strong appeal of glamour. In addition, it held out a more definite hope of distraction than the endless unoccupied days of the quiet Gulf Coast. Recognizing this, the Meriwethers raised only mild and formal objection when their unhappily married daughter broke the news to them that she proposed thenceforth to earn her living; and Elizabeth Gilmer came to New Orleans, where such literary lights as Grace King and George Cable were even then at their work; where, but a few years before, a gangling, slow-spoken, frock-coated young man who bore the queer name of Lafcadio Hearn had been scribbling for the *Daily Item* when he wasn't busy reading, owl-eyed, in the dim corners of Staub's bookstore; and where a women's department devoted to "fine writing" was already a recognized feature of daily newspaper publication.

Custom decreed that in New Orleans women's newspaper

features must be alliterative. The star of the field, in the early 90's, writing homilies upon such subjects as "Houses with Queen Anne Fronts and Mary Ann Backs," was Catherine Cole. Later one would find Peggy Passe-Partout, Flo Field, "Diana's Diary," and Barbara Brooks. For his new *Picayune* feature, therefore, Editor Burbank selected the title of "Sunday Salad." Essentially it was to be the same sort of product as the work of Catherine Cole: Essays, sermonettes, and things of that sort, written specifically for the guidance or entertainment of women readers. And now came the problem of young Mrs. Gilmer's alliterative pseudonym, inasmuch as it was out of the question that a gentlewoman should parade her own name in the public prints. Mrs. Gilmer's version of how it was chosen is this:

"I had always liked the name Dorothy, for some reason. The next thing that popped into my mind that began with a D was Mister Dicks. So I chose that and spelled it Dorothy Dix. Not until recently did I learn that there really was a Dorothea Dix, offspring of a fine Massachusetts family, and a very admirable lady, the first person to secure the enactment of humane legislation for the treatment of insane patients. I found out about this when a book appeared under the title of *Dorothea Dix, the Forgotten*. Had I known of it at the time, I would have chosen some other name, of course."

Thus, in 1896, a newly created Dorothy Dix began to write advice to womankind under the title of "Sunday Salad." The feature caught the public fancy at once, and, soon, the "Sunday Salad" tag was discarded in favor of the simple "Dorothy Dix Talks" which it bears to this day. Almost from the first, readers began to write letters to the author of these talks; highly prized missives, for they gave invaluable leads for future articles. Meanwhile, rapidly learning the technique of news writing and news gathering, Mrs. Gilmer became a full-fledged reporter. Her salary was increased from the original five dollars a week to fifteen dollars, and to twenty dollars a week.

Absorbed by her new work, Mrs. Gilmer gave all her energies to it, and soon became a sort of right-hand man to the

aging Major Burbank. Meanwhile, one William Randolph Hearst came out of the West with his checkbook, seeking all the big names his talent scout, Rudolph Block, could dig up for him in the intervals when Mr. Block wasn't writing fiction under the name of Bruno Lessing. One of the features Mr. Block-Lessing's scouting brought to light was the "Dorothy Dix Talks" piece that appeared in the Sunday edition of the *Picayune*. Dorothy Dix, whoever she might be, had discarded the prevalent vogue for "fine writing"—high-sounding phrases, flowery sentences, and the like. Instead, she wrote in the words of everyday, with a bit of current slang here and there, making her work intensely readable to the great body of the newspaper public. Moreover, she did not confine her articles to a development of such truisms as that goodness was good and purity was pure. Daringly she pointed out that sometimes it was the woman's fault.

An offer to join the Hearst organization followed as a matter of course; a flattering offer, financially, to a girl in young Mrs. Gilmer's position. But out of a deep sense of gratitude and loyalty to Major Burbank, "who had taught me all I knew about newspaper work and who now needed what help I could give him," this offer was rejected. Major Burbank died shortly. To his successor Mrs. Gilmer felt she owed no allegiance. She wired the *New York Journal*. In 1901 Dorothy Dix went to Metropolis.

Here was no gently paced job of writing for a community that began its day at an hour New York regards as midforenoon. "Dorothy Dix Talks" now appeared three times a week. That was simple enough, to be sure, for where a dozen letters had been elicited from the New Orleans reading public by a homily to the effect that parents had not necessarily been endowed with omniscience by the physical fact of parenthood and might, therefore, conceivably be wrong in their attitude toward their children, hundreds of responses were received from the New York field. So there was material enough to make the writing of the "Dorothy Dix Talks" easy.

But the *New York Journal* was not edited by any philosophical Major Burbank. Here were shrewd newspaper ex-

ecutives who cared not a whiff of stale cigarette smoke for dignity and who cannily realized that something about their Dorothy Dix invited confidences withheld from run-of-the-mill humankind.

"Know what she told me?" Foster Coates, city editor of the *Journal*, once said to Rudolph Block, who later repeated the conversation to Mrs. Gilmer. "She told me she'd never been to a theater, or more than twenty miles from home on a train, up to the time she went to this place just outside of New Orleans. That's the answer to her. Everything she sees here is new and wonderful. She sees it with the eyes of a child, but she writes about it with the mature mind of a woman who has gone through a lot."

A stepmother somewhere in New Jersey had murdered an eighteen-months-old stepchild. The authorities were close-mouthed and held their prisoner incommunicado. The members of the family would say nothing.

"I know one person who can get somebody down there to talk," announced Foster Coates.

He summoned Dorothy Dix, pushed a roll of bills across the desk to her and told her to go down to New Jersey and produce. She had to ask a policeman how to get to New Jersey.

"I had a lot of luck," she relates. "I found a former beau of this arrested woman and he was very nice to me. He had a barouche and drove me all around, to the houses of relatives and to places where I would hear all the gossip, and so I managed to get the story. Then, when he was driving me to the train, after I had finished, he suddenly said to me: 'I own this barouche and another one too. I can support a wife, and if you'll say the word, we can drive right on to the justice's and be married.' I was taken aback, for once, but he had been so kind I did not want to hurt his feelings, so I told him I was wedded to my work. He took it good-naturedly enough, but said that if I ever changed my mind, all I'd have to do was to send him a wire and he'd meet the train with one of his barouches."

That was the first of the famous Dorothy Dix murder

yarns. For the next fifteen years she wrote about murders. There were other stories, too, of course—vice investigations, heart-interest features and similar sob-sister stuff. But most of it was murder trials. Someone was always being murdered somewhere, and no really famous killer could be placed on trial without Dorothy Dix somewhere in the courtroom. The case of Harry K. Thaw, who had chosen the crowded Madison Square Garden Roof to stage the killing of Stanford White. The trial of Albert Patrick for killing William Rice, the eccentric Texas millionaire, after substituting a cleverly forged Rice will for the genuine document; the trial of Nan Patterson, member of the original Florodora Sextette, for the murder of her bookmaker friend; the trial of Lefty Louis and Gyp the Blood in the Rosenthal murder; the trial of Will Orpet, son of the gardener on one of Lake Michigan's Gold Coast estates, on charges of poisoning his schoolgirl sweetheart; the Ruth Snyder case; the Hall-Mills case with its picturesque pig-woman witness.

"It was all right for the boys who did the running around," Mrs. Gilmer explains. "When they finished their jobs on a story like that, they could take it easy for a while. But when I got back to the office, they'd tell me I was behind in my 'Dorothy Dix Talks' and, for heaven's sake, to get busy. I was dreadfully tired of murder stories and, besides, all I did when I wrote about them was to boost the circulation of the paper. I didn't do anyone a bit of real good, and I did feel that my 'Dorothy Dix Talks' were of help to people who needed help. Time and again I received letters telling me how someone had taken my advice, that it had solved their troubles, that they were grateful."

Further, by 1917 retail killings had become a drug on the news market, in view of the wholesale jobs being reported from the French, Russian and Mediterranean fronts. More and more, therefore, Mrs. Gilmer turned for relief to the ever-mounting flood of letters. The "Dorothy Dix Talks" were syndicated to all the papers of the Hearst chain by this time, and the postman's daily deliveries had increased accordingly. Wearied by the changelessly sordid story of the "broken

Broadway butterfly" of journealese, Mrs. Gilmer scanned each day's shipment of letters all the more eagerly, for somewhere she would be sure to find a smile, as in the artless statement of a Kansas correspondent that "I am asking your advice about my boy friend because you are much older than I am and may have had some experience," or in the candidly phrased conclusion of a young Pennsylvania husband that "a woman depreciates faster than an automobile, and that's going some."

When, in 1917, the Wheeler Syndicate made her an offer to devote herself to the "Dorothy Dix Talks" exclusively, she accepted at once. Syndicate publication required daily fare in place of three "Talks" a week. Yet six sermonettes to the week might prove too great a load not merely for the writer but for her readers. To fill in the odd three days, Mrs. Gilmer resorted to the device of publishing actual letters, together with answers, and for the past twenty years that has been her schedule. One day a sermonette, based on essentially the same recipe as had been used in confecting the original "Sunday Salads" for *Picayune* readers during the 90's; the next day half a dozen letters, together with answers.

The public response again increased, notably since, in the early 20's, the Dorothy Dix feature was taken over by the Ledger Syndicate in Philadelphia. A corps of secretaries had to be engaged, for every letter that is signed by a real name and bear a real return address is answered either through publication or through an individually mailed reply. Each morning Mrs. Gilmer goes through her mail. Routine inquiries, with marginal notations, are turned over to Ella Bentley Arthur, her chief secretary, to be answered. Replies to those inquiries which do not come under routine classifications Mrs. Gilmer dictates, just as she now dictates her "Dorothy Dix Talks."

She is a methodical little body. When she makes ready for a journey—and she has traveled to every quarter of the globe—she adds another stenographer or so to her staff and gets up a complete set of letters and answers and "Talks" for three months in advance. Similarly, there has been put away

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in a safety-deposit box another advance supply for three months more, to be used in case of temporary incapacity through illness. Though this reserve has never been drawn upon, it is renewed from time to time, to keep it up to date.

The working day ends for Mrs. Gilmer at noon, when there is a brief period devoted to housekeeping and the management of her home. The table set by the world's beloved Dorothy Dix is the envy of many of New Orleans' best-known hostesses, and the *café brûlot diabolique* which she occasionally brews for a circle of friends is acknowledged by Roy Alciatore to equal the product served at Antoine's, where the beverage was invented.

A drive in the afternoon, for Mrs. Gilmer is very fond of being whisked along the lake shore or through the parks and boulevards of New Orleans in her car, or perhaps a meeting of Le Petit Salon, over which she presides from time to time, or a lecture before one of the women's clubs, rounds out her day. The early evening is devoted to friends and acquaintances, or to nephews, nieces and their children, who are in no wise awed by the three-inch dog of red wool which is bound to one of the stair-rail spindles of her home by a section of log chain. All in all, the merry, twinkling eyes of Dorothy Dix look out upon a pleasant and peaceful prospect, after the turbulent early years when she arose from what she regarded as the wreck of her life to chat with killers and courtesans, to haunt the seamy byways of metropolitan vice and the impromptu life-and-death drama of rural courtrooms.

"I'll never run out of things to write about as long as the letters continue to come," Mrs. Gilmer admits cheerily. "All I need do is publish something, now and again, that irritates people, like a criticism of possessive parents; that is, parents who seek to remain in possession of their children's lives after these have grown to be individuals in their own right. Whenever I do that I am swamped with letters from indignant parents, principally mothers. Some call me a Communist and say I ought to go to Russia. Others call me a hide-bound reactionary and say I have sold out to those who want

to maintain an outworn social order. And, thanks be, there are always letters of appreciation too. All of it keeps me in touch with the world's current point of view.

"This is important, for the world has certainly changed since first I began to write. In the old days, a girl who had been what she called 'ruined,' would write me that she had met a fate worse than death, and the only advice she wanted was how to force the blackhearted villain who had blighted her life to marry her and, presumably, bring up their child according to his own standards of villainy.

"Nowadays such a girl usually writes me that 'it was as much my fault as his, maybe more,' or perhaps quite frankly, 'we were both drinking.' She doesn't want to marry the man, and often declares she wouldn't spend the balance of her life with him under any consideration.

"In the 90's, a girl who married virtually retired from the world. Today she does not really enter the world until she marries. She runs her home efficiently and she does a good job of bearing and rearing her children, but that no longer absorbs her entire existence.

"Sometimes I wonder what my correspondents would think if I answered their inquiries as I would have had to answer them forty years ago. And yet, essentially, the problems are just about what they have always been, and must be approached according to the gospel of common sense rather than according to whatever happens to be the ethical fashion of the day.

"There is always the young girl who has no admirers, or the young man who is unable to make himself attractive to girls. In every age they ask: 'What can I do about it?' and in every age the answer is about the same, though I can phrase it more frankly today than I could in 1896. Naturally, I could give them some consoling nonsense about waiting till the right person comes along, and everything will turn out grand; but I would much rather tell them what I believe is the truth, which is that attractiveness of that sort is as much of an individual gift as is a good singing voice. Most persons have passable voices, some have superlative

voices, and a few have no voices at all. No amount of training or patience can teach such a person to sing.

"The same thing applies to this gift of attractiveness in relation to the opposite sex. Most of us possess it to a passable degree. Some few are superlatively gifted. And another few lack the gift entirely. To these I say that the best thing they can do is to cultivate other interests, to seek happiness in other pursuits and not to accept sham substitutes for unattainable reality.

"Again, there is the case of the very, very commonplace household. The wife finds that her husband is not a knight in shining armor, that he will never become even moderately wealthy, that she will have to go on to the end of her days watching pennies, patching clothes, haggling over cheap cuts of meat, telling her children that she can't give them money to go to the movies. And the husband discovers that she is really not a rosebud turned into flesh and blood for his special delight, that she is not even pretty, that she looks slatternly, and that his home is a place of dull monotony from which almost any avenue of escape would be welcome.

"They write to me out of their unhappiness, and through all these years I have found that a little jollying on their part is still the best prescription for their ailment. If she would let him feel that she admires him, or that she still thinks he is handsome, he would no longer regard himself as a slave to dullness. If, once in a while, he would just tell her how beautiful he thought she was, she would work her fingers to the bone and think she was the luckiest woman alive to be able to patch his shirts.

"And through all these years there has always been but one type of advice to give the poor girl who writes me that she has fallen in love with a married man. He has told her he loves her. He has promised to marry her after he gets around to divorcing his wife, and all the rest of it. There's no use preaching morality to that girl. I tell her that if he had the least idea of divorcing his wife, he would have done so before. I tell her to bear in mind that when she finds, as she will, that he has no further time for her, but has gone

back to his wife and the assured social position the maintenance of his home carries with it, she will have her own future to look out for, and urge her to try to find out how many men she knows who have married some other man's castoff.

"And sometimes it does good. I treasure the letters telling me that my advice was taken, that it worked out, that 'I showed my husband your letter and he agreed with you, and now we are happy again.' For it is when I read letters of that sort that I feel that perhaps the unhappiness of my earlier years was not endured in vain, and that the pleasure and serenity that are mine today did not come to me wholly unearned."

"SILLIMAN—HE'S A WONDER"

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

DOWN in the bluegrass country around Nashville the hard-riding outdoor gentry have to laugh fit to bust when they see Silliman Evans on a horse. "Silliman sure knows how to run a newspaper," they tell you, "but his idea of what to wear on a horse is perfec'ly killin'." For an ordinary Sunday-morning outing, stubby little Silliman, who is about as broad in the saddle as he is tall, puts the mild Tennessee landscape to shame in an orange-and-blue-plaid belted jacket, straight from Abercrombie & Fitch, a chocolate-caramel shirt, maroon tie crisscrossed with jagged lightning flashes of white, a great baggy pair of tan breeches, and a soft green mountain-climbing hat with a feather in the band, that looks as though it might start yodeling all by itself. Silliman has fancier combinations than this, but he saves them for Derby Day or his frequent appearances as judge in near-by steeplechases.

Silliman's neighbors all think he's a great fellow, but they dearly love to tell about his famous spill, soon after he arrived in Nashville. "Old horse Nellie was standin' beside a gate an' Silliman leaned over to open the latch," they say. "Lost his balance an' broke his arm."

That little accident is history in itself, for it is about the only instance on record when Silliman Evans, of Texas, Tennessee and points east as far as Copenhagen, has failed to land squarely on his feet. And he has taken many a dizzy plunge.

Like his arrival in Nashville to take over the Tennessean newspapers, for instance. That was in 1937. As far as outward appearances are concerned, there was probably never a

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sadder pair of newspapers than the morning and evening *Tennessean* when Evans acquired them. They had been operating under receivership for four years; the former publisher, the celebrated Col. Luke Lea, had spent two years in jail for conspiracy after a series of frauds that milked the papers and bankrupted thousands of Southerners. The offices and printing plant were in a rickety, narrow old building that had been a fashionable gambling club thirty years before; now it was overrun with rats and sagging at the joists. The presses, patched with baling wire, alternately produced papers too faint to read or too ink-smudged to handle. One pressroom foreman spent most of his time bootlegging. The composing room was above the city room; every now and then a printer would put his foot through the crumbling, ornately paneled ceiling above a rewrite man's head. The city desk was in constant terror because it was located directly under a 3000-pound pot of molten type metal. Shortly after Evans moved in, a big section of ceiling collapsed in his office and a jagged piece of plaster seriously gashed an advertising man he was talking to. The victim was in the hospital for two weeks.

Forty-five days after Silliman took over this mess, the *Tennesseans* were again in the black. He tackled old Horace Greeley Hill, the Nashville chain-store millionaire, locally regarded as "tough as your boot," and by sheer persistence and will power persuaded Hill to build him a brand-new \$175,000 building. "I don't know why I'm doing this," said Hill unhappily, as he signed the final agreement. But his investment is now paying better than 7 per cent, and he tells everyone that Silliman is a wonder. Today, the morning and Sunday *Tennessean*—the evening edition was killed in a deal with the rival *Banner*—is not only the most active and potent newspaper voice in the state but it is probably read with more attention in Washington than any other Southern paper. It is paying off its debts and making a pretty pile of pennies for Silliman Evans. And it has done things to Nashville and to Tennessee, of which more anon.

Silliman Evans is a short, pudgy, immensely energetic per-

son with a round red little nose stuck in the middle of his broad face like some well-baked gingerbread man's. In a headlong career of forty-six years he has been star reporter for Amon Carter's newspaper in Fort Worth, a barnstorming air-line promoter in the Southwest, a New Deal politico in Washington, and—though he admits he still knows next to nothing about insurance—the president of one of the nation's best-known insurance companies. Once he was trailed halfway across the continent and arrested for smuggling the Russian crown jewels into the United States. He is continually popping up in Washington, California, New York, Texas or Chicago, having acquired the habit of skipping around the country in planes while press agent for American Airways. Some of his friends call him the nerviest man they know; others put it differently; they merely say that he has a colossal crust.

The *Tennessean*, under his management, has been a loud defender of TVA and led a successful fight to have the city of Nashville buy its share of Wendell Willkie's Tennessee Electric Power Company. When the battle was over, Silliman flew up to New York one day and invited Willkie to the Ritz suite where he operates the year round as his paper's best advertising salesman. The two chatted for a while in front of a cupid-decorated fireplace, and then Silliman pulled out a big sheet of paper. "I thought you might want to buy a page in the *Tennessean* to say good-by to Nashville," he told Willkie, handing him a dummy ad he had written himself. Willkie was so awed by this maneuver that he immediately agreed to buy the page, stipulating only that he would write his own ad. This he did, and it is still remembered as one of the best institutional ads in recent years.

Silliman Evans, as an admiring Washington correspondent remarked lately, is the world's leading example of the way Texans stick together. One spring Saturday in 1934, for example, Silliman rode out to the races at Pimlico, Maryland, with Vice-President Garner, Jesse Jones, of the RFC, Congressman—now Speaker—Sam Rayburn, all from Texas, and the late Sen. Robinson, of near-by Arkansas. At the moment.

Silliman held the unimpressive title of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, a job that had come to him for helping line up the Texas delegates on a Roosevelt-Garner ticket at the 1932 Democratic convention. People in Texas thought it was a shame Silliman didn't get something better. But fate was already at work. Jesse Jones was telling Jack Garner about a problem that had worried him a lot; the Maryland Casualty Company, a big, stately, historic firm in Baltimore, was up to its ears in \$90,000,000 worth of doubtful mortgages, and needed an immediate loan to avoid a crash. Jesse was willing to lend it \$7,500,000, but wanted to install a new chief executive to clear out dead wood in Maryland's home office. Nobody wanted the job; he had already been turned down by two prominent Maryland Democrats and the insurance commissioner of another Eastern state.

"Why don't you take this pu'sely-gutted little feller here?" suggested Garner, poking his thumb at Silliman Evans. (Note: "pursely-gutted," Texas and Tennessee slang for "paunchy, fat.")

Jesse looked at Silliman, sized up the confident angle of his cigar, recollected that Silliman had been credited with saving money in the Post Office Department, pondered in slow Texas fashion. That afternoon, everybody, including Silliman, won some money and stuffed themselves with hot dogs. When they got back to Washington, Jesse phoned some Texas friends. Their reports were encouraging. Jesse made up his mind.

"But I don't know a darned thing about insurance—I only took one course in algebra and I flunked that," said Silliman, when Jesse told him the news.

"That's what we need. Nobody who knows insurance would take this job," replied Jesse.

A few days later the directors of Maryland Casualty were called to Washington to pick up their \$7,500,000 and meet their future president. At least one of them, John K. Shaw, a rich Baltimore coal dealer, laughed out loud when Silliman trotted into the room in the lee of towering Jesse Jones. But, like old Mr. Hill, of Nashville, he became an ardent ad-

mirer as he watched Silliman go to work. The Connecticut insurance commissioner was threatening to close up Maryland because its reserves were inadequate; Silliman flew to Hartford, the ancient rival of Baltimore's insurance companies, and pulled an old reporter's trick. "All right," he said, in effect, "shut us up, but I will go out and phone the newspapers that you have put four thousand employees and ten thousand agents out of work because of the old insurance jealousy between Hartford and Baltimore." Connecticut granted him a ninety-day extension, during which he went back to Jesse Jones and borrowed another \$10,000,000 to see Maryland through.

"He had us there; we had to come again to cover our first investment," chuckles Jesse.

Even with another \$10,000,000, there were times when Maryland seemed doomed. Gloom filled its spacious marble lobbies. "It was like a crypt," says an Evans aide of this period. Almost the only person who refused to succumb to melancholy was President Evans. Although his company was to all intents busted, he launched a widespread, full-page advertising campaign in expensive magazines. He ordered policies printed in gay colors and wrapped in Cellophane. He fired fifteen vice-presidents and installed an able crew of experts, new and old, in their places. When the company reached its fortieth birthday, he hit upon the idea of hiring Walter Pitkin, author of *Life Begins at Forty*, to write pep pamphlets and give talks to clubs across the country. Today the current crop of Maryland officials swear that it was Silliman's unquenchable optimism, buttressed by the \$17,500,000 from his fellow-Texan, Jesse Jones, that put Maryland back among the leading U. S. casualty firms. In 1937, the year he resigned as president, gross premiums were \$29,964,000, a gain of nearly \$10,000,000 above the low of 1933.

When Silliman collided with Nashville early in 1937, that genteel, many-pillared city was going along complacently under such titles as "Athens of the South"—because it has the only exact reproduction of the Parthenon outside Greece—and "The Southern Vatican"—because it is headquarters for

several Southern religious sects. These were not exciting enough to suit Silliman, who was brought up in the great Texas tradition of Amon Carter and Fort Worth. He has set out to make Nashville and Tennessee into something the *Tennessean* recently described as "The Ruhr of America." The main part of this scheme is to move all of the new and a good share of the old defense industries into Tennessee, between the sheltering Appalachian Mountains and the Mississippi River, and operate them on Government-produced TVA power. Silliman got his first chance to do this in 1938, when his good friend, Victor Emanuel, executive of many-branched Aviation and Transportation Corporation, flew down to see him in Nashville. Emanuel remarked that his private pilot had flown around for hours looking for Fort Knox, but couldn't locate it from the air.

That gave Silliman an opening. "If the Government's gold is that safe in Tennessee, why don't you build your new Stinson plant here?" he demanded.

At the time there was no aircraft plant in the South, and Emanuel thought the idea was silly. "There isn't a hundred to one chance," he told Silliman, but Silliman kept on arguing. He flew around the country, badgering other directors of the company, escorting delegations of Nashville boosters.

"We finally gave him the factory in self-defense," says Emanuel.

Nashville's—and the South's—first big aircraft plant began operation last winter. This August, Vultee Aircraft, of California, bought control of Stinson and immediately began to enlarge the Nashville factory for the production of thousands of military planes. "Nashville is now off on the wings of the twentieth century," cried the *Tennessean*, launching a new campaign to nab an \$8,400,000 Government aeronautics laboratory and a \$1,000,000 Naval Reserve base for the "TVA defense area."

For what he gets from the New Deal, Silliman is grateful in a practical way. During the recent campaign, the *Tennessean* bought a page of space in every other Sunday paper in the state to present "The Case For Mr. Roosevelt."

As an exponent of the joys and beauties of Nashville, Silliman is at his best at home, where he is now the master of Traveler's Rest, a celebrated Tennessee estate once owned by John Overton, law partner and political crony of Andrew Jackson. Here he has introduced the Texas style of large-scale outdoor entertainment, with certain mid-Tennessee refinements. Here he throws mass barbecues for visiting celebrities like Jack Dempsey, Eddie Rickenbacker and Jim Farley, personally concocting a hellish-hot Southwestern barbecue sauce that calls for oceans of beer the same night, and plenty of Southern comfort the next morning. Southern comfort, as defined by Silliman, consists of a sprinkling of sugar and clove on the bottom of a tall glass, a sizable jigger of mellow corn whisky and a filling of boiling hot water. Sipped before a seven-o'clock breakfast, it is a great help to a feeble appetite.

Silliman's barbecues have set a new standard for Nashville. When Jim Farley visited Traveler's Rest last spring, for instance, squads of airplanes dipped overhead and movie cameras accompanied the party through the gates. Silliman had ordered an agent in Canada to buy the late Lord Tweedsmuir's state carriage to transport Jim from the Franklin Pike along a quarter mile of graveled drive to the house, but the Canadian government declined to sell, and he had to be content with an old barouche loaned by a wealthy French family in Quebec. An enormous billboard tastefully decorated with pictures of Farley and Andrew Jackson, labeled TWO GREAT DEMOCRATS, had been erected on the Evans' front lawn for this occasion; during the night, when everyone else was asleep, Silliman had this taken up, trucked sixty miles, and hung on the side of a courthouse where Farley was to make a speech the next day. Little attentions like these are appreciated by Silliman's friends.

Silliman has acquired horses, sheep, cattle, chickens and all the appurtenances of a country gentleman. His own bedroom is the one where Jackson slept when he came down to visit Overton; it is now decorated with canceled checks of Silliman's numerous winnings on elections and prize fights

from friends like Jim Farley, Jack Garner and Sam Rayburn.

In 1937 he bet Jack Garner \$1000 to \$10 that Garner could not name the Democratic nominee for 1940. When Garner took him up, he hedged by betting \$10 to \$1000 that he could name Garner's choice. When the two envelopes were opened recently, it was found that the Vice-President had chosen Jim Farley as the most likely Democratic candidate, while Silliman had written the name of Henry A. Wallace. The bets canceled out, but Silliman's was a lot closer to the mark.

Silliman was born April 2, 1894, in Joshua, Johnson County, Texas. Local tradition says the town got its name because the sun stands still there all summer long. Silliman's father, the Rev. Columbus Asbury Evans, was a frail but high-spirited Methodist pastor, known throughout Texas as a fiery crusader for prohibition. No sooner would he be assigned to a town than he would stir up a violent local-option campaign, importing such celebrated Texas exhorters as J. H. (Cyclone) Davis, Mrs. A. C. Zehner, and others.

"He hated whisky as much as I love it," says Silliman.

Once when Silliman was small a group of his father's parishioners, after listening to Mrs. Zehner for two hours, marched to town and smashed every saloon in the place. In Sweetwater, Texas, the elder Evans was knocked down by a bartender while praying outside the swinging door; the incident stirred up sympathy and turned the town dry at the next election. Silliman himself participated in some of these campaigns. While he was going to school in Fort Worth he would take a trolley into Hell's Half Acre around Jones Street and join in such hymns as:

*To the breeze we fling our banner,
Prohibition is its name;
And we'll follow where it leads us,
'Tis our glorious oriflamme.*

*Though the conflict rages fiercely,
And the foe is bold and strong;
Let our motto be forever,
No compromise with wrong!*

Silliman's unusual first name comes from his mother; she was descended from a distinguished Connecticut family that founded a Silliman chair of geology at Yale. The Evans family shifted from town to town every few years; often they scarcely had cash enough for a moving cart and their tickets; for months they subsisted on the "poundings"—gifts of food, clothing, wood—that came to them from their tiny congregations. But before Silliman was twelve he had read through eight huge volumes of sermons and hymns of John and Charles Wesley in his father's library; and this special erudition was directly responsible for landing him his first newspaper job. The Rev. Dr. John A. Rice, of the fashionable and wealthy First Methodist Church in Fort Worth, delivered in 1913 a series of sermons on the Pentateuch—first five Books of the Old Testament. Rice was suspected of modernism, and after the first sermon, he attended a ministerial meeting buzzing with angry charges of heresy. He defended himself on the ground that the Fort Worth *Record* had failed to report his statements correctly. The trouble, he said, was that no reporter could cope with words like Septuagint, pseudepigrapha, Peshitta, Megilloth and Hexateuch, which abounded in his sermons. Silliman's father was there; he told Doctor Rice that his son was not only the star shorthand pupil of Brantley-Draughon Business College but deeply versed in Bible terms. The next Sunday Silliman took down an entire Rice sermon without a break, and then wrote a short news account for the *Record*. Soon afterward the *Record* hired him as a reporter at \$12.50 a week.

Unfortunately for the Reverend Evans' peace of mind, the *Record* was the wettest newspaper in Texas. Over in Waco, a group of prohibitionists led by the Rev. H. D. Knickerbocker—whose redheaded boy Hubert was to become pretty well known as a reporter himself—was starting a new daily paper that would be 100 per cent bone-dry. Silliman's father invested \$100—out of a \$300 annual salary—in this enterprise, and got Silliman appointed managing editor. Silliman was nineteen and thought he should be editor in chief at least. He went to Waco and walked into the office of the new

editor, a clergyman who is now an official of the Southern Baptist Convention.

"Well, this is the — — hottest town I was ever in," he exclaimed, mopping his brow.

"Why, Brother Evans," said his startled superior, "I thought you were a religious man."

"I'm a member of the church, but I don't see what the — that has to do with newspaper work," said Silliman, who soon found himself the sole reporter, news writer and copyreader for the new sheet, whose ministerial backers were much more interested in battling the liquor traffic than in getting local news. When Silliman was able to get some specially juicy item into the presses, he would pull an old cap over his eyes, grab an armful of papers, and hurry out into the street selling them, just for the fun of watching people read his own stuff. After a few months of Waco, he moved on to a better job in Houston, and then to Chicago, where he cubbed in the U. P. office with the late Webb Miller and the late George Holmes. In 1916 he was back in Fort Worth as managing editor of the *Record* at thirty-five dollars a week.

At the time the celebrated Fundamentalist preacher, J. Frank Norris, was preaching hellfire and brimstone from a Fort Worth pulpit; one night his church burned and Silliman wrote a series of articles intimating that Norris knew more about the origin of the fire than he would tell. Word spread that Norris, who carried a pistol, had threatened to kill Silliman; the paper gave him an armed bodyguard. Some time later Norris did kill one D. E. Chipps, a hot-tempered businessman, but Silliman came through this episode unpunctured.

A change of ownership at the *Record* caused Silliman to shift to the *Dallas News*, where, sitting around on dogwatch one night, he lent Stanley Walker forty dollars to go to New York and take a job. Evans enlisted at the declaration of war in 1917, but after he fainted three times while drilling on the Dallas Fair Grounds, the doctors found he had an "enlarged heart" and discharged him. Silliman rushed to Washington and landed a job as legation secretary in Copen-

hagen, where he spent the next year. Denmark had little effect on him until he came to leave in 1918. An attaché in the legation wanted to send home a china plate to a friend; Silliman agreed to carry it, and had it wrapped in diplomatic ribbons and seals to take it through customs. He sailed on the Helgoland in the summer of 1918, unaware that United States agents in Sweden had sent word that the Germans had seized the Russian crown jewels and were smuggling them to the States on the Helgoland, to finance spies and terrorists. In New York, Silliman was first off the boat and dashed through customs without any examination, brandishing his diplomatic credentials right and left. Three days later he reached Dallas. He was talking to his old boss, Editor J. P. Toomey, of the *News*, when a weary and distraught Federal agent walked in and arrested him "for questioning." Silliman was still toting the Copenhagen plate; the agent confiscated this, with an air of mystery, refusing to open it until "higher authority" arrived. Gradually the story unfolded—all other passengers on the Helgoland had been searched without discovering the Russian jewels, and someone in Washington had decided that Silliman had brought them in under diplomatic immunity. Agents had followed him on a broken course from New York to Washington—where he took a different train from the one he had bought tickets for—to Cincinnati—where he got off to take a walk, and missed his train—and on through St. Louis. These erratic movements had turned suspicion into virtual certainty. Silliman was a "prisoner" for one night in his hotel room; the next day word came to release him and all was forgiven.

Shortly after this Silliman took a trolley car from Dallas to Fort Worth, thirty miles away, and went to work on Amon Carter's booming *Star-Telegram*. During the next nine years he became the best known and most influential political reporter in the state. A friend who watched him in action says he was "the all-time, all-American Diesel engine of Texas reporting." The *Star-Telegram* gave him unlimited expense accounts and a free hand on assignments. The likes and dis-

likes of Publisher Amon Carter are among the most vehement in Texas or, for that matter, North America; Silliman functioned effectively as Carter's hatchet man. When Amon took a notion to remove the hide from some annoying politician, Silliman's was the knife that performed the operation; and when Silliman had some special ax of his own to grind, Amon and his paper did the grinding. One day, for instance, Silliman took exception to a remark about reporters in general made by a circus man named Gentry, in an Austin hotel bar; the next day the *Star-Telegram* came out with an exclusive exposé of a bill which Gentry was lobbying through the legislature to exempt his show from Texas' \$1000-a-day license fee for traveling circuses. The bill was quickly killed, and Silliman's revenge was sweet.

Neither Amon nor Silliman thought much of Earle Mayfield, who was elected U. S. senator from Texas in 1922, with the support of the Ku Klux Klan. One day in January, 1923, just before Mayfield was to leave for Washington, Silliman broke a story in the *Star-Telegram* stating that Mayfield, before resigning his state post as member of the railroad commission, would repay a campaign debt by granting a certain firm a permit to operate a carbon-black plant near Amarillo, Texas. Carbon black is a by-product of Texas natural gas, which is under state regulation. That noon Silliman walked into Mayfield at the elevator of the Driskill Hotel, in Austin. "Why, you ——" shouted the senator-elect, swinging at Silliman's jaw. The two swapped some hard blows before they were pulled apart. That afternoon the carbon-black permit was granted, true to Silliman's prediction. And shortly afterward Silliman ran, in the *Star-Telegram*, a picture of Tom Connally, of Marlin, as the man who would beat Mayfield for the Senate in 1928—nearly six years away. In October, 1928, Mayfield was defeated for renomination by the present junior senator from Texas, Tom Connally.

Another hotel fracas had more serious results for Silliman. During the highway scandals of Ma Ferguson's administration in 1925, he stirred up a pitched battle with a highway

commissioner named John Cage, who hit him flush on the chin and knocked him to the floor. Silliman suffered a slight skull fracture that kept him in bed for weeks.

Old Jim Ferguson was one of the most talented backwoods statesmen that Texas ever knew; but while he was governor in 1917 he was impeached for misappropriating state funds and forever barred from becoming governor again. In 1922 he attempted a comeback by running against Mayfield for the senatorial nomination. Mayfield was a sure winner, but the *Star-Telegram* and Silliman were for Ferguson. One day Silliman went along with the old man to a boarding-house in tiny Penelope, Texas; he watched him take off his long alpaca coat and lie down on the bed with his shoes on. The coat had been ripped in an automobile door and patched by Ma. Before entering politics, Ferguson had been a prosperous small-town banker. Jim remarked that he had sixty dollars in his pocket, and that was all he had in the world.

"Do you know the Klan is putting up a million dollars for Earle Mayfield?" asked Silliman.

"Yes, but I'll get some as I go along—a dollar or two here and there—about two hundred dollars a meeting," mumbled Jim, drifting off to sleep. Silliman went back to his typewriter and banged out what he still calls his masterpiece—a tear jerker beginning, "James E. Ferguson will finish his campaign for the United States Senate with neither script nor purse. . . ."

A few days later he went to Temple, the Fergusons' home town, and watched the fashionable ladies of the town flock to greet Mrs. Mayfield, while shunning Ma Ferguson. He wrote another story quoting Ma, "May God in his infinite mercy spare the mothers of Texas such waves of sorrow as have rolled over this home!" These two yarns started a wave of sympathy for the Fergusons all over Texas, and although Jim was defeated in his try for the Senate, two years later Ma was elected the first woman governor in the United States.

She had been in office only a year when rumors reached the *Star-Telegram* that a graft scandal was brewing in her highway department. Old Jim had set up his "law office" in the

capitol directly adjoining Governor Ma's; contractors, salesmen, pardon applicants and others who wanted to see the governor had to pass his desk first. Moreover, the Fergusons were feuding with Amon Carter. Silliman went to work on this situation, with the aid of private detectives, and the resulting exposé blasted the Fergusons out of office once more. But they came back in 1932. In the process, the *Star-Telegram* and Silliman acquired a new hero—Attorney General Dan Moody—who prosecuted the guilty officials. Naturally, Moody was the next governor of Texas.

The opening of the *Star-Telegram's* first Washington bureau was a direct outcome of Silliman's courtship of Miss Lucille McCrea, of Cisco. They first saw each other on a muddy oil field road in East Texas; Silliman was in the mud, trying to pry his car loose, and Lucille was driving through. She noticed especially his light blue overcoat with an orange lining. One evening they were riding together when Silliman announced in dead earnest, "I've never told any girl I loved her, but if I did and she didn't say she loved me, I would kill her. I love you." Shortly after this he persuaded Jimmy North, his long-suffering managing editor, that the *Star-Telegram* should open a Washington office and install him in it. The opening, by a strange coincidence came at the same time as his honeymoon.

In Washington, Silliman engaged in profitable all-night poker games in the old Wyatt Building, and spent a good deal of time in Speaker Jack Garner's rooms at the Capitol and the Washington Hotel. "He would take a drink with me," says Mr. Garner, "and I would take one with him." He made no attempt to burn up Washington with Diesel-engine, Texas-reporting technique—in fact, he played what some Washington correspondents call "the Southern game" of making friends with leading politicians and sending home flattering stories about whatever they did.

Around 1928, Silliman came into contact with one A. P. —Alva Pearl—Barrett, a genial, snuff-dipping promoter who controlled some Texas utilities and oil wells. The nation was beginning to go air-crazy and Barrett sniffed a profit for

early birds in the new industry. He persuaded Silliman and two other young men from Fort Worth—C. R.—Cyrus Rowlett—Smith, now president of American Airlines, and Tom Hardin, recently with the CAA—to join him in operating the insignificant Texas Air Transport Company between Fort Worth, Dallas and Houston. T. A. T. had a fleet of ten mail-carrying Stearmans and Travelairs with a total passenger capacity of nine. Old A. P. Barrett would arrive at his office every morning waving his arms stiffly and singing at the top of an unmelodious voice:

*My old fiddle,
She's tuned up good,
Best old fiddle
In the neighborhood.*

*Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Tee-dee.*

He had an idea that if he sang this formless ditty at least once a day, he could never go broke; and he would line up his staff, including Silliman, to join in the chorus before opening the morning mail. Silliman was hired as "vice-president in charge of public relations"—a job that included selling tickets for five-dollar thrill flights on Sunday mornings at the Fort Worth airfield—one of T. A. T.'s principal sources of cash income.

Barrett worked on hunches; he would rush into the office in the morning singing "My Old Fiddle," and announce without a pause, "Come on, boys; we're going to Atlanta," or to New Orleans, El Paso, Los Angeles—as his impulse led him. Silliman's particular job was to "engage" lawyers and butter up mayors and editors wherever A. P. wanted to acquire an airport lease; in a year he hired enough lawyers to bail out the Gulf of Mexico, and bought enough drinks for city-hall and state-house politicians to fill it again. Barrett soon enlarged T. A. T. into Southern Air Transport, and held airfield leases—often without a dollar's cost—in every

important Southern city between Los Angeles and Atlanta. Some of the "airports" were pretty funny by present, or any, standards. At Austin, for instance, T. A. T. simply cut away the weeds in a field and painted a big white circle for its planes to land on. At Monroe, Louisiana, they used a convict camp. In New Orleans, the so-called landing field was in a swamp inhabited largely by crayfish, snakes and toads; there were times when a man could row a boat down the runway, which was made of clamshells and was continually sinking into the mud. But A. P. knew what he was up to. One morning he jovially announced, "Boys, we're going to New York." On that trip he sold Southern Air Transport, in which he had initially invested about \$85,000, for a cool million to a banking syndicate which was organizing American Airways, Inc. Silliman and C. R. got \$25,000 apiece out of this deal, and they still think they should have had more. But they were retained as vice-presidents of the new company, in charge of publicity and operation for the "south-western division."

Back in Fort Worth, word reached them that the new management planned to fire them at the first opportunity. Beginning in 1930, three new presidents of American Airways were elected on a platform of cleaning up the southwestern division, but whenever one of them turned up at Fort Worth, Silliman and C. R. showed them such a fine time that they went home vowing the southwestern was the most efficient division in the whole company. At that time Mississippi had a seven-cent tax on gasoline. One of American's new presidents told Silliman, "If you're so good, why don't you get that Mississippi gas tax taken off airplanes?" Silliman flew to Jackson, located the head of the road-building lobby, explained what he wanted, had dinner that night with the right members of the legislative committees, and within forty-eight hours a bill was passed exempting airplane fuel from the state gas tax.

His most celebrated feat of lobbying has entered air-line history as The Battle of Arizona. Arizona was the only state with a clear-cut law requiring a certificate of convenience for

all transportation companies traversing—that is, flying over—its territory. American Airways had a certificate; E. L. Cord's Century Airlines, which also operated from Los Angeles to New Orleans, did not. Cord applied for a certificate, and Silliman was sent to Arizona to make sure he would not get it. A battle royal ensued, with both sides hiring as lawyers the sons of members of Arizona's corporations commission, but Silliman had a decided margin when it came to throwing midnight parties at Nogales, just over the Mexican border. When the Cord application reached a vote, it was rejected 2 to 1. The strategy of Silliman's employers then came to light; Cord bought them out for a greatly increased price.

The 1932 campaign was getting under way and Silliman, as an intensely loyal Texas Democrat, had charge of national publicity for Speaker Jack Garner's preconvention drive for the presidential nomination. This didn't prevent him from dropping in often at the Biltmore Hotel, where Jim Farley was running Franklin D. Roosevelt's campaign. When the convention finally came, Silliman and his congressman-pal, Sam Rayburn, kept communication lines open between Farley and the rabidly pro-Garner Texas delegation, as well as with Garner himself. When it became apparent that Roosevelt had a large majority—though not the two thirds necessary for nomination—both Silliman and Rayburn saw the wisdom of Farley's suggestion: a Roosevelt-Garner ticket. The crucial moment came on the fourth ballot, when California and Texas were released by Garner and swung to Roosevelt. This was Silliman's introduction to national politics—and the reward he got at first was not overpowering. In fact, he seriously debated whether he should become Fourth Assistant Postmaster General at all. But looking around Washington, he saw plenty of Texas faces in high places, and had visions of better things to come.

During his year in the Post-Office Department, Silliman toiled without inspiration on reports of mail bags repaired—2,644,552—post-office leases negotiated—710—and blue-prints made—41,031—in the course of a year. But his biggest contribution to Post-Office Department history was a

master stroke of press-agentry. Everyone knows that the most worn-out, chewed-off pens in the world are found in post offices and florists' shops. Soon after Silliman was inaugurated he issued a general order directing that "an adequate supply of penholders, pen points and ink . . . be furnished for the use of patrons in all post offices." That made the front pages of papers across the country.

Silliman knew, of course, that his sojourn in the Post-Office Department and later in Baltimore as president of Maryland Casualty could only be temporary; his real aim in life was to own and run a newspaper. Even before going to Maryland, he had looked over the field. First definite possibility was the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, a famous, substantial, old Southern paper which had also been owned and left financially adrift by Luke Lea. In 1935, Silliman persuaded R. W. Morrison, a wealthy Texas oil man and rancher, to help him finance the *Commercial Appeal*, but while they were negotiating, James Hammond, a former Hearst executive, came along and snapped it up. Later it developed that Hammond was acting for Scripps-Howard, which also owns Memphis' other newspaper, the *Press-Scimitar*.

Badly disappointed, Silliman now decided to act alone, and turned his attention closely to the *Nashville Tennessean*, concerning which an embarrassing storm had just broken around the head of his good friend, Jesse Jones. Jesse and the RFC had pledged themselves never to buy control of any newspaper; nevertheless, early in 1935, the RFC did buy from the liquidator of a closed New Orleans bank—Canal Bank and Trust Company—with whom it was arranging a loan, a \$250,000 block of bonds representing the balance of control of the *Tennessean*. There were \$500,000 more of the bonds outstanding; \$210,000 were owned by the American National Bank, of Nashville, headed by Paul M. Davis, brother of Roosevelt crony and Ambassador-at-large Norman H. Davis. The rest were scattered ineffectively among North Carolina and Tennessee investors.

The RFC purchase was not made public, but Paul Davis knew about it. So did James Hammond, of the *Commercial*

Appeal, who wanted very much to buy the *Tennessean*. Hammond, in fact, offered \$200,000—the market value—for the bonds to both the New Orleans liquidator and the RFC. But one day the RFC announced it had resold the bonds to Banker Davis. From Publisher Hammond in Memphis came loud cries that Jesse Jones and Davis were trying to keep control of the paper for their Administration friends. The name of Tennessee's elder statesman, Cordell Hull, was dragged into the argument, because of his close friendship with Paul and Norman Davis.

At this point Jesse's thoughts naturally turned to his little ex-reporter friend who was doing such a good job with Maryland Casualty. He knew Silliman wanted a paper badly. "We sort of sicked him onto it," is the way Jones expresses it now.

But Silliman did not go to Nashville merely to please Jesse Jones. He knew this was the biggest jump of his life, and he planned to land right side up. He made dozens of unheralded "exploratory" trips to Nashville, sitting around hotel lobbies and absorbing stray talk. He paced the city night and day, and picked a spot—off Broadway, over a railroad spur—where an efficient new newspaper plant could be built. Later it turned out this was the exact telephonic center of the city. He subscribed for the *Tennessean* in the name of his secretary, Tom McNicholas, so folks in Baltimore would not catch on. He had long talks with Paul Davis, who was not at all sure he wanted Silliman to own the *Tennessean*. Davis is more than satisfied now. Just how much Jesse Jones had to do with convincing him is a matter for interesting speculation. Most important, he talked things over with Mr. Jones. Then came January 7, 1937, when, by court order, the good will and assets of the *Tennessean* newspapers were to be sold at auction on the courthouse steps in Nashville. Paul Davis stepped up and bid \$850,000. In a room in the Carlton Hotel in Washington, Silliman was pacing up and down in front of a telephone. Only one old reporter friend was with him. The phone rang; Silliman picked it up and

listened for a moment. "Well, I've got a baby," he announced, in perhaps the most flustered moment of his life.

For weeks few in Nashville or elsewhere knew the real purchaser of the *Tennessean*. When Silliman finally took over in April, all the financial details had been ironed out. Many have wondered how a one-time, harum-scarum reporter could swing an \$850,000 deal. Here is how it was done:

Jesse Jones had insisted that \$800,000 in new bonds be issued, to replace the \$750,000 in old ones with their accrued interest. In addition, he asked for \$150,000 in new capital. Silliman, it will be recalled, had once made \$25,000 in a lump on the sale of Southern Air Transport. His salary for ten years had been between \$5000 and \$15,000, and he had always saved 20 per cent of it. He had some excellent chances to make money in the stock market before 1930, and he did. He was able to put \$75,000 cash into the purchase without seriously straining his resources. The other \$75,000 came from the widow of John M. Branham, long the national-advertising representative of the *Tennessean*, and owner of Man o' Night, one of the most famous stallions in the United States. The Branham estate, which still sells advertising in the *Tennessean* and makes good commissions at it, had a special stake in seeing the paper back on its feet. For her \$75,000, Mrs. Branham received a minority of the common stock, which, to date, has paid her handsome dividends. The rest of the stock is owned by Silliman and Tom McNicholas.

The *Tennessean* has retired \$75,000 of its bonds in the last three years. The outstanding bonds are now owned as follows: one third by the American National Bank, one third by Paul M. Davis, one third by Evans and his friends.

One reason the *Tennessean* does well is the joint office and printing plant which Silliman and James Geddes Stahlman, of the evening *Banner*, put up in 1938. This is perhaps the outstanding example of joint newspaper operation in the United States, and it has reduced mechanical and maintenance costs for each newspaper enormously. The two papers

have a single composing room and pressroom which works twenty-four hours a day. Their editorial departments are so completely separate that they hardly recognize each other's existence. A visitor entering the front door steps into a central lobby; if he turns right he enters the *Banner* and the offices of energetic, carnation-wearing Jimmy Stahlman, who almost every day prints a column of free verse under his own name on the *Banner's* front page. If he turns left he enters Evans' morning *Tennessean*. So strictly is the border line observed that the two publishers have called on each other only twice in two years.

Silliman's first all-out newspaper battle in Tennessee came in 1938, when he declared war on Gov. Gordon Browning's campaign for renomination. Browning was also opposed by Boss Ed Crump, of Memphis. One day Mr. Crump sent a message to Washington, and Congressman Walter Chandler, an obedient Crumpette, announced he would run against Browning. A few days later Chandler called on Silliman to ask for the *Tennessean's* support; he supposed the newly arrived publisher would willingly go along with Crump, at least the first time. Silliman quickly disillusioned him. "I'm going to oppose you and Browning too," he told Chandler, who hurried back to Memphis and withdrew from the race.

Meanwhile a serious, somewhat bashful young state senator named Prentice Cooper walked into the *Tennessean* offices one night and handed famed Political Reporter Joe Hatcher a sheet of paper. As he started to leave, Hatcher saw it was an announcement that Cooper would run for governor. He hurried after him and brought him back to see Silliman, who took an immediate liking to him. The *Tennessean* became Cooper's principal supporter, and recently helped him land a second term. Governor Cooper thinks well of Silliman.

The *Tennessean* under Silliman has also fought for state civil service, abolition of Tennessee's pernicious poll tax—out of the 250,000 population of Nashville and surrounding Davidson County, only 20,000 to 25,000 vote in a national election—and broke up rackets among justices of the peace and state-highway police. Silliman has plenty of critics, and

one of their principal complaints is that sometimes his left hand does not seem to know what his right hand is publishing. For instance, during the recent battle in Congress over President Roosevelt's shift of the Civil Aeronautics Authority to the Commerce Department, the *Tennessean* appeared with a strong editorial praising CAA's independence and insisting it remain so. Next day Sen. Bennett Clark spotted Silliman busily lobbying among Tennessee congressmen for the President's plan. When this was spread on the *Congressional Record*, Silliman had to explain that the editorial was written while he was away, and that he did not approve it—an embarrassing moment for any publisher.

On the whole, so far as Nashville and his own pocketbook are concerned, Silliman's conduct of the *Tennessean* is a decided success. But those who know him believe it is only a starter. Having jumped from reporting to air lines to politics to the Post Office Department to insurance and back to newspapers, Silliman is now heeled and eager for another leap. What he is thinking about is more newspapers—especially in the South. Jesse Jones declined to help him buy the neighboring Knoxville *Journal*, because it is a traditionally Republican paper in Republican East Tennessee. But someday, if Silliman's calculations hold, he will be going back to Texas—and it won't be to Joshua.

FADIMAN FOR THE MILLIONS

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WHEN Clifton Fadiman, known to radio followers as the lion tamer of "Information Please," was a mussy-haired boy in the back streets of Brooklyn, his older brother Ed used to wonder what the family was going to do with him. "We called him the absent-minded professor," says Ed. "Time meant absolutely nothing to him. All he could do was sit around and read books. We thought we might have him on our hands for the rest of our lives."

Since that time, which was approximately 1912, a lot of people have wondered what they were going to do with Clifton Fadiman, whose given name was the result of a mother's fondness for leafing through the telephone book and whose nickname, Kip, was an onomatopoeic derivation from a prolonged youthful attack of the hiccups. Wondering what to do with Fadiman, however, has usually been productive, for when anyone discovers a suitable spot for this intellectual high-wire performer, he normally hits the jack pot. As Fadiman himself says, with a supercilious imputation that most businessmen are fools, "I just can't stand seeing other people lose money." Fadiman's present impresario, Dan Golenpaul, whose "Information Please" began grossing \$8500 a week from Lucky Strike on November fifteenth, is no fool, for the idea for the show was entirely his, but he is extremely lucky in being the most fortunate beneficiary to date of Fadiman's Midas touch. And don't let anyone tell you that Fadiman is not indispensable to "Information Please." Late in September, when Fadiman was home groaning with poison ivy and cursing the day he had ever thought of living in the country,

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Franklin P. Adams, one of the program's veteran experts, took over the job of master of ceremonies. Normally a man of rather elegant wit, Adams simply lacked the delicate Fadiman sadism in egging the experts on. In the quiz world there is only one Frank Buck, and his name is Fadiman.

There is only one trick in making money out of Fadiman; you must find him a job he wants and let him work it out in his own way. Seven years ago, Harold Ross, the hard-boiled editor of the *New Yorker*, gave Fadiman his head in the book pages with no instructions whatever. Since hiring Fadiman, Ross hasn't seen his book reviewer a dozen times, which is a sign that the relationship is a happy one. Although Fadiman's *New Yorker* reviews greatly annoy some, who resent their tone of conscious superiority, they have a devoted following that turns up in the bookstores to buy on Fadiman's often-generous recommendations. Supercilious or not, the Fadiman of the *New Yorker* is a distinct improvement on the Fadiman who used to write earnest, jargon-ridden reviews for the *Nation*, a weekly which had been called the intellectuals' trade journal. Fadiman has made the *New Yorker* book page a force in the literary world, where Dorothy Parker, one of his predecessors in the job, merely attracted people for her gags.

Ross was not the first man to draw the lucky number in Fadiman. The distinction of being first in line to exploit Fadiman's judgment belongs to the publishing firm of Simon and Schuster. As a part-time editor for Simon and Schuster in 1927, Fadiman's first ten-strike was *Trader Horn*. This story of an old South African peddler with a gift for comic exaggeration had been turned down by four other publishers. But Fadiman, reading it through in an evening, recommended it as a potential best seller. Playing a hunch that their new editorial adviser, then only twenty-four, knew what he was talking about, Dick Simon and Max Schuster signed a contract for the old peddler's gab without even reading it themselves. The book sold 170,000 copies.

But if you don't know what to do with Fadiman, you are wasting your chances. One man to muff a chance of cashing

in on him was Sam Goldwyn. The great Goldwyn hired Fadiman under the impression that he was taking on a "Mr. Goodleman," whose reviews he had admired in the *New York Times*. Fadiman had never reviewed for the *Times*. As "Mr. Goodleman," Fadiman urged Goldwyn to make movies out of *Wuthering Heights* and Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, two classics which later went over big on the screen. For six months Fadiman drew his pay for offering advice that was persistently ignored. He enjoyed the money, but the experience left him even more bitter about Hollywood than he is about most things.

Fadiman, you see, is no traditional lanky-locked intellectual. He is, in fact, something new under the sun, a literary man who has learned to apply mass-production technique to a business that used to be the hit-or-miss province of Bohemians, Greenwich Villagers, straying professors and weary newspaper hacks. A generation or more ago, Manhattan criticism was largely in the hands of the Vance Thompsons, James Hunekers, and H. L. Menckens, beery fellows who cared little for money and less for keeping office hours. Fadiman, however, goes at his work like an insurance salesman trying to rate high with his company for the year. His office is chastely fitted out with modernistic furniture, and if it is short on filing cabinets, this is only because Fadiman has a theory that businessmen might better be engaged in plotting future coups than wasting time on records of an irrevocable and often depressing past. A secretary, Miss Bertie Hunt, does her best to shield Fadiman from the telephone, for Fadiman can never say "no," especially when it is a matter of taking on a new job.

The Fadiman routine usually begins at ten or ten-thirty in the morning, with a canvass of fan letters, requests for autographs and photographs, pash notes from women who like his radio voice, and indignant epistles from the hypercritical who frequently claim unacknowledged errors on "Information Please."

Because of the many irons which Fadiman keeps sticking into an overburdened fire, the Fadiman week is apt to get

pretty jumbled. His *New Yorker* book copy is officially due Monday—which means Tuesday afternoon. Hence Fadiman works every Sunday night and most of Monday and Tuesday on his weekly book page, writing slowly and with little revision. Up until November fifteenth, Tuesday was not only his *New Yorker* deadline day, it was his “Information Please” broadcast day as well. That meant a quick study of question-and-answer cards late Tuesday afternoon, with a practice session at pronouncing new and difficult words. On Wednesday, with his proof arriving, Fadiman takes up his *New Yorker* work once more. Three or four days are spent in reading at a steady clip of 150 pages an hour. Occasionally Fadiman interrupts his reading and note taking to sing in curious dialects or to make a bad pun—as when he shouts to his secretary that such-and-such a Broadway character is guilty of a Walter Provincchellism. And every so often the *New Yorker* calls about books. Fadiman makes quick judgments over the phone, explaining just what volumes are to be sent up to him and what ones are to go to his two assistants, who do check lists for his department in the magazine. Often, in the stress of reading, phoning and writing, Fadiman forgets lunch; and at four in the afternoon he begins to wonder why he feels so rotten. If his schedule calls, as it frequently does, for a lecture appearance in North Carolina or Ohio or even in San Francisco, the book-reading routine is carried out on a Pullman or in a plane. There isn’t much of what ordinary people would call fun in all this feverish preoccupation with words and print; even when he is at home, Fadiman thinks of work. He has very little social life, seldom goes to dinner parties, and when he drives out to his new Westport place, it is usually to please his pretty wife Polly and his eight-year-old son Jonathan. As for himself, he thinks the country was invented by city people as a labor-saving device. He prefers Manhattan and work.

In public, Fadiman expands; he is a sucker for an audience, and gets his real fun out of caustic ad libbing on the lecture platform from a few meager notes. His vanity is apparent in his constant worry over a slightly receding hairline;

and when he isn't busy reading, writing, dictating, looking over proofs and lecturing, he is most likely to be found in a barber's chair or consulting a Russian specialist on how to regain a few lost locks. He would much rather be Clark Gable than Clifton Fadiman.

An older generation that likes to take its literature as literature may be forgiven a theory that Fadiman is not so much a critic as a master of show business. Like many a New York literary prodigy of his generation, he has a basic feeling for intelligent entertainment values. His older brother, incidentally, once popularized Einstein in an animated movie cartoon, and his younger brother, Bill, is Eastern story editor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But it took at least a smattering of genius to discern Fadiman's radio uses. Back in 1934, Fadiman did a six-month stint of book reviewing on the air over WJZ, but the program failed to click. Fadiman lacked Alexander Woollcott's pixie touch at aerial reviewing, which was to set the fashion of those days, and he went back to his editing, his weekly literary journalism and his occasional lecturing on what makes best sellers sell best, with no feeling that he would ever be a big name in the Crossley rating for radio popularity. Nevertheless, Fadiman still considered the big broadcasting companies to be way behind their potential publics. In 1933 he had written, in a brash article, that "film and radio are cutting their own throats. They don't know it yet, but mentally their public is rapidly outdistancing them. Roxy . . . is merely the most ridiculous and costly example of what happens to the cloak-and-suit mind when it is given free rein in the field of entertainment." But all this, said Fadiman, meant a break for the book publishers, including Simon and Schuster, who were then still his major employers. Wrote Fadiman: "A lot of decent people who are tired of . . . the village-idiot drivel of the radio will turn to the inexhaustible delights of sound, if not great, reading."

The article was not exactly an example of foresight, for little did Fadiman know what the people would be turning to on May 17, 1938, when "Information Please" finally went on the air as a sustaining program. But Dan Colenpaul,

who had gone to Boys' High School in Brooklyn along with some of the Fadiman boys' friends, had a pretty shrewd idea along toward the end of 1937.

Golenpaul, who made his living by promoting self-culture programs for the air, had been listening to the early question-and-answer hours, whose technique was to have the questioner take a seat on a platform and summon random victims from a haphazardly collected audience to deliver or forever be branded as ignoramuses. The basic idea of these programs, which was to torture and humble the public and exalt the learned doctor or the smart professor, seemed wrong to Golenpaul; in the United States everyone is traditionally as good as the next man, if not better, so why not, thought Golenpaul, put the "experts" themselves on the grill for a little appetizing frying?

For the precise type of program which Golenpaul had in mind, he needed something different from the ordinary sirupy, flattering radio voice. Accordingly he went to a little book that he keeps locked in his desk. He remembered a radio forum he had once staged at Manhattan's New School for Social Research, when critic Gorham B. Munson had debated the subject of modern literature with Clifton Fadiman; and he wanted to see the notations he had made in his book about Fadiman's voice and personality. The voice, in retrospect, didn't easily fit into any category of tenor, baritone or bass, and it had many tones and overtones. But it was the notation about Fadiman's personality that was decisive.

Fadiman had been flippant; pitted against the solid, earnest Munson—who, in Westbrook Pegler's language, is a double-dome intellectual—he had seemed a master of acidulous wit. Yet behind the sarcasm there was a note of friendly curiosity. Fadiman was undoubtedly ace-high as a taunter. But he was also able to follow up a devastating wisecrack or a terrific pun with a mollifying note of "Don't take me seriously, I make my mistakes too."

That was really all there was to it, and when Golenpaul ran into Fadiman one day on a Fifth Avenue bus, the deal was clinched. The first group of experts to be assembled for

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trial spins before the NBC program board and for the early sustaining programs included Louis Hacker, a Columbia University professor; Marcus Duffield, a political writer for the *Herald Tribune*; Frazier Hunt, the journalist; Bernard Jaffe, a science instructor at the Bushwick High School; John Erskine, popular novelist, musician and professor of English; and Franklin P. Adams, the F. P. A. of thirty years of newspaper fame.

Fadiman was pretty hard on the boys, and the radio industry predicted a flop. The program was, so the industry said, altogether too highbrow. But in September of 1938, Canada Dry decided to take a chance on the show, and when John Kieran, the sports columnist of the *Times*, and Oscar Levant, whom Fadiman treats as a musical monstrosity, joined F. P. A. to make up a permanent board of nonacademic experts, the Crossley rating of "Information Please" began mounting week by week.

Guest experts on the program have included Wendell Willkie—he was pretty good, too—Moe Berg, of the Boston Red Sox, Alice Longworth, Arthur Krock, Gracie Allen, Harpo Marx—who didn't open his mouth—Helen Wills Moody, Alice Marble, J. P. Marquand, H. I. Phillips, Clare Boothe Luce and Deems Taylor. The program is really unrehearsed, even as the advertisement claims, although the experts are put through a ten-minute dummy scrimmage each week just for purposes of voice tune-ins.

Out of every half hour of "Information Please," Fadiman himself takes up some seventeen minutes in reading questions and goading the experts. It is a tribute to his fluid, easy technique that he doesn't sound like a time hog. His method is to deal out puns, top-lofty wisecracks and suave insults when F. P. A. misses a question on Gilbert and Sullivan—F. P. A. is supposed to know every rhyme in Gilbert and Sullivan—or when the irreverent Levant fails to guess a chord from Bach. With John Kieran, who talks like a taxi driver, yet knows Shakespeare, Dickens, nineteenth-century poetry, botany, ornithology, and a dozen other subjects, as well as he knows Joe DiMaggio's batting average, Fadiman is

fairly gentle. But with Levant he is often mock ludicrous—he rings all the changes on “You amaze me, Oscar”—and with F. P. A., a very old friend who still beats him at tennis, he is sometimes positively sadistic. Once F. P. A. listed, as food used in slang expressions, “hen fruit, apple sauce, hot potato, bologna, cold turkey.” “And,” summed up Fadiman, “I might add, nuts to you, Mr. Adams.”

As for the radio public, it continually cried for more of “Information Please.” Fadiman offends some people with his yokel-baiting hauteur, but he has millions of faithful followers who like his atrocious puns. When Guest Expert John Gunther correctly guessed the identity of the ruler of Persia, Fadiman asked, “Are you shah, Mr. Gunther?” Gunther’s reply was, “Sultanly.” And catching the fever from the master of ceremonies, who has the disease of paranomia—that’s one Mr. Kieran might miss—F. P. A. once referred to the red, semibald Sinclair Lewis as “Scarlet Nohaira.” With such banter and foolery tossed into the quiz pot for good measure, “Information Please” comes just behind Jack Benny in the radio editors’ polls; and the public—which is now getting ten dollars per accepted question, and twenty-five dollars extra, plus a set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, if the question is muffed by the experts—responds by flooding Mr. Golenpaul’s office with 15,000 quiz posers per week. To win now this tremendous catch, Mr. Golenpaul has to pay a large staff, but otherwise he has been able to pocket the difference between the \$4500 paid by Canada Dry and what he gives the boys. The *Variety* grapevine reports that Fadiman’s salary is \$750 a week, although he may be getting more, now that Lucky Strike has taken the show. The regular experts got \$300 under Canada Dry—maybe \$500 now—and guests are paid \$150 or more, which they sometimes donate to charity.

By this time the radio world has pretty well made up its mind that “Information Please” appeals to all types of people, from Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter—an avid fan—to the New York taxi driver who has tried for two years to dodge fares at 8:30 on “Information Please” night. Nevertheless, Fadiman is still jittery about the canard of “too high-

brow." When the *Saturday Review of Literature* awarded the show its annual prize for having done most to elevate American taste, Fadiman was scared to death that this presaged his end with the masses. He revived somewhat when the Hoboes of America came through with a somewhat different accolade in the same week. Once Fadiman asked the men in his local audience—a small group that packs into the NBC studio to see the experts in action—to close their eyes for a minute or two and then try to remember the color of their ties. Since the request went out over the air, "Information Please" fans may have blinked. At any rate, one man who was driving along a country road with the radio going closed his eyes, and ran into a telegraph pole. Although Canada Dry was sued for the loss of a fender, Fadiman was vastly pleased with this evidence of the reach and authority of "Information Please."

Where most writers might resent being called businessmen of letters, Fadiman preens himself on his reputation for having made criticism, lecturing and radio work a big-business proposition. Most free lances work in their homes, but when Fadiman quit his regular job as editor for Simon and Schuster in 1935, he took his secretary with him and soon opened an office. Even when he is supposedly on vacation, he deserts his country place for part of the week to come into New York; the sound of crickets distracts him and he can only read when he hears the traffic. He boasts of his 150-page-per-hour reading speed, which enables him to get through what he calls the "jumbo-size" modern novel with an ease that flabbergasts less fortunate reviewers.

Whether his habit of intense activity on a score of minor literary fronts masks a sense of personal creative frustration is often argued by his friends, who expect him to do something big someday. They remember that he once projected an ambitious novel, which Simon and Schuster were keen about getting after they had seen the outline. If you ask Schuster what the subject of the novel was to have been, he will answer, "Well, it was about a boy and a girl." But Fadiman dropped the novel when he got his *New Yorker* job.

Once he planned a critical book to be called *American Novelists and American Life*, some basic fragments of which he published in the *Nation*. Simon and Schuster gave him a contract for this, and wrote out a \$2000 advance check. But Fadiman, after looking over his *Nation* and *New Yorker* material, decided to return the money and tear up the contract.

"I'll never write a book of my own," Fadiman says in his normal mood of extreme and perhaps mock-modest self-deprecation. "Just put me down as a hack—an amiable hack." But even though he doubts he will ever become a Matthew Arnold or a Sainte-Beuve among literary critics, he goes on making notes and outlines for serious books.

Fadiman has mellowed a bit in the last two years, and sometimes he lets down long enough to consider taking tennis lessons to make over a chop-stroke forehand. He has time to answer the questions, more tantalizing than those of "Information Please," of his son Jonathan, who thinks his father is "fascinating." But the hint of Fadiman mellowness is lately acquired. During the depths of the depression Fadiman was haunted by a fear that his head—and those of Simon and Schuster—would soon be rolling in the sand.

He made life miserable for his two bosses in those days, and he also kept the office in turmoil with his sarcastic remarks about "exploitation." He had been cut from \$100 to \$88 a week during the depression, and it made him pretty mad. His general state of gloom extended to his discovery that the great Goethe was a big fake as a classic, which information he imparted to readers of the *Nation*. But even though he felt that Communism—and later Fascism—might get us, his basic reflexes were never quite so tragic as he pretended. While proletarian critics damned the prosperous Joseph Hergesheimer with dull and heavy phrases, Fadiman jocosely tossed Hergesheimer aside as "the best people's best novelist." His almost wrathful sense of justice was always carefully hidden behind a variety of poses. Sometimes the pose was one of flippancy; sometimes it took the form of a misanthropic commentary on the human comedy.

Even as a writer of criticism, Fadiman says he does it only

for the money. But he is not so cynical or so conscienceless as he pretends. Like Arnold Bennett before him, he never lets his polished business acumen interfere with his craftsmanship. He always does a careful, workmanlike job, whether it is for a penny or a dollar or ten dollars a word. His *New Yorker* reviews—which are sometimes extremely penetrating as literary criticism—are always elegantly turned. For example, he will begin a review of a book on foods in this vein: "The authors of most books about food—I am not here speaking of cookbooks or collections of recipes—tend to forget the fact that every member of the human race eats, and almost everyone likes to." Or, speaking of a first-rate novel by an exiled anti-Fascist writer, he will say: "Though there are some who might argue that Italy lives in Ignazio Silone, it is hardly necessary to point out that Ignazio Silone does not live in Italy." Even Fadiman's reminiscences take an epigrammatic turn: "I can remember a time when there was no God but Guedalla, and every sophomore was his prophet." Pretentiousness in authors drives Fadiman to distraction; and every time Mabel Dodge Luhan publishes a new installment of her overstuffed and flauntingly neurotic autobiography, Fadiman gets to work with a machete. "Up in Mabel's Room" was the head he put over one of his Luhan reviews.

He hates writers who torture language, and once a year he regularly springs out of ambush to tomahawk William Faulkner anew. As for Gertrude Stein, Fadiman dismissed her a long time ago as the "mamma of dada." Having liked John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*, he titled his piece on a later and inferior work as "Disappointment in O'Hara." But if Fadiman is hard on the authors, he is willing to criticize himself. Every year, at Christmas, he prints a column of confessions in the *New Yorker*, telling what books he underpraised, what second-rate novels he mistook for masterpieces, and why he failed even so much as to mention such-and-such a superlative job of writing. This Christmas spirit of humility is not wholly the admirable thing it may appear to be on the surface. For Fadiman started his annual confession col-

umn primarily because he had to fill the space in a bookless week or else fail to collect his pay.

Fadiman's boyhood in Brooklyn—he lived all over Brooklyn and says he still can find his way around the town blindfolded—was one of genteel poverty. His father, a struggling Russian immigrant who had become a pharmacist, and his mother, a nurse, got along, but they never seemed to have quite enough to cover the insatiable educational needs of the three Fadiman sons. The boys, however, soon learned to take care of themselves; they used up public-library cards by the dozen, and Clifton was reading Dickens by benefit of Andrew Carnegie at the age of seven. Edwin, who is Clifton's senior by five years, set the pattern of self-dependence by winning a Pulitzer scholarship which took him through Columbia University; and William James Fadiman, the younger brother, worked during his summers to pay his way at the University of Wisconsin, where he took Phi Beta Kappa honors with marks that included one B among an amazing string of A's. Clifton, or Kip, was Phi Beta Kappa at Columbia, though he didn't have the money to purchase the key at the time they were being distributed. Not that he was absolutely broke when going to college; he says he never made less than \$1000 a year as an undergraduate. During one year at Columbia he paid his way by a series of jobs that included running a bookshop in the Pennsylvania Terminal, correcting themes and taking attendance for Prof. John Erskine, sorting mail on the post-office lobster trick, doing a middleman's business in rare books on capital borrowed from brother Ed, writing book reviews for the *Nation*, and translating Nietzsche's *Ecce Homo* from the German.

Once, to make fifty dollars, Fadiman claims to have translated for seventy-two hours at a stretch, although it is probable that he stopped for eating and a few cat naps.

Fadiman's industrious habits were already apparent at the age of five, when his brother Edwin decided to train his memory by teaching him to rattle off the names of both the national and the state capitals. Impressed with his success as a

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tutor, Edwin, who has always made his living as an impresario, took his five-year-old paragon to school one day just to show him off. In a geographical memory contest with a thirteen-year-old, the prodigy won hands down. Ed continued his work on his younger brother by forcing him to read Homer, Sophocles, Dante, Milton and Melville at the age of thirteen. Ed was then taking John Erskine's course in the classics at Columbia, and knowing his brother's itch for absorbing print, he had a correct hunch that young Kip could take almost anything advanced in the way of reading. And when Edwin ran a paper called the *Forest Hills Reporter*, Clifton wrote for him, chased ads, drummed up circulation, interviewed celebrities at the Forest Hills Inn, and swept out the office.

Today, Fadiman, the slightly mellowed baiter of the bourgeoisie, insists that young fellows are not to blame for being unemployed. Yet he has a hard time actually believing it. He can't understand people who complain (a) that they can't find anything to do, or (b) that they have too much to do. As a boy in Brooklyn, he jerked soda for his father and did innumerable odd jobs around the town. In a two-year interim between high school and college he worked as a ship chandler and as an office boy for the French-American Line. One day an automobile ran him down when he was riding a bicycle. The car owner picked him up to take him to the hospital, but Fadiman, who was more shaken than injured, delivered such an impressive harangue about bum drivers that he ended up as an employee in the car owner's insurance office. Altogether, the young Fadiman held about forty jobs before he interrupted his college course to work for a year in the stock room of the publishing firm of Alfred A. Knopf. He tutored a half-wit; he read Shakespeare to a mad Wall Street plunger; he got ten dollars an afternoon on the golf links for trailing an earnest duffer around and telling him to keep his head down; he managed a country hotel; he lectured on French symbolist poetry at five dollars an hour; he had a couple of amusement-park jobs—one of them was

guiding women and children out of an imitation of the Cretan Minotaur's maze, the other was chasing boys off something called the Devil's Whirlpool—he peddled magazine subscriptions in Weehawken; he gave lessons in poetry to a blind actress; he ran errands for a butcher's shop; and he wrote short fake biographies for a gyp publication designed to persuade visiting buyers to sit for their biographical portraits. This last job, he says, was his sole venture in dishonesty.

With a variegated background of boyhood jobs that challenges the list offered to the voters by Wendell Willkie, Fadiman might have seemed the very person to serve as editor of the succession of *How to* — and *Art of* — books that have paid such dividends to Simon and Schuster. Yet when he was the "Essandess" editor, Fadiman was always cynical about the basis of the firm's affluence. Each new *How to* — title was the signal for a vituperative memorandum from Fadiman, who hoped to steer his bosses into more respectable literary channels.

Once Simon and Schuster took Fadiman's advice against their own judgment. When Simon saw that the book was flopping, as he had predicted, he actually went around to bookstores advising them not to stock it.

During his ten-year period as editor and editorial adviser at Simon and Schuster's, Fadiman built up the fiction side of the firm's list. Many of the fiction titles were, as he puts it, on the order of the *flop d'estime* or the *succès de fiasco*, but they do his literary judgment credit. And a few of his fiction choices made money—notably Hans Fallada's *Little Man, What Now?* and Leonard Erhlich's *God's Angry Man*. One Fadiman discovery, Josephine Johnson's *Now in November*, won a Pulitzer prize. His worst error was in turning down the Grand Duchess Marie's *Education of a Princess*, which subsequently sold 150,000 copies for Viking.

But if Fadiman took a fiendish delight in ribbing Dick Simon and Max Schuster about their financially profitable self-help books, he didn't really mean it. His own self-culti-

vated ability to talk a fluent French was responsible for getting the Abbé Dimnet's *Art of Thinking* on the Essandess list.

After he left Simon and Schuster's regular employ in 1935, to concentrate on his own writing and speaking, Fadiman still did a lot of advisory work for the firm. And one of his advisory jobs was to needle Prof. Mortimer J. Adler into writing *How to Read a Book*, which led the recent nonfiction best-seller list for months.

If you look closely at Fadiman's career, you will find a definite pattern running through it. It is Fadiman's theory that the taste of the American people is constantly improving. Fifteen years ago, he says, the hunger for cultural improvement was largely limited to the audience for popular lectures. Ten years ago, the hunger had spread to a wider public that liked to sit at home and absorb its culture through books. And recently the hunger has struck the great radio public.

In all three of these phases, Fadiman has served as a go-between, a broker of culture. Fifteen years ago, just before going to work as a regular editor at Simon and Schuster's, he was one of Everett Dean Martin's People's Institute lecturers in New York, with headquarters at Cooper Union. As a member of the Martin lecture corps, Fadiman's mission was to talk on great literary classics before audiences composed of bookkeepers, sales girls, stenographers and clerks. Ten years ago Fadiman was busy editing *The Art of Thinking* for Simon and Schuster, a company which owed its very existence to the success of the crossword-puzzle books and Will Durant's popularized *Story of Philosophy*. And two years ago Fadiman, still purveying culture to the masses, started to raise the radio industry's estimation of its own audience with "Information Please." Someday Fadiman may write the great book which Max Schuster confidently expects. But until that day comes he will probably remain Fadiman for the millions.

DO-GOODER

By JACK ALEXANDER

ON THE rolling hills of Caumsett, a 1700-acre manor on Long Island, the wooded paths these autumn days are alive with pheasant. Scientifically encouraged to multiply, the pheasant have responded gratifyingly, and it is difficult to drive over the ten miles of paved roads which wind around the estate without running down a few of them. They regard the casual visitor with a bored expression and amble off into the brush, to dine upon prepared food and, presumably, upon lead pellets fired from gentlemen's guns during previous seasons. The time is ripe for the kill, but there is no kill because the master of Caumsett, who is Marshall Field, III, has been too busy to bother about his fowling piece. In fact, Field has been so wrapped up in unmanorial doings for many months that he has forgone any kind of a 1941 vacation, declining to take even as modest a holiday as would be deemed essential to polite living by, say, a teller in a bank. This suggests that large enterprises must be afoot, as indeed they are.

They all come to a focus in a leathery, walnut-paneled office which Field maintains on the twentieth floor of a building on Park Avenue. Here, behind a door with a blank glass panel, Field works a regulation eight-hour day at reading reports, dictating letters, interviewing callers and keeping a telephone wire hot with local and long-distance calls. Evenings, he often holds dinner conferences, in the manner of a man who has no time to lose. The atmosphere of the office is identical with that which prevails in the sanctum of any American corporation president, except that the voice of the man in the big chair comes out in neatly clipped measures.

[Note: This article appeared December 6, 1941.]

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Field, who was raised and educated in England, has never lost the accent he picked up at Eton and Cambridge.

Field's enterprises are numerous. Besides being a director of the customary array of business corporations, he is president of the Philharmonic Symphony Society, a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and president of the Metropolitan Opera's board of directors. He is chairman of the Defense Council of Public Relief Administrators and head of Mayor La Guardia's organization for dispensing hospitality to servicemen on leave. He works hard at these jobs, as he does in campaigns in behalf of hospitals and in movements to help delinquent children and to take care of refugee children from abroad. The most dramatic activity in which Field is presently engaged, however, is the financial sponsorship of daily newspapers, a medium of public education which his famous grandfather, whose money makes his unique career possible, looked upon exclusively as a vehicle for exploiting merchandise.

If the first Marshall Field were alive today, he doubtless would find many causes for amaze at the direction which his immense fortune, and the grandson who is its sole beneficiary, have taken. For Marshall Field, III, who today is a pleasant, gray-haired man of forty-eight, underwent quick repentance for the routine vote he cast for Hoover in 1932 and, in 1934, renounced a lifelong devotion to fox hunting and exciting living and put on the brown habit of the New Deal. This took a good deal of moral resolution. In Huntington, Long Island, where Field changed his registration from Republican to Democrat, New Dealers are looked upon as a lower order of mammal which compels the Government to suckle its young. Field's explanation, which was no explanation at all to his neighbors, was simply: "I got rather discouraged with the Republican Party and I got interested in Roosevelt and what he was trying to do."

What the New Deal failed to accomplish in altering Field's outlook, psychoanalysis did. In 1935, after being divorced by his second wife, Field spent a year in baring his psyche to an eminent psychoanalyst. It was after emerging from the

medical confessional that this instinct for public service, of which vestigial tracks may be discerned in his earlier life, began first to lope, then to charge. The main course of the charge was one which might have been, but wasn't, projected by the Democratic National Committee. It likewise happened to agree with the political orientation of Field's psychoanalyst, who mixes pure science with an intellectual sponsorship of liberal causes. Field insists that this is purely coincidental, and his associates, who consider him an extraordinarily sincere man, are inclined to take him at his word.

By speaking on the radio and serving on committees, Field energetically championed the third term in 1940, and at the time he was already the proprietor of the most violently pro-New Deal, pro-intervention newspaper in America. The paper was *PM*, an experimental tabloid published in Brooklyn. *PM* started off with a rush in June, 1940, on capital which had been contributed by an impressive array of fat cats, including Field, most of whom were of an unsuspecting nature. Two months before the November election, the till was bare and most of the fat cats, alarmed at a reddish glow which they thought they saw in *PM*'s editorial complexion, were in confusion. In the uproar Field quietly moved in with a new handful of his own money and with a reorganization plan which squeezed out his fellow cats and gave him full control.

His coup preserved for President Roosevelt something which the New Dealers then thought he needed—the only daily in New York with all-out applause for the Administration. Since the November victory, *PM* has continued on its strange way. Its adherence to the New Deal is steadfast and it honors even the hallowed principle of deficit financing by operating at a loss of \$1,000,000 a year. This phenomenon is made possible through the generosity of Field, who regularly retires the deficit with his own funds. Field seems determined to experiment with *PM* indefinitely and refuses to compromise its basic concept, which is that of a newspaper unfettered by advertising. That, too, would have given a start to his grandfather, whose fetters have long been prized by the Chicago press.

At the time of the election there was talk that Field would be rewarded for his journalistic accomplishment by an appointment as ambassador to the Court of St. James's. He wasn't, and the talk may have been idle gossip. At any rate, Field himself exhibited no resentment, and last September, less than a year after the election, he disclosed that he was about to run journalistic interference for the President in another arena. This time the scene was to be Field's home town, Chicago, where an announcement was issued proclaiming his determination to "end the un-American monopoly now enjoyed by the *Chicago Tribune*." The *Tribune*, of course, considers itself to be as American as "The Star-Spangled Banner" and frequently sounds like a vibraphone rendition of it, but the charge of monopoly cannot be denied, since it is the only morning newspaper in town. It was Field's intention, the announcement stated, to establish a rival morning paper and to back it with his fortune until it was able to make its own way. The Field paper, which is to be as pro-Administration and pro-intervention as the *Tribune* is anti, may get on the streets before this reaches the readers. Unlike *PM*, it will be fettered by advertising—as much of it as it can get its hands on.

Marshall Field, III, belongs to twenty expensive clubs and was a charter member of the now defunct Courthouse Club in New York, which had an initiation fee of \$100,000. But in joining his latest club—that of the many publishers who have tried to buck the *Tribune*—he has signed up with one of the most costly and unsuccessful societies extant. The newspaper history of Chicago is strewn with the professional corpses of its members. The *Tribune*, with a daily circulation of more than a million, is rich, tough and truculent, and a fighting institution of destructive caliber, and it gets its maddest when its own welfare is threatened.

If money means anything—and it means a lot in the modern newspaper world—the Field-*Tribune* scrap will be the journalistic battle of the century. Field, who makes no pretense of knowing about newspapers, has selected as his generals two of the most combative and resourceful of practical

newspapermen. One is his publisher, Silliman Evans, who is also publisher of the Nashville *Tennessean*, a property which has bloomed under his leadership. The other is Frank W. Taylor, Jr., who for many years, as managing editor of the St. Louis *Star-Times*, kept that paper in a competitive position with the well-heeled *Post-Dispatch*, on a budget that would have discouraged a less capable journalist. Taylor, who is fifty-three, resigned from the *Star-Times* last May, intending to loaf for several years, but the preliminary noise of war in Chicago enticed him out of hiding as assistant to Evans. Rex Smith gave up the managing editorship of *Newsweek* magazine to become Field's editor. The salaries being paid are said to be among the fattest ever dangled before working newspapermen. Turner Catledge, the paper's roving reporter, was lured from the Washington staff of the New York *Times* at a reputed salary of \$25,000.

A friend describes Field as "a nice fellow with a messianic urge and a hell of a lot of money." Profanity was never used more aptly to supplement everyday English. When the first Marshall Field died, in January, 1906, he left behind a fortune valued at \$120,000,000 and a will that seemed eccentric even to lawyers. The beneficiaries were his two grandsons, Marshall, III, who was then twelve, and his brother Henry, ten. For Marshall, the will created a trust consisting of \$72,000,000, or three fifths of the estate, and the remaining \$48,000,000 was placed in trust for Henry. Both trusts were governed by tortuous rules under which each grandson was to be liberally taken care of from trust income until he reached fifty. At that age he was to receive the principal of his trust, plus its unused accumulations.

Henry Field died when he was in his early twenties, and his share reverted to Marshall.

The quirks of the will are too abstruse to go into fully, but Marshall Field, III, was rich enough in 1930, when he was divorced for the first time, to pay his ex-wife alimony of \$1,000,000 a year. In addition, he tossed in his Manhattan town house as a kind of boot. It had cost him a million to build. On his forty-fifth birthday, in 1938, he came into a chunk of

trust income that made the earlier grants look like dribbles. Under a clause in his grandfather's will one half of the trust's earnings had been set aside as a separate entity, to earn and earn and earn. By 1938, the compound interest on this by-product amounted to between thirty-five and forty million dollars, and Field got it as a birthday present, the principal falling back into the main trust.

In 1943, when Field turns fifty, the trust will end and the whole estate principal, together with unused income, will fall into his lap. Field estimates the value of his prospective inheritance at \$80,000,000, but admits that he is being conservative. Outside guesses run all the way from \$100,000,000 to \$300,000,000. Happily for Field, the specter of the Federal inheritance tax has never bothered him, because there wasn't any such tax on the books when his grandfather died. Thus, in 1938 when inheritance-tax rate for his kind of money was 70 per cent, his \$40,000,000 birthday present came to him free of Federal impost. The current rate is 77 per cent, and by 1943 it may be higher, but Field doesn't have to worry about that, either. The state of Illinois will come in for a sliver, but not a large enough one to mar the full-blown Wagnerian beauty of Field's fiftieth birthday cake.

Because Field spent his boyhood mostly abroad and his adult life centered in New York, his abruptly conceived passion to go back home and save Chicago from the *Tribune* has a touch of lordly impudence about it. The impudence is not lost upon Col. Robert R. McCormick, the publisher of the *Tribune*, nor upon his cousin, Capt. Joseph Medill Patterson, who publishes the tabloid New York *Daily News*. The cousins fight about many things, but stand together when a common enemy draws near the *Tribune* or the *News*, which are jointly owned family properties. The *Tribune*, in keeping with a standoffish pose which it carefully cultivates, kept its head above the clouds and ignored Field's threatened invasion, at first. Colonel McCormick, however, unbent enough to write a short letter about it to the "Voice of the People" column in his cousin's New York tabloid. If the unbending caused some creaking in the joints, it was because

McCormick is a man of aristocratic bearing and normally would scorn to touch his cousin's earthy little letter column. It must have given him a jar to join the company of the Voice's amateur Voltaires, some of whom write under pen names like Albert the Barber and Stinky Joe from Idaho.

In his communiqué to the *News*, McCormick implied that the net effect of Field's newest expedition into journalism would be to sabotage national defense. Noting that Field's income put him in the 80 per cent tax bracket, McCormick reasoned as follows: "What Mr. Field spends on his adventure in Chicago will be deductible from his income for tax purposes. For each million dollars he spends in Chicago his tax will be reduced by \$800,000—\$800,000 taken away from the national income to buy airplanes, tanks, battleships and the pay of soldiers."

Captain Patterson's publicly expressed reaction was punchier than his cousin's, possibly because of a hunch he has had for thirty-five years that nothing good would ever come of the Field will. In 1906, shortly after its terms were made public, he wrote a scathing article about it in *Collier's* magazine, depicting it as an instrument which would maintain two young princes in perpetuity by the sweat of thousands of underpaid clerks and laborers. At the time, Patterson, who was then on ideological outs with his wealthy family, was a brilliant young Socialist pamphleteer, and his article was respectfully prefaced by a word of wisdom, set in italics, from Karl Marx. A decade or so later, when Patterson was a co-editor of the *Tribune* and was well-shriven of his Socialism, he still delighted in annoying the paper's more reactionary readers with editorials which tore the iniquitous Field will to shreds. Now that its iniquities were coming near to full flower in 1941, Patterson wrote another editorial on the Field family, this time in his New York tabloid. It was reprinted in full in the Washington *Times-Herald*, which is published by Patterson's sister, Mrs. Eleanor (Cissy) Patterson.

The theme of the editorial was that a family which had made its money through the sale of dry goods could not hope to compete in journalism with one which had been news-

papering, as had his and McCormick's, for three generations. The families had met before through their grandfathers, the editorial stated, and the Patterson-McCormick grandfather, Joseph Medill, hadn't cared much for the grandfather of Marshall Field, III. Medill in 1874 had borrowed enough money from old Marshall Field to buy control of the *Tribune*. "That," the *News* editorial remarked acidly, "was not all Medill found he had bought. He had also bought a great deal of freely and frequently given advice from Marshall Field, I, on almost everything under the sun, especially on how to run a newspaper." Medill was quoted as having said that the day he was able to pay Field back in full was the happiest day in his life.

"It has been demonstrated time and again," the *News* editorial went on sagely, "that mere possession of a great deal of money does not make a competent newspaper publisher. Some talent for daily journalism is also required. Mr. Field may possess this talent, but up to now it has not been evident." The last sentence, of course, was a crack at Field's misadventures with *PM*.

To explore the saga of *PM* one needs to carry a bright lantern and to balance one's appreciation of the fantastic with a strong sense of skepticism. In spots, it is that kind of story. The saga is short but complicated, and the best approach to it is through identification of the chief characters involved. Besides Field, whose money and fervor to do good make *PM*'s continued existence possible, there is Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, the editor, who is a Social Registerite turned social crusader. *PM* is Ingersoll's baby. He originated the idea for it, promoted it into actuality and became its soul and dynamo. Named in honor of a granduncle, Ward McAllister, the founder of the Four Hundred, Ingersoll dropped the McAllister tag when *PM* began and became plain, proletarian Ralph Ingersoll.

The abbreviated name was signed to stirring full-page editorials. It was plugged in promotion material, blazoned on the sides of delivery trucks and broadcast over radio, causing one observer to suggest that the paper should have been

called R.I. Ingersoll was Casey at the bat, Horatius at the bridge and the Dutch boy at the dike, all rolled into one. Now forty-one, he is a tall, baldish man with a boyish appetite for excitement which *PM's* reverses have failed to dull. Before founding *PM*, he had had a strikingly successful career in the magazine field as one of the top figures in Time, Inc. His previous newspaper experience consisted of a year as a reporter on a Hearst paper, and possibly as a result of this his conception of daily journalism has a touch of Hollywood in it. He loves the jangling telephone and the barked colloquy, the late hours and the sudden arrivals and departures, and his conversation is spiced with talk of "scoops" and "angles." A veteran leg man who once worked for Ingersoll described him thus: "If you telephoned in and called him a ring-tailed monkey, the way they do in the movies, you wouldn't be fired; you'd be invited to a duck dinner."

Field's ex-psychoanalyst, a Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, must also be included in the cast. In the background of *PM's* story Doctor Zilboorg flits with the evanescent quality of a Cheshire cat. Sometimes he is visible, more often not. A few years ago Doctor Zilboorg began psychoanalyzing Ingersoll too. But, according to Field, who discusses his own psychoanalytic adventure as casually as a tonsillectomy, he and Ingersoll did not discover they were brother alumni of the Zilboorg office until some time after *PM* had begun.

Doctor Zilboorg, whose clientele includes many rich Manhattanites, once identified himself as an "intellectual revolutionist." Before becoming a soul doctor he was a busy politico in Russia, where he was born. He helped to engineer the overthrow of the Czar in 1917, and afterward was secretary to the ministry of labor in the moderate Lvov and Kerensky governments. When the Bolsheviks muscled in and made Russia unhealthy for Kerenskyites, Zilboorg fled to the United States. His present office, on East 75th Street, is not many blocks away from an apartment which the exiled Kerensky occupies on Park Avenue.

Zilboorg obtained naturalization papers and studied medicine at Columbia University. He got his degree in 1926.

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Since then he has combined psychoanalysis with lecturing, translating Russian and German classics and pontificating orally and in print on the true nature of democracy. He is a minor darling of Manhattan's intellectual cocktail set, in which his disposition, which is waspish, is considered attractive and his mind one of those providential imports. Doctor Zilboorg is small, but commanding in appearance. He has a heavy black mustache and eyes that some people find upsetting. Their effect is heightened by thick-lens glasses. He has longish black hair which is worn in the style that was affected by concert violinists of the nineteenth century.

The extent to which Doctor Zilboorg has influenced *PM's* editorial policy, if at all, is a popular topic of argument in New York newspaper circles. Some of the original stockholders have made him their personal devil and talk of him as if he were a Svengali.

Men who have worked on the *PM* editorial staff discount this kind of talk, but feel that his influence has been appreciable. Doctor Zilboorg took part in some of the informal conversations that were held prior to the birth of *PM*, and afterward was often seen in the paper's editorial offices, particularly during the early days. His visits have been few since then. Once, after the fall of France, he contributed a nostalgic article on Paris as he had known it before the war, and he wrote a few others on European subjects. All were carried under a pen name. In the newspaper's statement of ownership, published in October, he was listed among the stockholders. Thus does the face of the psychoanalyst go through cycles of appearing and then fading into thin air. Both Field and Ingersoll have remained on friendly social terms with Doctor Zilboorg since meeting him on a professional plane.

PM's angel and its editor have noticeable similarities in behavior which seem to have sprung from their parallel medical experiences. Both have a passion for pouring out their thoughts in interminable memoranda, a self-revelatory process which has its counterpart in psychoanalysis. In the *PM* of-

fice, Ingersoll's wordy effusions have become something of a scourge to busy subeditors.

Both men have a penchant, too, for making their office organizations seem to click at a dizzy pace—which is a neat accomplishment in Field's case, since his staff consists only of a receptionist and a secretary. Psychoanalysis has left Field a cheerful, suave and seemingly well-integrated man. One of its effects upon Ingersoll has been to give him a disconcerting habit of shooting sudden psychoanalytic questions at his friends, such as, "What would you do if a mouse ran across the room?"

One outcome of Field's association with Doctor Zilboorg was the founding in 1936 of a Committee for the Study of Suicide. As a boy in knee pants, Field was at play in his Chicago home on a day in 1905 when his father was mortally wounded by a bullet in an upstairs room. The boy heard the report of the cartridge and, although he was told that the shooting was an accident, he never had any doubt but that his father, who was sickly, took his own life. As Field grew up a number of his friends died the same way. The sound of the shot which killed his father was still vivid in his mind when he sought the professional services of Doctor Zilboorg. When the Committee for the Study of Suicide was formed, a newspaper account described it as being backed by "apparently limitless" funds. It was staffed by seven psychoanalysts and psychiatrists. Field was the financial angel and Doctor Zilboorg the secretary and director of research. The committee's findings will be ready for publication soon.

Doctor Zilboorg's vision takes in many of the broader aspects of American life, and one of his pet side lines is the study of public opinion. In November, 1940, after the election, he took part in a radio discussion program with Dr. George Gallup and Claude Robinson, the widely known opinion samplers, and Edward L. Bernays, the public-relations expert. The program was "The People's Platform," which is presided over by a man named Lyman Bryson. It was a cozy half hour, with all personal titles omitted and

everyone addressing everyone else as Zilboorg, Gallup, Robinson, and so on. During the broadcast, Zilboorg grabbed the ball eagerly when it was handed to him, and usually was first to fall on it when someone fumbled. He had a few scrimmages with syntax, as in this passage: "Bryson, you make a very important point right here which, since I represent the psychological point of view, I must be right, you understand." But he rated as the star of the evening, on points. On last September second, less than a year later, a poll to check up on existing polls was established at the University of Denver, with Field as the financial sponsor. Field says that it is a coincidence that both he and his ex-psychoanalyst happen to be interested in polls, and adds that the latter had nothing to do with getting the Denver enterprise under way.

The germ of the idea which eventually grew into *PM* first took root in the mind of Ralph Ingersoll in 1923. A product of Hotchkiss and Yale, Ingersoll had spent a year as a mining engineer in Mexico and had written a book about his labors there before landing on the reportorial staff of the *New York American*. During the 1923 pressmen's strike which crippled the city's newspaper plants, the papers joined forces and somehow got out a consolidated daily. It was tabloid in size, it contained all the important news and it carried no advertising. Ingersoll liked its compactness, and as early as 1925, when he turned up as managing editor of the *New Yorker* magazine, he was talking of a dream he had of a new kind of newspaper.

At the *New Yorker* office, which has a monastic calm about it, Ingersoll is remembered as a man of appalling energy, editorial enterprise and odd contrarieties. He has a keen news sense, but he wanted to write and his superiors were convinced that he wasn't a writer. He would drill his reporters in objectivism and then, turning reporter himself, submit a report on one of Albion Booth's performances for old Yale that was so drippingly lyrical the copy editors blushed. He reveled in trouble and fights, yet had a streak of hypochondria, spraying and gargling constantly and stocking his desk

with quantities of every new antiseptic that hit the market. "He had barrels of it around," one *New Yorker* man said recently. Another recalled that once, late at night, he had pinched a finger in a taxicab door and had been rushed by the cabby to a gangsters' doctor, who gave him a pain reliever containing opium. "I had the bottle on my desk the next day, when Ingersoll discovered it," the man related. "He shook it and smelled it and held it up to the light, and wanted to know all about it. He was terribly downcast. I had an antiseptic that he didn't have."

Ingersoll was always in a flurry of activity. On dull days he created trick filing systems, shuffled editorial schedules and shifted his staff around like chessboard men. His penchant for organization once moved Harold Ross, the editor, to remark, "If I were to put Ingersoll in a room and pay him a thousand dollars a week to do nothing, he'd have ten people helping him by the end of the first week."

Many of the staff members secretly admired Ingersoll because he seemed to get a thrill out of whatever he was doing. Their lives were drab and he had a genius for self-dramatization. He drove them far into the night, but he often worked late himself and his enthusiasm was infectious enough to make them think they were fortunate to be in on the adventure. He was a tough man to get a raise out of, but no one held that against him; the supercharged atmosphere in which he moved was pay enough. One of the few things that was resented was a habit Ingersoll had of dropping in, after having been to the opera and Sardi's, on nights when the magazine was going to press. On these occasions, accompanied by a wide-eyed belle in a filmy gown, he would divest himself of topper, cape and tail coat, and bustle about, snapping out orders and usually undoing much that had been done. "It went over big with whatever doll was along," one of the laborers says. "All we could do was stand around, dead on our feet."

Ingersoll stayed at the *New Yorker* for five years. They were formative years for the magazine and he contributed materially to the shape it ultimately assumed. Inevitably for

a man of his horsepower, he also generated heat among his fellow editors, some of whom had unorthodox personal aversions. One felt outraged because Ingersoll, who was worried about his thinning hair, took to painting his scalp with iodine, a remedy for baldness which had a brief vogue around that time. Another got fidgety during editorial conferences because of an absent-minded custom Ingersoll had of chewing the edges of memorandum slips and forming little balls, which he would arrange like soldiers on the edge of the table. The strongest irritant, probably, was the managing editor's personal dynamism. It disturbed the quiet of the *New Yorker's* dim cloisters, and there was general relief when he decided that his destiny lay elsewhere.

Years afterward, Ingersoll stated that the *New Yorker* office had made him a hypochondriac and added that he had felt better as soon as he left it. In 1930 he moved over to *Fortune* magazine as a co-managing editor. A year later, when the other co-managing editor, Parker Lloyd-Smith, committed suicide, Ingersoll became managing editor. He was thirty-one years old at the time and was making around \$30,000 a year. In 1935 he was made vice-president and general manager of Time, Inc., which gave him general supervision over all the magazines the corporation published—*Time*, *Fortune* and the *Architectural Forum*. It also gave him a hand in the formation of *Life*, then in the embryo stage.

Ingersoll's career was now exciting, but not, apparently, exciting enough. In driving his automobile, he jousted aggressively with taxicabs. He took up aviation, looping a plane while still a student pilot. The dream of a new kind of newspaper entranced him anew and he began experimenting with dummy models around the *Time* office. In the spring of 1937 he retired to a farm he had in Lakeville, Connecticut, and spent a month dictating memoranda on the subject. In some ways the results of his soul-searching were remarkable. In one memorandum Ingersoll told of his intention to hire the cleverest news writers from the existing newspapers and to pay them well. "They are often spiritually degraded," he dictated compassionately, "by writing 'the truth,' not as

they see it but as the owner of the paper sees it." In another memorandum, on the money that would be needed to pay the writers redeemed from the commercial press, he observed: ". . . but if an editorial department's appetite for dollars is prodigious, its ability to get along on a starvation diet is equally amazing. Money in editorial operations can be replaced by ingenuity, sweat and promises to pay when successful."

PM's basic tenets, as outlined by the founder, were unexceptionable and could easily be visualized nestling on the lap of Whistler's Mother. "We are against people who push other people around, just for the fun of pushing, whether they flourish in this country or abroad," ran the announcement. "We are against fraud and deceit and greed and cruelty, and we will seek to expose their practitioners. We are for people who are kindly and courageous and honest. We respect intelligence, sound accomplishment, open-mindedness, religious tolerance. . . ." No big advertiser would be looking over the shoulder of *PM's* editor when he was writing an editorial. *PM* would neither solicit nor accept advertising. It would support itself on a five-cent sale price. It would "dare to tell the truth."

The stacks of memoranda were turned over to Publications Research, Inc., a corporation which Ingersoll had formed to work out the details of operation. He resigned from Time, Inc., which was reported to be paying him between \$50,000 and \$60,000 a year by then, and devoted his talents to raising \$1,500,000, the amount of paid-in capital estimated to be necessary for a running start.

His first stop was an investment-banking firm on Wall Street. The firm, possibly gratified at a prospectus promising "an open mind on capitalism," undertook to sell *PM's* stock. Not long afterward Ingersoll called the deal off, stating that he had received a pledge for the full amount required from a manufacturer who was then serving in Washington. When the war broke out, in September, 1939, the manufacturer got shaky and withdrew his pledge, and the banking firm came back in at Ingersoll's request. The prospectus was revamped

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to make it more palatable, and soon *PM's* stock issue was oversubscribed. Among the fat cats, besides Marshall Field, were John Hay (Jock) Whitney, Garrard B. Winston, a former Undersecretary of the Treasury, Julius and Lessing Rosenwald, Philip K. Wrigley, Mrs. Louis Gimbel and Huntington Hartford, the A. & P. heir. There were scores of smaller stockholders, including Dorothy Thompson, Lillian Hellman, Archibald MacLeish, Dashiell Hammett and Herman Shumlin. Ingersoll put in \$50,000 of his own savings. He got a five-year contract at \$36,000 a year, under which he was given absolute authority over *PM's* editorial policy. According to cost estimates, *PM* needed a steady circulation of 205,000 to make it self-sustaining.

On June 18, 1940, after a high-pressure promotion campaign, the first issue of *PM* was on the newsstands. For a time, while public curiosity remained high, its circulation topped 300,000. Then, as had been anticipated, it began dropping, but the descent was faster than had been expected. Stockholders complained bitterly. Ingersoll, they said, had seeded his editorial staff with Communists and left-wing sympathizers; he had ignored his prospectuses and had converted what was to have been a moderate liberal paper into an organ of the United Front; he was spending too liberally for writers when the till was running low, and so on. Ingersoll laughingly asked how a Hotchkiss-Yale man, with memberships in the Union and Racquet & Tennis clubs, could possibly be pals with Communists or fellow travelers. Reminding them of his contract, he advised them to go home, get a good sleep and quit worrying.

By the end of August the circulation was at 64,000 and was still descending. The farther it dropped, the shriller *PM's* editorials got. On the news side, *PM* had shown originality in its handling of radio, labor and consumer news, but it had failed to demonstrate that a paper without advertising would be able to find many stories that its competitors were afraid to publish.

An angered group of heavy stockholders bided their time, confident that financial difficulties would soon force a re-

organization, in which the editor could be dealt with as they desired. They reckoned without the money and the social consciousness of Marshall Field. The climax of the intramural contest came at a stockholders' meeting on September 12, 1940, when the treasurer announced that *PM* would have to close up shop by morning unless \$70,000 in new money were found to tide it over. Whitney and other backers became incensed, asserting that they had been given to understand that new money wouldn't be needed until weeks later. There was a hot debate, during which accusations were traded freely, and when it was over the dissident fat cats were thoroughly disorganized and Ingersoll's good friend, Field, was the only calm person in the room. Field was calm because he had in his pocket a carefully worked-out plan to set up a new company, which he straightway presented. Under his proposal, he would put up \$300,000 to buy off the original stockholders at twenty cents on the dollar and he would distribute among them, as a consolation prize, a special Class B stock entitling them to a 15 per cent equity in the new company. The plan was coldly received, but no one else had a more concrete suggestion to make and, after more forensic scuffling, the meeting was adjourned. The existing emergency was met by contributions of \$35,000 each from Field and Whitney. Acceptance of the Field plan was postponed.

The baffled stockholders retired and tried to re-form their lines. They never succeeded. Efforts were made to get other publishing corporations interested in *PM*. They failed. Some of the backers resigned their positions as directors, others became discouraged, and at a subsequent meeting the Field plan was voted through. Although Ingersoll's long contract was somehow abrogated in the reorganization, he still retained Field's confidence and he continued to edit *PM* as if he were a journalistic *La Pasionaria*. Circulation never again approached the 205,000 mark. Last October it was around 90,000, and if Field was disturbed by the money *PM* was losing, he didn't say anything about it. *PM's* staff has undergone several cuts. The ideal of a successful advertising-less daily newspaper remains unfulfilled.

Field's transfusions in behalf of *PM* have been more than generous. How much of his generosity springs from a devotion to liberalism and how much from Anglophilism is a matter for speculation. Field's liberalism is undoubtedly sincere, but regard for England runs a deeper course in Field than in most persons, and he came by this regard naturally. When his grandfather died, Field and his brother, Henry, were being brought up in England under the wing of their widowed mother, who in a few years was to marry Capt. Maldwin Drummond, an English army officer, and make England her home. The boys' playmates were future peers and the gossip back in Chicago was that they would become subjects of His Majesty when they got old enough.

To patriotic Chicago, which subsequently elected a mayor on a campaign promise to bust King George in the snoot, this approximated treason. Once, when Mrs. Field came back to ask the estate trustees for more funds to be spent on education, one trustee objected, saying that the boys' grandfather would have considered the sum excessive. He added that the elder Field had wanted his sons educated in America, anyway. "They are being raised as gentlemen," Mrs. Field reminded him sharply. "Yes, as British gentlemen," was the reply.

Fears that the Field boys would become Englishmen proved groundless. In 1914, when the war began, they were sent home on the *Lusitania*. During the voyage Marshall met and fell in love with Miss Evelyn Marshall, daughter of Mrs. Charles H. Marshall, of New York, who was related to the Lenox family. When they were married, in 1915, the *Hearst American Weekly*, which disapproved of foreign marriages, offered congratulations in a feature article entitled *THE SENSIBLE ROMANCE OF MARSHALL FIELD, III, "THE RICHEST BOY IN THE WORLD."*

When America entered the war, Marshall enlisted in the 1st Illinois Cavalry, which later became the 122d Field Artillery, 83d Division. Working his way up from private to captain, he saw action in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. After the war, he served an apprenticeship in the

Chicago office of Lee, Higginson & Co., brokers, and was discovered there by reporters. Asked why he chose to work, young Field replied, "I would consider it criminal if I did not take advantage of my opportunities to assist in the development of American industry." As a side line, he busied himself getting jobs for ex-service men and for a time conducted a column in a Chicago paper giving advice on this subject.

The Fields moved to New York in 1921, leasing the home of Henry P. Davison, a Morgan partner, and taking a box in the Golden Horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera. Field bought up four adjoining houses on 69th and 70th streets and leveled them to make way for a town house of his own, the one that finally went to his wife when they were divorced. He paid \$1,500,000 for a tract on Lloyds Neck, on Long Island Sound near Huntington, and built a Georgian mansion on it. This was Caumsett. He organized Field, Glore, Ward & Company, an investment-banking firm, and took an active part in floating issues. He bought out the horse-racing establishment of Sir Ernest Cassel in England and once a year or so returned to England for the racing and fox hunting. His mother had died, but his sister, Gwendolyn, had married a Scotsman named Archibald Charles Edmonstone, and was living near Glasgow. Gwendolyn had been comfortably provided for by her grandfather before his death.

All doors were open to Field, but he was most often seen in the strenuous set that revolved about the Prince of Wales. A hard rider in the hunt, Field lived a high-powered social life, both abroad and on Long Island. Around 1926, talk began to circulate about an impending break in the Field household, and friends of the pair noticed that Field had become subject to intermittent attacks of brooding introspection. Mrs. Field developed an interest in big-game hunting and exploration, which took her to South America, Africa and other distant places. The Fields saw less and less of each other, and by 1930 Mrs. Field was in Reno. She got her decree and her record-breaking divorce settlement in August, and in the same month Field married a second time, in Lon-

don. His bride was Mrs. Audrey James Coats, a goddaughter of Edward VII and the widow of a wealthy army officer.

The Fields returned to New York to live, and disharmony followed soon after. Field's introspective moods returned. He learned to fly and drove speedboats at breakneck speeds, but still felt depressed. In 1934 the second Mrs. Field went to Reno, taking up residence in the same villa her predecessor had occupied while waiting for her decree. After the divorce, Field entered upon his course in psychoanalysis. He retired from investment banking and in January, 1936, married Mrs. Ruth Pruyn Phipps, who had been divorced a month before from Ogden Phipps, a society sportsman.

Field says now that psychoanalysis brought order into his affairs, cleared his mind of a lot of rubble and heightened an interest in public service which, he thinks, was struggling for expression all the time. Most of his former pursuits are now neglected. Caumsett, a self-sufficient manor with eighty-five employees, just about runs itself. Field has sold out his English racing stable and some hunting horses he maintained abroad, but keeps a racing stable in operation here.

Of the three children born of Field's first marriage, the oldest, Marshall Field, IV, was graduated last June from the University of Virginia law school and is now secretary to a Federal judge in Charlottesville. He is married and has a son. One daughter, Barbara, is the wife of Anthony Bliss, a New York lawyer. Another, Bettine, is a student at Bennington College. Field has two small daughters by his present wife.

A peculiar clause in the first Marshall Field's will is bothering its beneficiary these days. The clause provides that if Field dies before reaching fifty, his heirs will receive nothing from the estate until the youngest child is twenty-one. This would mean, under current circumstances, a wait of about nineteen years. If Field dies after reaching fifty, his children will be well provided for, despite high inheritance taxes. They won't be able to keep up Caumsett, because of the expense involved, but Field is resigned to the disappearance of

his country seat and heaves no sighs about it. As a hedge against death before fifty, he carries \$3,000,000 worth of life insurance.

He is one of the trustees under his grandfather's will, and, as such, he has been trying to improve the liquidity of the estate by the infusion of Government and municipal bonds, so that it will be able to do better than meet the death levy. About one half of it is in real estate, which is notoriously unliquid.

Field is philosophical about the position of the rich in the world today. A few weeks ago he was quoted as having said in an address that he didn't "give a damn" what happened to his fortune. Afterward he insisted that the quotation was fragmentary and did not convey his meaning accurately.

"Of course I will make every reasonable effort to protect my money," he says, "but I expect to be a much poorer man when the war is over. The way things have been going in England it is pretty certain that an awful lot of rich people over there won't have anything left at all. The same thing may happen here, but I feel about this war as I felt about the one in 1917—it's our war and we ought to be in it. Hitler has got to be beaten, and after that has been accomplished, we have got to make democracy work here, because if we get a Fascist state, winning the war will have been in vain. Obviously, tremendous economic and social changes are going on here and we won't go back to the old way. But I am not worried about what is coming. I am willing to risk my fortune in a new American order."

In the meantime, Field and the fortune go on doing their bit in behalf of the New Deal and American participation in the war. Field is seen rarely in his many clubs. Among the sluggish pheasant of Caumsett, pure-bred Guernsey cattle keep turning out thick cream and Caumsett's tulips go on automatically winning prizes at Long Island horticultural shows, as they have done for years. On a farm in Kentucky, Field's stallions and mares munch the bluegrass and keep his racing stalls replenished. Near Ridgeland, South Carolina,

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on a 13,000-acre hunting preserve which Field owns, the partridge are crying out for a dose of lead shot. But the master sticks closely to his desk on Park Avenue.

"Mere possession of wealth," he explains, "is not in itself creative."

THE HUMAN YARDSTICK

By WILLISTON RICH, JR.

FLATBUSH AVENUE, Brooklyn. A young man took off his hat. "Excuse me, sir, but I'd like to ask you a few questions."

The elderly man peered at him. "Shoot, son."

"Well, do you think that Congress or the President should determine the gold content of the dollar?"

The elderly man was indignant. "Why, the President, naturally! He's the figurehead of the nation. He should do the figurin'!"

On a sheet of paper headed THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC OPINION WANTS YOUR OPINION, the young man put a sober cross in a square marked "President." Next morning a brisk girl in Princeton, New Jersey, found the sheet on her desk. As she glanced at it, her fingers flickered over the buttons of a tabulator. Keys punched slots in a card. The card tripped keys in another tabulator. A man in shirt sleeves jotted down a figure, a lot of figures, and telephoned them to New York. There Dr. George H. Gallup discussed them with his associates and dictated a short statement. Three days later, sixty-four newspapers informed their 7,000,000 readers that 86 per cent of the nation believed that Congress, not the President, should determine the gold content of the dollar.

The woolly-witted old Brooklynite was not lost in this shuffle of cards and papers. When the tabulator threshed out his sheet, it threw away his chain of thought, but kept his conclusions. To be sure, it kept them only as an infinitesimal component of a digit, but this is all that Doctor Gallup

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wants of anyone. He would want no more of the president of Harvard. And President Conant's conclusion would carry precisely the same weight as the Brooklynite's. Like death and horse racing, the Gallup poll makes all men equal.

Two of the men it made equal, popular opinion to the contrary, were Governor Lehman, of New York, and District Attorney Dewey, in their recent campaign for the governorship. Immediately after Lehman's nomination, the odds on his election went as high as 17 to 5, and there were even-money bets that he would win by 400,000 votes. Gallup warned that these odds were far out of line; his poll showed that the two candidates were equal to a hair's breadth, but the press scoffed at him, almost to a paper.

Two weeks before election, Lehman was out in front by $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent. Then Dewey started to overhaul him; the Friday before election day, he was perceptibly ahead. When he telephoned, Gallup told him so. "But it doesn't mean a thing," he added. "Wait till the President's speech is over."

The President spoke that night in behalf of Lehman. Gallup took another poll next morning, asking only three questions: "How are you voting? Did you listen? Did it change you?" One person in every hundred admitted the speech had made him change to Lehman. Gallup knew this proportion, small as it was, was yet large enough to decide the election. He didn't have the heart to tell Dewey himself; he asked one of his assistants to break the news. Then he released his final prediction: Lehman would get 50.2 per cent of the major-party vote.

That Tuesday New York State cast nearly five million votes, of which 2,391,286, or 50.68 per cent, were for Lehman. Gallup was wrong by 48-100ths of 1 per cent—a slightly smaller impurity than that in Ivory Soap. It was even smaller than Gallup had counted on. He doesn't claim to be able to come nearer than 3 per cent; this is his normal expectancy of error. It exists because there are factors in voting which the most shrewdly devised system of polling cannot cover. Two of them are the condition of the weather and the honesty of the count. In the Lehman-Dewey vote, fair

weather upstate in the Republican districts would have meant a better turnout for Dewey, enough to make the election even closer—and thereby make Gallup's error larger—perhaps enough to swing the election the other way.

Gallup got the breaks that time, but he is resigned to having them go against him in some other close fight. Shaking his head, he says, "You live by the sword and die by the sword in this business. The law of averages shows that the law of averages will prove me wrong, and it's a law you can't repeal."

The photo finish of the New York race was dramatic, and the accuracy of the poll brought Gallup a lot of acclaim, but he was doing a harder job at the same time, and is prouder of his success. Not the job of predicting senatorial and other gubernatorial elections, although he hit fifty-six out of sixty, but the job of predicting elections to the House.

It would have been impossibly laborious and expensive to poll each of the 435 congressional districts and yet, at first glance, that seemed the only reliable method. But Gallup took a second glance and it suggested a solution—poll key districts for a shift in sentiment. He did so. The poll revealed that the Republican candidates as a group were stronger than they had been in 1936 by a national average of five voters out of a hundred. The next step was to check how many Democratic and third-party congressmen had been elected by such small margins in 1936 that this shift might mean their defeat in 1938. He found that there were seventy-five, and predicted accordingly. The Republicans gained eighty-one seats.

As a footnote, Gallup also announced that if the election had been held the preceding November, only forty-six would have lost their seats; but if it had been held the preceding May, ninety-five would have lost them.

The popularity of the New Deal is closely parallel to the popularity of its chief, according to Gallup's polls. He has been checking on Roosevelt every month since February, 1934. At that time, 69 per cent of the electorate was for him, but by the summer of 1935, after he had kept Congress in

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session with his "must" legislation, his index was down to 50.5 per cent, its all-time low. It hovered around the middle 50's until Landon made his first radio speech after being nominated, then shot up immediately and continued to rise until it hit 65. It fell again in February, 1937, when the court-packing plan was proposed, and it has been in the middle 50's ever since.

Significantly, Roosevelt can always give his index a small temporary rise by going fishing. Gallup believes that this is because people enjoy a respite from controversy. They like fighting men, but not men who are forever fighting. That's one of the reasons they don't like John L. Lewis—they consider him a troublemaker—and one of the reasons why Cordell Hull is the most popular member of the Cabinet.

For more than three years now, the nation has paid Gallup for reading its political and economic tea leaves. His first such reading can be dated exactly. On October 20, 1935, Director George H. Gallup, of the American Institute of Public Opinion, issued his first release. He said that a majority of the electorate thought that the New Deal was costing too much. This unfriendly utterance might have been ignored, but for the fact that it made the front pages of thirty-five important newspapers. Moreover, the institute arrogantly proclaimed that this was the first scientific measurement of the voters' minds, and promised to take similar measurements weekly on other national problems. For politicians, its title, "America Speaks!" had an ominous sound.

The New Dealers fumed for a few days, then Charlie Michelson, their press agent, wrote patronizingly, "You will look in vain for the name of Dr. George Gallup in *Who's Who*." He dismissed the institute as a feeble Republican plot to discredit the Administration. All good voters were advised to await the opening of the *Literary Digest* poll—"adequate, honest, unbiased and unmanipulated."

No voter awaited that poll more anxiously than Gallup, who had sold his service to newspapers on a money-back guaranty that it would be more nearly accurate. Meanwhile,

he filed Michelson's blast under Dirty Editorials and bided his time.

Landon was nominated on June 11, 1936. On July twelfth, Gallup warned his subscribers that the *Literary Digest's* old-fashioned polling methods would point to the wrong man.

Almost as an afterthought he mentioned that its totals would show about 56 per cent for Landon, 44 per cent for Roosevelt.

Inasmuch as the poll was not to begin for six weeks, Wilfred J. Funk, editor of the *Digest*, was outraged. "Never before has anyone foretold what our poll was going to show before it even started!" he snapped. "Our fine statistical friend" should be advised that the *Digest* would carry on "with those old-fashioned methods that have produced correct forecasts exactly one hundred per cent of the time."

Gallup stuffed this blast, too, into his Dirty Editorials file and went on compiling his own figures. From the very beginning they had indicated Roosevelt as a certainty. The shade of the litmus was varying from week to week, but it never changed color. Gallup himself, however, did. He got paler and paler as November drew nearer. It wasn't for want of confidence in his methods or results, but because his whole life hung on them. Besides, the outside pressure was increasing daily.

Half the newspapers subscribing to his service were anti-New Deal, and their readers thought they were being betrayed. They wrote Gallup by the thousand: "It can't be a national poll. I haven't received a ballot. What's more, nobody in my neighborhood has!" Editors wired angrily for instructions on how to use his figures. Gallup's reply was invariable: "Run them beside the *Digest's*." The Dirty Editorials file became full to bursting. The most abusive editorials, he noticed, were from small-town papers. He was not surprised; small towns are usually conservative. But he was distressed at the volume of abuse from Iowa, his home state.

He began to suffer from insomnia. Lying sleepless, his

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thoughts wore this groove: "I can't be wrong but once. If it's now, my institute is ruined. All the swell young people I've hired will be thrown out of work. All my previous research will be suspected. It will take me years to live down the mistake, if I can ever live it down. But where could the mistake occur? Let's see now——"

The result was that he had worked himself into such a state by the end of October that Mrs. Gallup shanghaied him to Sarasota for a rest. He didn't get it.

Some of his Republican friends who had heard him say that there was "always a reasonable doubt" reported it to Republican headquarters, and headquarters construed this as meaning that he doubted his own figures. Forty-eight hours before the election, they telephoned him at Sarasota, asking authority to make the announcement, in the hope of attracting the bandwagon vote.

Gallup, ordinarily mild, was infuriated. "If you do," he told them, "I'll release the true odds on Roosevelt, and they're seventy to one!" He slammed down the receiver.

Election day, he bought a radio and installed it in his hotel room. After the movies that night he tuned in and waited, dry-smoking nervously. Presently the first return came over, from a small town in Massachusetts. The day's vote was given, and the vote in the election of 1932.

Gallup checked them against his own estimates; the swing to Roosevelt was exactly in proportion. He knew he was home. He switched off the radio, split a bottle of champagne with his wife, and went to bed.

It was five weeks before he was well enough to resume work. During that time the *Digest* was going quietly broke. It had not only backed the wrong horse; its 20 per cent error was within 1 per cent of Gallup's cocksure prophecy back in July. Gallup's own figure was 6½ per cent off. Still, when Charlie Michelson thumbed through the new *Who's Who*, he had no trouble finding "Gallup, George Horace."

This brash young fellow who makes a profession of climbing out on a limb, teetering there amid cheers and jeers, and then bringing back the apple, is a farm boy, now thirty-seven

years old. Just under six feet, just under 200 pounds, he is a roomy man, with the measured tread and hunched shoulders of a plowman. His eyes are slate-blue. Straight on, he looks not unlike Dizzy Dean. Certainly he looks nothing like the common conception of a research scientist.

He was born in Jefferson, Iowa, on November 18, 1901. "George Horace" or not, his childhood friends call him "Ted." Much of his personal mail is addressed to "Theodore Gallup." Not even his wife knew until last summer where the nickname came from—a feud between his nurse and his father. Prophetically, it was a political feud. More so, it was a feud over a Roosevelt. To Mr. Gallup, Theodore Roosevelt was blacker than Beelzebub. To the nurse, he was brighter than St. Michael. Her revenge for having to hear her hero defamed was to tack his nickname onto the son of his defamer. She tacked it so firmly that it has never been dislodged.

The elder Gallup was a speculator in ranch and farm lands who spent the latter part of his life developing a new system of logic. His son says, "He was the most intellectual man I ever knew; someday I'm going to articulate the trunkful of manuscripts he left and see that his intelligence is recognized. My whole professional career has been devoted to getting ideas across to people and from them. Father was completely unable to do either."

He was, however, able to start what his son refers to as "my good old standard double-A education." It was also a start in journalism. Young Gallup published his first article when he was in high school—a condemnation of the school board which brought the town down on his neck. But it was only a start. He had just finished his freshman year at the University of Iowa when his father went bankrupt in the collapse of the Iowa land boom in 1920.

Gallup managed to hang on through the next two years with the help of a nonathletic scholarship and a thirty-five-dollar-a-month job tending towels in the gymnasium. Senior year, he was made editor of the *Daily Iowan*. Until then, it had been like any other undergraduate paper. From then on

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it was outstanding. Gallup fattened it up with a national wire service and coverage of local news, built a new plant to fit it, and sold enough advertising to pay the tab.

Again the town came down on his neck; Iowa City's local newspaper didn't like the competition. But the university came down with a reward—a school of journalism whose staff included Gallup (B.A., '23) and William S. Maulsby, one of his former professors, and later the first paid employee of the institute.

To tempt students to enroll, they invented seventeen different courses—"But I taught the same thing in every course," Gallup confesses—and helped organize Quill and Scroll, an international honorary society for high-school journalists which now has around a thousand chapters.

On the side, Gallup picked up a master's degree in psychology and pegged away at his hobby—a method for accurately gauging reader interest in newspapers and magazines.

Convinced that editors not only didn't know their readers' preferences but didn't know how to determine them, he spent six years and discarded fifty trial methods before he found one that satisfied him. This method, now known as "the Gallup Method," he made the subject of his thesis for a doctor's degree, written in 1928. The degree was only a by-product of this remarkable document. The chief products were the picture magazine *Look*, the first advertisement in the form of a comic strip, and the American Institute of Public Opinion. It was, in short, the springboard from which Gallup jumped from local to national recognition.

The method is dazzlingly simple. The way to learn what interests people is to learn what they read, and the way to learn what they read is to hand them a newspaper or magazine and ask them to go over it with you. Says Maulsby, "No one but Gallup would bother to do a thing like that."

Since his research was being financed by the Cowles brothers, publishers of the *Des Moines Register-Tribune*, he handed people this paper. The survey established two facts: That interest in comics and pictures was tremendous, and

that most adults, too, read the comics. The *Register-Tribune* had planned to economize on these features. It now bought more of them. It also experimented with the roto section, arranging the pictures to tell a story. Circulation soared. Presently the roto section began to run away with the rest of the paper. A national magazine of nothing but pictures was indicated. They named it *Look*.

Gallup was so excited by the success of his discovery that he conducted other surveys and published them in trade magazines. One of them caught the attention of Mr. Hearst. As a test, Hearst offered the advertising agencies a page of his syndicated comic section. Young & Rubicam, of New York, snapped it up for a breakfast food. It was the first full-page commercial comic, and it pulled in enough purchasers to make Raymond Rubicam grab his hat and set out on Gallup's trail. He found him teaching journalism at Northwestern University. Gallup asked assurance that his findings would be accepted, favorable or not, and that he wouldn't be used for sales promotion. He joined the firm in June, 1932.

He was short on advertising technique, but his surveys made him long on what people who read the ads thought about them. Here are some of his findings:

If you're selling with printed matter, break it into short paragraphs; lighten it with conversation; sprinkle it with italics. If you're selling with pictures, make them pictures of people, not products; and if they aren't photographs, the drawings should be photographic in detail.

Soon the surveys were extended to the radio. Gallup's interviewers dragged 250,000 radio fans to the telephone last year and asked them what programs they had been listening to, and why. They do similar jobs for some of the magazines too. A story in a woman's magazine attracted the greatest proportion of readers they ever found—60 per cent. Gallup attributes its pull to its title: "Love in the Moonlight—The Woman Who Knew What She Wanted and Got It."

From none of these fields, however, does Gallup harvest anything but statistics. Nothing else there has the slightest subjective interest for him. He is the world's ranking au-

thority on comic strips, yet he refuses to read them himself and fusses because his children spend so much time over them. He has redrawn the fiction and art patterns of half a dozen magazines, yet all magazines bore him. So do all radio programs except news broadcasts. So do the movies, although he is about to make a survey of the industry.

He would probably be happiest publishing his own newspaper. He likes to play city editor and try to outthink New York's best newspapermen, spotting stories they are missing. One of his best "beats" was scored during the recent war scare in Europe, when he sent out an office boy to buy a gas mask. The boy reported, as alert city editors should have proclaimed, that one wasn't to be had in the city.

Gallup might have turned to journalism if it hadn't been for his mother-in-law, Mrs. Ola Babcock Miller. The widow of the publisher of the Washington, Iowa, *Democrat*, she ran for Iowa's secretary of state on the Democratic ticket in 1932. The campaign was curious in that Mrs. Miller did not make one. She did not need to. In a strongly Republican state, she became the first woman to hold the office, and was twice re-elected before her death in 1937.

Gallup began to speculate whether his surveys could forecast such odd changes in public opinion. For his own amusement, he compiled the voting records of all the counties in the forty-eight states and mailed out his first ballots late in 1933. When he checked the estimates he based on them against the official returns from the congressional elections of 1934, he found that they matched within 1 per cent.

"I had a system," he said, "but I didn't know what to do with it."

Fortunately, he happened to mention it to Harold R. Anderson, a Chicago broker of newspaper features and the agent for Gallup's surveys. Anderson knew a good thing when he saw it. He managed to convince Gallup that he had hit on something more than an ingenious parlor game. They put in enough of their capital to establish the institute, summoned Maulsby to New York, and installed him in a one-room office with a desk, a typewriter and a telephone.

The day the office opened, Anderson made three calls to California at a cost of \$150. The next day they spent satisfying the telephone company that they weren't a race-track tipster service.

Gallup went sheepishly to Rubicam, told him about the new side line, and asked for a pay cut. Rubicam, too, knew a good thing when he saw it. He waived the pay cut in return for a promise of no more side lines, and in 1937 he made Gallup a vice-president of the agency and a stockholder.

Meanwhile, Gallup undertook to help sell the service to newspapers. One Midwest publisher heard him through and denounced the whole idea as the dream of "a young upstart." Gallup kept on talking. The publisher ended by buying the service and comparing him with Edison. Eugene Meyer, of the *Washington Post*, hired a blimp to cruise over the city on the day of the institute's first release, trailing a banner with its theme phrase, "America Speaks!"

That first release was the one in which Gallup reported a general protest against the New Deal's extravagance. When astonished political writers asked for a description of his polling method, he said only, "It varies."

More informatively, it consists in selecting a small group of voters so carefully that they will form a miniature electorate, faithfully representing the views of all voters. In essence, it is like taking a blood test. Gallup himself calls it a cross section. On national questions, one of these groups must be chosen from each state, since the voting population of each state has a different structure.

There are six controls, or "break-downs," for a cross section: Geographical—urban and rural—economic, age, sex, color and political. These are basic for each state, though the percentages differ, of course, from state to state. Put all forty-eight cross sections together and you have the nation's vote.

Gallup declares that anyone could take his system and get his results. Anyone, then, should be able to take his Illinois cross-section—which follows—and make an accurate prediction of the state's vote. The number of voters polled is un-

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important—Gallup would poll about 3000—but they would have to fit the percentages exactly. Here are the percentages of the voting population in Illinois:

I. GEOGRAPHICAL

Chicago and suburbs	51%
Farmers	11
Small towns	10½
Cities 2500 to 10,000	13
Cities 10,000 to 100,000 (Includes Peoria)	14½
	<hr/> 100%

(Means that 51 per cent of the ballots must come from Chicago and suburbs; 49 per cent from the rest of the state.)

II. ECONOMIC

Voters on relief	17%
Receiving old-age-assistance pensions	3
Poor (\$600 to \$1100 yearly)	11
Middle class (\$1100 to \$2500)	55
Above average (\$2500 to \$6000) and wealthy	14
	<hr/> 100%

III. AGE

21 to 29 years	23%
30 to 49 years	48
50 and over	29
	<hr/> 100%

IV. SEX

Men	57%
Women	43
	<hr/> 100%

V. COLOR

White	96%
Negro	4
	<hr/> 100%

VI. POLITICAL

	REP.	DEM.
Chicago and suburbs	36%	64%
Rest of state	45½	54½

(Returns in all six controls must include ballots from 13 to 20 per cent of the persons who didn't vote in the 1936 presidential election, because they were too young, were registered, but didn't vote, or were not registered then, but are now.)

So much for the poll in theory. In practice, Gallup and his staff draw up weekly lists of ten or more questions and print them on ballots. To keep the phrasing of a question from influencing the answer, he sometimes puts it in two ways, so that half the ballots act as a check on the others.

For instance, half his ballots asked, "Do you approve of Secretary Hull's policy in seeking a reciprocal trade agreement with Great Britain?" The other half, "If Great Britain reduces tariffs on American goods, should we reduce tariffs on British goods?" In this case, the answers matched exactly; 73 per cent voted "yes" on each question.

He also provides for voters with vigorous opinions by letting them check a large-size Yes or No in preference to normal ones. Thereby he learns which side will put up a stiffer fight. The innovation has been particularly popular with anti-New Dealers, he has found. Objectors to the court-packing plan ran heavily to the emphatic Noes; its supporters were content with mild Yeses.

The printed ballots are distributed by Opinion Research, Inc., an organization which shares offices at Princeton with the institute, but is otherwise independent.

Gallup chose Princeton because it is convenient to his farm, and because he thought the postmark carried prestige, in the days when he was sending individual ballots by mail. He gave this up after the 1936 election, when he found he was not adequately covering the lower half of the population.

Opinion Research maintains a field staff of more than 700 canvassers, scattered strategically over the country. They are picked on the recommendations of responsible persons in their communities, and headquarters knows only their names and addresses.

When a bundle of 100, say, ballots comes to the home of an Illinois canvasser, he first studies Gallup's specific suggestions;

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the percentages of the different controls he knows already. If he lives in Chicago, he will interview about 40 per cent of his quota on the streets in good weather. So presently you find him with his foot on the running board of a truck idling at the curb. The poll has begun.

It would be nothing but an academic exercise, however, if the American voter didn't come through with the answers.

Gallup says, "He's crazy about being interviewed and he's full of more good horse sense than all the specialists who lord it over him."

Like the woolly-witted Brooklynite's, some of the answers are astonishing. A Utah miner said he disliked Hoover for being born "with a silver tooth in his mouth."

A former sand hog in New York said, "I'm all off Roosevelt because I'm developing heart trouble on this WPA job. I'm used to good hard sand-hog work under pressure, and this WPA work is too easy."

To the question, "Do you think that insane persons and habitual criminals should be sterilized?" a woman in Seattle answered, "Yes, I'm in favor of everybody's using soap."

A canvasser with a strong Maine accent was surveying part of South Carolina about automobiles. "Do you own a car?" he asked a farmer.

"Sho do."

"What make?"

"Jersey. Gives good milk too."

Canvassers have found their quarries in such unusual places as the bottom of a Pennsylvania anthracite mine; on the newly laid hull of a destroyer in the Charlestown, Massachusetts, navy yard; on top of a forty-foot straw stack near Sandusky, Ohio; in a two-room house with an earthen floor and six tenants, at Newburgh, New York.

Once a canvasser reported being nearly mobbed. Gallup was making a survey to find out what the country people thought about a campaign for stamping out syphilis. They knew so little about the disease that they wouldn't let the canvasser go until he had told them as much as he was able.

"They'd never been given adequate information about it," Gallup says. "The voters are far ahead of the politicians on social questions. If they had been given a chance to speak, syphilis would have been wiped out a generation ago."

About 15,000 voters are given a chance to speak in Gallup's national polls. He can complete an ordinary one in from eight to ten days, but a poll on a single issue can be rushed through in forty-eight hours, by having the vote wired in. The canvassers—mostly college graduates, lawyers, school-teachers, and so on—are paid sixty-five cents an hour, which puts the field cost of each ballot at just under thirty cents and raises the overhead of the institute to around \$300,000 a year. This includes Gallup's salary of about \$10,000.

The bill is paid by newspapers subscribing to the service, some of them buying it at \$500 a week. Few newspaper services are as expensive, but Gallup wonders if he is charging enough.

From his more than 1000 surveys, Gallup has collected an interesting dossier of presumed American thought.

Seventy-five per cent of the voters believe in life after death—one old fellow said that he didn't know, but he'd soon find out.

Forty per cent dislike swing music, but 10 per cent don't know what it is.

Seventy per cent want the distribution of birth-control literature made legal.

Sixty per cent would like to have the Duke and Duchess of Windsor settle here permanently.

The same number wouldn't make a round trip to Europe by plane, even if it was a free ride.

Eighty-nine per cent favor Government old-age pensions for the needy.

Fifty per cent believe Tom Mooney guilty, but nearly everybody wants him pardoned.

Sixty-six per cent wouldn't vote for a woman for President.

The same number want sit-down strikes made illegal.

Seventy-seven per cent blame Germany for starting the

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World War and are opposed to giving back her colonies.

Nearly everybody thinks America should stay out of the next European war.

Thirty-two per cent can't swim.

And hardly five per cent agree on the same cause of the Depression.

By establishing what people thought about a subject yesterday and think about it today, Gallup is convinced that he can predict what they will think about it tomorrow. He insists that public opinion changes slowly, unless given sudden impetus by an event like Hitler's invasion of Austria, and that continual recording of opinions on important issues will end such errors as Hoover's interpretation of his 1928 majority as a mandate to prolong prohibition.

He considers himself a political scorekeeper. When the public knows the score, it is more interested in the game. As he sees it, the more interested, the more vigilant; the more vigilant the public is, the less chance a professional politician has of pulling a piece of roguery.

Gallup argues that the old political machines are running down and wearing out. The swing to the Democrats in the 1936 election was no greater in states where they were well organized than in states where they weren't organized at all.

If this scorekeeper idea is carried through, the presidential nominations and campaigns of 1940 will be as much of an empty formality as the Electoral College is now. Gallup will run trial heats to determine the best vote getters in every party, and then match them up in a final poll. The day of choosing a candidate in a smoke-filled room will be over. The shrill slogan, the sweating delegation, the torchlight procession, all will be flung on the junk heap. And the country will fill its offices soberly and responsibly. It is Gallup's favorite dream.

Meanwhile, he is constantly trying to reduce his margin of error, not by changing his basic procedure, but by correcting his formulas. He has learned that special circumstances require special adjustments. In the New York gubernatorial

election last year, he tentatively added race and religion to his other controls. The wisdom of the experiment was proved when a canvasser instructed to question no one but Jews found that they were 100 per cent for Lehman. If a Catholic were again nominated for the presidency, these new controls would be vital.

He is also learning more about election turnouts. He explains his underestimate of Roosevelt's plurality in 1936 by the fact that he allowed for a 10 per cent increase of the have-not vote over 1932 and got an increase of 16 per cent.

The *Digest* made its fatal mistake, he says, in not recognizing that the have-not vote even existed. He was able to call its shot by making a separate survey of telephone subscribers and automobile owners—the class which would mail back most of the *Digest's* ballots.

Gallup thinks it could have halved its error simply by polling 100 voters at random. His favorite story of that campaign is about the millionaire New York Republican who hired his own accountants to check the *Digest's* honesty and then bet \$60,000 on Landon.

Only a sucker would take the short end of an election bet, after listening to Gallup. He figures that fifteen factors can keep a horse from winning a race, but in a national election the equivalent of a 5-to-1 shot at the track is no better than 50-to-1. Short-end takers ought to realize that their candidates' chances have to be doped, state by state, in relation to each state's percentage of the electoral vote.

Failing that, it would be cheaper for them to conduct a private poll of Summit County, Utah. It wouldn't cost much; Summit County numbers only 2500 families, mostly silver miners. Its distinction is that since 1900 it has been an accurate vest-pocket barometer of every presidential election except one: In 1912 it went for Taft. In the last three presidential elections, it represented the national vote for each candidate within 1 per cent. Gallup occasionally uses the county to check the rest of his poll.

Gallup's critics give him credit for his discoveries in aver-

ages and their application, but they smile at his belief that all the answers can be found in the back of the book; that you have only to ask the coal what kind of furnace it likes to be burned in. When the public feels strongly about a man or a tangible thing, it is easy to take its temperature. If a man dislikes spinach, Father Coughlin, Harold Ickes or any given movie actress enough, he couldn't conceal his opinion if he wished. But the public feels strongly about few tangibles, and Gallup doesn't stop there. When he explores its taste in intangibles, he takes off into space.

About such things as do not excite our anger or glowing approval, we often do not know what we think. We are indifferent or we veer with the gusts. Most men and women also are inarticulate; they are hard put to express their thoughts when you jump out at them from behind a bush. You flatter them when you ask their opinion, and the flattery makes them self-conscious. In that state, they invariably tell you either what they think you wish to hear, or what they think they ought to think. The questioner or the questionnaire can prompt them, consciously or unconsciously.

If they saw a Western picture last night and enjoyed it more than most movies, they will tell you that Westerns are their favorite pictures, and believe it. In practice, however, they may not like most Westerns, and the next picture for which they toss their hats will be one they had not foreseen. Ask them why they liked *It Happened One Night*. They liked it because they liked it. They cannot tell you more, nor can the experts tell them, for Hollywood has made no second *It Happened One Night*. Once a picture is made, no one has to tell the producer whether it was successful or not; what he needs to know is what the public wants before he makes it. He guesses either on instinct or past performance, or both, as he would pick horses, and the customer is no more predictable than the horse.

Four years ago Gallup was invited to spend a week end with some friends who lived deep in New Jersey. On the way down, he told his wife, "One thing I'm not going to do is

buy a farm." Eighteen hours later he owned one between Hopewell and Princeton, and by this time he is the complete country squire.

He has added property until he has about 300 acres: Rubicam gave him a herd of Aberdeen Angus; he raises soybeans; and he would rather run a tractor than a poll. He ran a poll on account of his tractor last spring. It broke down, along with other expensive farm machinery, and Gallup wanted to find out why the stuff cost so much and went to pieces so quickly. He swore the village blacksmith could reproduce it at a fraction of the price. That was part of his tuition fee for learning the farm business. The other part, \$450, he paid a fast-talking Jersey native, who bought \$500 worth of hay from him for \$50, telling him it wasn't worth cutting.

Gallup likes the life. He likes the fifty-minute commute to New York, because it gives him a chance to catch up on his reading. And he likes best the realization that the wheel has made a full turn—a Gallup is farming again.

His mother's French-Canadian ancestors were farmers, and his father's ancestors farmed when they weren't at war. According to Gallup's complicated genealogical charts, there were seven Gallups at the Battle of Lexington. The family came from England in 1630 and settled on Gallup's Island in Boston Harbor, where ships used to quarantine. Two summers ago, Gallup made a pilgrimage to England, to the family's native village in Dorset, and came home with a fifty-pound tavern sign which he found under a pile of potatoes in a barn. It dates from the fifteenth century, and says "Gollop Arms. Be Bolde Be Wyse." He has freshened the paint on it, but doesn't know what to do with it: "I'd like to hang it at the front gate, but you don't want people dropping in and ordering a hot dog and a beer, do you?"

Despite his interest in genealogy, despite his knowledge of the laws of probability, he has never been able to satisfy his wife's desire for a pedigreed chow dog. He bought the last one from a Broadway huckster for five dollars. When it

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began looking less like a chow than a cross between a hooked rug and a donkey, Gallup named it Doc, after himself, as a reminder of his credulity.

Mrs. Gallup is tolerant of most of his shortcomings—his tricks of sucking on an unlit cigarette, of being shamelessly late for appointments, of saying "yes" to all requests and doing nothing about them, of addressing everyone in the household as "my friend." (Their daughter is an infant, but the two boys have already caught this habit.) But she has broken him of bringing his office work to the dinner table. Once he was astonished to find her silver card tray on his desk in New York—seems he had absently swept it into his bag along with a pile of papers he had left on the hall table. Everything on this desk is always mislaid, but never entirely lost.

Not so his hats; six of them disappear yearly; he has no idea where. He replaces them with others won on election bets. A hat is all that his friends will bet with him any more.

Absent-minded, soft-hearted—he has never been able to fire an employee—and mild-spoken, Gallup has a ferocious impatience with small talk and sly people. He abhors puns such as his being "monarch of all he surveys" and a candidate's "winning the race in a Gallup." He is also a ferocious self-determinist. He threw out of his office an insurance agent who proposed a policy to guarantee his children a college education. Gallup says they'll work for it.

For a while he toyed with the idea of offering, through a New York newspaper, a monthly prize of fifty dollars for the family submitting the best story of how it helped itself out of its difficulties. Once he called his farm hands and told them how to vote in an election, but the next day he told them to ignore his instructions.

He isn't to be pegged politically. He has voted for only two presidential candidates, La Follette and Smith, which would seem to put him left of center, but both sides, all sides, irritate him. He has come out of an all-day advertising conference damning all businessmen, and he can damn the New Deal as cordially.

His greatest delusion is that he can forecast the stock market. His greatest fear, that a competitor will enter his field and be dishonest with the figures. His greatest devotion, to his family, his home and his church. He says, "I could prove God statistically. Take the human body alone—the chance that all the functions of an individual would just happen is a statistical monstrosity."

SUNNY BOY

By J. P. McEvoy

IT TAKES a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home, . . .

Who wrote that? Does he believe it? And how does he get that way?

The answer to all these questions is Eddie (Edgar A.) Guest. He wrote it because he is Eddie. He wrote it about home because he hardly ever stirs out of it. He wrote it because he believes it; he believes it because he wrote it.

You'd believe it, too, if it had supported you for years, put your son through college, bought you a \$50,000 home, sold 1,000,000 copies and made you that rarest thing in history—a prophet with honor in your own country.

I've known Eddie Guest for more than twenty years. In all that time I've never heard so many things that aren't so about anybody. And that is very odd, because an oyster on the half shell is a closed book compared to Eddie Guest. Every day, including Sundays, for thirty-two years he has written a "pome," and practically every one of them is about himself or his family or his friends. More than 300 newspapers told their readers when Bud cut a tooth, or Nellie cooked a pie, or how the installment collector came and took away the furniture, and yet people still ask, "Who is Eddie Guest?"

Who indeed! Why, so revealing were his daily songs of poverty and personal inefficiency that his mother, her traditional English reticence outraged, would weep and say, "Eddie, have you no shame?" What is he like indeed? My friends, he is just like that. Simple as a child, common as an old shoe, friendly as a puppy, foolish like a fox.

[Note: This article appeared April 30, 1938.]

*A heap o' sun an' shadder, and ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind, . . .**

That's Eddie too. Countless thousands have nodded acquiescence as Eddie, in a voice that would coax a robin out of its nest, painted a picture of far wanderings and glad returnings. To them, Eddie was a world-weary traveler—Eddie, who in his own words "ain't never been nowheres and ain't never seen nothin'." At the age of nine he came straight from England to Detroit. That was forty-seven years ago, and he's been in Detroit ever since. Some lecture trips, to be sure; and last year a session in Hollywood, where he went to be an actor; and one trip to Yucatan on Charles F. Kettering's yacht, during which he wirelessly home every hour on the hour until he landed, and then telephoned Nellie so often that she made him come home to save expenses.

"Without going out-of-doors, one may know the whole world" says Lao-tse, the Old Rogue of China; "without looking out of the window one may see the way of heaven. The further one travels, the less one may know. Thus it is without moving ye shall know; without looking ye shall see; without doing ye shall achieve." There's a lot of the Old Rogue in Eddie. Sitting in Detroit, he has let the world come to him. Without stretching forth his hand, fame, success, riches have tracked him down and forced their vulgar attentions on him. Living in this modern fairyland where the most fabulous dreams have come true, where one played golf with Midas in the morning and poker with Croesus at night, Eddie closed his ears to the siren song. He was a pal of Henry Ford's when Henry was tinkering with his first car, and they used to meet late at night in a little beanery and match pennies to see who would pay for the sandwiches. Eddie's grocer put \$1200—all of his savings—into Ford's hands, and Ford bought back the stock for \$12,000,000. But Eddie was unmoved. He has never put a dime in any kind of speculation. He knows all the big shots in Detroit and during the boom played golf with many of them. Every day they

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would greet him with "Well, I made a hundred and fifty thousand dollars this morning," or some such catty remark, but Eddie only smiled and said,

*"It don't make any differunce how rich ye get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury;
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round everything."*

Apparently their souls weren't wrapped very tightly around what they had, because they lost it, but when the smoke cleared away and the dust settled, Eddie still had his home and Nellie and Bud and Janet, and a lot of friends. And today his soul is still sort o' wrapped round all of 'em in a double bow knot.

Twenty years is a long time to know anybody, and to find them unchanged in all that time is rare indeed. When they ain't spoiled by success, they're apt to be soured by failure. (He's got me talkin' that way now.) We met first in Chicago at a convention of American Press Humorists—if you can imagine anything so grim. Professional humorists, column conductors, cartoonists, toastmasters—we got together three, four, five times a day, luncheons, breakfasts, teas, dinners. Women's clubs entertained us, and men's clubs, and even the little children didn't escape. All day and far into the night and every day for a week, we went around together and listened to one another's jokes and stories. We started out suspicious of one another, but long before the week was over, our worst suspicions were confirmed. We began hating one another's jokes and stories, and wound up hating one another's collars and hats, hopes and fears, wives and children. But when I tell you that Eddie Guest is the only one who has survived this horror, you will get some idea of his indestructible quality. None of the other visitors could ever come back to Chicago. And we who lived there had to move away, but Eddie has come back many times by special request and has told the same audiences the same stories and

recited the same "pomes" to them. And they laugh and cry in the same places, and the only difference is that every year they have to pay him more.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute; . . .

For a fellow who goes around knocking gold all the time, an amazing amount has managed to cling to Eddie. More than 3,000,000 of his books have been sold at an average of \$1.50 apiece, and if you figure 10 per cent of that as Eddie's annual insult—known in the vulgar mart as royalty—it amounts to what better poets have called a "pretty penny." But then they would know more about pennies than Eddie. Since 1916 his daily "pome" has been syndicated in anywhere from 200 to 300 papers seven times a week. For the last six years he has been on a half-hour radio program, Coast to Coast, every week. His take for that is a thousand bucks on the nose every Tuesday.

When Hollywood started on a hunt for another Will Rogers, it was logical that they would turn to Eddie, the Poet of the People. He told the scouts and lawyers and the producers and everybody that he couldn't go to Hollywood, he couldn't be happy there.

"Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it; . . ."

Eddie reminded them mechanically, and they told him he could do a heap o' livin' on \$2500 a week, even in Hollywood. But Eddie went right on:

*"Within the walls there's got t' be some babies born, and then
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women good, an' men; . . ."*

and then he walked out into the yard and started playing with his robins. Well, it takes a heap o' givin' in a place to make it Hollywood, so they followed him right out into the yard and explained that babies are born out West, too, and

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you could do an awful lot about bringin' "'em up t' women good, an' men" on \$3000 a week. So Eddie compromised on \$3500, because as he put it himself:

*"... gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With anything they ever used—they've grown into yer
heart:
The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes
they wore
Ye hoard; an' if you could, ye'd keep the thumb marks
on the door."*

There were a lot of thumb marks on Eddie, too, before he got out of Hollywood—but that's another story.

It would seem that Eddie's public is not so indifferent to money as Eddie tells you he is. People either want to know where Eddie gets all his wonderful ideas, or how much of that wonderful dough does he get? Where he gets his ideas is simple enough. He gets them from Eddie. Where he gets the dough is even simpler. He gets it from Eddie's public. But trying to find out how much of it he gets is like trying to learn how many planes in the Soviet air force. You pass out of the realm of reporting into the stratosphere of spy work. However, putting this and that and those together, it is pretty safe to say that Eddie has an annual income of more than \$100,000, and has enjoyed this and more for many years, for not only does he collect from radio, the newspapers, movies and books, but he has a tremendous income from greeting cards, calendars, novelties and what the Authors' League painfully refers to as "small rights." Well, they may be small for you and me, but they ain't for Eddie.

Yes, Eddie has an enormous public, and it is not surprising that he has an enormous mail. Eddie's customers love to read and like to write, but occasionally he gets a surprise. Eddie was on the air one night, reciting one of his "pomes" about Nellie, his wife. "When my ship comes in," sighed Eddie in effect, "I will buy Nellie a comb for her hair and a new gingham dress. When my ships comes in," he went on, and his voice trembled with love and tenderness, "I will buy

fine gloves for her toilworn hands and new shoes for her weary feet." All over the country, Eddie's audiences wept with emotion, but one of them wrote in and said, "Dear Eddie, I see the Government reports your income last year as \$128,000. Don't you think you could spare enough to buy Nellie a comb for her hair? Or, if that is rank extravagance, surely you could manage a pair of new shoes."

Eddie chuckled when he read that one. He knew what the writer didn't know—that this was an old, old "pome," written many years ago, when he and Nellie were living on twenty-five dollars a week in a flat they rented from the cop on the corner. He was writing poetry then on the *Detroit Free Press*, but his early training was that of a bookkeeper, and every night he used to sit down with Nellie and figure out how far they were running behind. No matter how they figured, it always came out the same—every week they had a nine-dollar deficit. So Eddie wrote a letter to the publisher, E. D. Stair—he is still the publisher and Eddie is still working on the *Detroit Free Press*—in which he pointed out that he was steadily losing nine dollars a week, and eventually, at this rate, he would go under. Mr. Stair, in the immemorial manner of newspaper publishers, solved Eddie's problem by raising him three dollars a week. This masterpiece of high fianancing so dazzled Eddie that he could never break away from Mr. Stair, always went to him for advice, and refers to him today as the smartest businessman he knows.

One is inclined to agree with Eddie when one learns that only after many years did Eddie succeed in getting his salary up to fifty dollars a week, and he was never able to get it any higher. Today, after forty-two years of continuous service, it is lower even, for he was cut during the depression to \$37.50, and he has never been put back. However, Eddie never sees the check, although it is collected and faithfully cashed every week. Nellie gets it. Incidentally, Eddie's son, Bud, now a reporter and radio commentator on the *Detroit Free Press*, got his father's check by mistake one week and was so insulted he almost quit.

Eddie's formal education stopped with one year of high

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school, but his informal education has been going on ever since. He graduated *magna cum laude* as a soda jerker and then won a scholarship as an office boy for the Detroit *Free Press*. Here he mastered in posting baseball scores, providing his own board and tuition out of the weekly grant of \$1.50 from the Stair foundation. A fellowship was then offered him in the accounting department, where he occupied the chair of ledger entries, with an honorarium of six dollars weekly. This led to an exchange professorship on the editorial faculty, where his work consisted principally of research in the police stations, supplemented by intensive case studies in abnormal psychology provided by the continuous poker games going on among his associates in the field.

A chair awaited him at the exchange desk—a chair and an eyeshade, a pair of shears and a pot of paste. He read papers from all over the country—big-city dailies, country weeklies—and mined countless little nuggets of wit and wisdom. As Eddie snipped out pieces of poetry to be reprinted, he began to write rhymes of his own and sneak them into the paper as exchange items. Finally he was caught at this, and for one breathless moment, the fate of America's Poet of the People teetered on the brink of oblivion. This was the turning point. After this, Eddie became more daring. He expanded from four-line verses to eight lines, to sixteen. His poetic feet left tracks all over the Detroit *Free Press*—flat tracks, a lot of them, to be sure, but Eddie was feeling his way.

"Groping blindly" describes it better, perhaps—blindly and desperately—for Eddie knew by this time that he didn't want to grow old and die in the newspaper harness.

"I can't say I planned my life this way," Eddie tells me. "A lot of things have happened to me that I didn't foresee and a lot of things have come my way that I don't deserve, but as I look back, one of the turning points of my life was a funeral. It was a simple enough funeral—just the body and the undertaker and I and a bugler. The bugler was there to blow taps over the grave. It was raining, too, I remember, and the man we were burying had been a newspaperman for forty-five years, and nobody came to the

funeral but the undertaker and I, and we buried him in the rain, and then the bugler blew taps, and he was in a hurry because it was raining so hard, and we gave him the five dollars we promised him, and he beat it without even looking back. I said to myself, right there and then, "This won't happen to me, if there is any way I can help it." "

And then I asked him that old bewhiskered question, "To what do you attribute your success?" and he replied, "When I was a child in England, a terrible panic hit everybody, but it knocked us out. I can still see the furniture disappearing, melting away as we sold it for food. Then my father came to this country, looking for work. And he landed in the middle of another panic. Poverty is no fun, and I suppose more than ambition or anything else, the dread of it has kept me trying. That's the secret, I guess. I've always kept trying."

"Don't you believe in luck?"

"The wind usually blows one way or the other," said Eddie, "and if it happens to be blowing your way, that's luck. If it's blowin' against you, you tack. If it stops blowin', you wait until it starts again. But if you aren't out there trying, it won't make any difference which way it blows."

Eddie has been trying for more than forty years, and friends of Eddie who knew him when—Detroit is full of them—say success hasn't changed him a bit. He's still simple and kindly—a small, wiry man who talks with the same drawl and makes the same half-helpless gestures with his hands. Twenty years later, when I met him first, he was still small and slight and dark, and he gave you the impression of being embarrassed to death, unless you looked into his eyes, and then you saw they were keen and twinkling with laughter. I've heard him talk to any number of audiences and he always gives them the impression that they are scaring him stiff.

In his shrewd knowledge of human nature, Eddie is as smart as Will Rogers ever was. To watch him handle an audience is an education in crowd psychology. He tells them a little story that does a lap dissolve into a little "pome" right under their eyes, and before they have finished laughing at the story, they are crying at the verse. They

never hear anything that they haven't known since childhood, but it all sounds new when Eddie tells it. At first they feel terribly sorry for him as he shuffles nervously and explains that he really doesn't know why he's there, and he hopes they don't mind if he tells them a little story, because this happened to him that morning—he's been using that same story for thirty years and it's good for thirty more. They feel sorry for him, and then they laugh at him because now they feel so much superior to him—and then they're hooked.

Eddie doesn't lecture very much any more. The women's clubs finally beat him down. Women like Eddie because he makes them cry. Other lecturers would come and try to make them think, but succeeded only in making them feel uncomfortable. But Eddie would stand up there, a pale poetic figure, with his shock of black hair falling into his eyes, his hands making timid, helpless gestures, and in a sobbing cello voice tell them:

"Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got t' sit an' sigh . . ."

Years of fighting his way home through crowds of adoring women finally convinced Eddie that he'd rather stay at home. But he still does quite a bit of talking in and around Detroit, and if Nellie didn't protect him, he would be out every night and every afternoon and every morning. Churches—any church—boy scouts, girl scouts, hospitals—Eddie will talk to any of them at any time of the day or night and never charge them a cent. Just the week before I visited him he agreed to go over and talk to the colored Y. W. C. A. one night. It wasn't until he got there that he realized a dreadful mistake had been made. The meeting had been scheduled on the same night as the Joe Louis-Nathan Mann fight, and, horror on horror, his talk was scheduled to start at ten o'clock, when the fight started in New York.

"I watched them getting more nervous," said Eddie, "and finally, sure enough, their worst fears were realized. Just two minutes to ten I was called on, and at ten the radio

broadcast was supposed to start from Madison Square Garden. So I got up and said, 'Folks, with the best will in the world, I can't make a fifteen-round talk. Besides, I'm just as anxious to hear about the fight as you are. Suppose we delegate one of our members here to sit by the radio and bring in the results round by round. I'll just go on talking, and you don't have to listen if you don't want to.' So I rambled along and a girl ran in and shouted, 'End of the first round, Joe Louis!' and then I recited the little poem about old-fashioned flowers, 'I love them all, the morning-glories on the wall, the pansies in their patch of shade, the violets stolen from their glade. The bleeding hearts and columbine have long been garden friends of mine, but memory every summer flocks about a clump of hollyhocks,' and the girl runs in and hollers, 'End of the second round, Joe Louis!' So I acknowledged the applause and continued to tell them that 'the bright spots in my life are when the servant quits the place, although that grim disturbance brings a frown to Nellie's face. The week between the old girl's reign and the entry of the new is one that's filled with happiness and comfort through and through. The charm of living's back again, a charm that servants rob—I like the home, I like the meals, when Nellie's on the job,' and just then the girl ran in screaming, 'Joe Louis wins by a knockout!' so I didn't have to talk any more that night."

Millions have read Eddie Guest's verses in books and newspapers, more millions have heard his voice on the radio, and hundreds of thousands have seen him on lecture platforms, but only his intimates have seen Eddie at work and Eddie at play—in short, have seen Eddie at home. For home isn't just something Eddie writes about. He lives in it all day every day, and hardly stirs out of it except to play golf, and then he doesn't need to stir far, because his house is right on the edge of the golf course, thirty minutes from the heart of the city. In fact, he and his neighbors live on lots that were cut out of the original tract. The lots were laid out first and then the course, and Eddie can tee off his back porch and play the twelfth hole. Incidentally, he goes around in

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the low eighties and has shot a seventy-five. Not bad for a poet.

It is a comfortable gracious house with a white column portico and a garden in the back, full of flowers and bird-houses. For the information of housewives who may read this for homely details, there are nine rooms and four baths on the second floor, and on the first floor there are kitchen, dining room, breakfast room, living room, library. The furniture is simple, comfortable and so unobtrusive that if it belongs to any period, style, school or era, it rings no bells in my memory. After two days of lounging, sleeping, eating and sprawling all over the house, I have only a general impression of color and comfort and a lot of outdoors looking in.

In addition to this, I hear a typewriter upstairs. It clicks along for a few minutes and then there is a shuffle of feet on the stair and Eddie comes into the library, looking for Nellie. If she isn't sitting in the corner knitting, he goes around the house looking for her. As soon as he has located her, he seems satisfied, because he goes back upstairs and pecks out two or three more lines of poetry on his battered typewriter. Should Nellie leave the house to shop or visit or go to the hairdresser, Eddie is finished writing for that day. After thirty years, Nellie is still trying to get his hair to lie down, and would like to have him do something about that old velvet jacket he works in. She straightens his little bow tie and takes off his glasses for him when he isn't using them, and tucks them in his pocket, but it's all done so automatically that you know she has done it ten thousand times, and that, though he doesn't notice that she does it, he would miss it if she didn't.

The old velvet house jacket is more than just a working uniform. There's just a slight suspicion of genteel elegance about it which warms Eddie's secret soul—a suggestion of formality which Eddie sternly suppresses in all his other attire. He really likes to wear his tuxedo, but he feels that his public wouldn't understand, so, whenever photographers surprise him in this outfit, he rushes to get an overcoat and puts

it on with the collar turned up as though he had just come in from feeding the stock. It is quite possible that Eddie didn't identify himself as a Poet of the People in the beginning, but willy-nilly he was cast in the role, and now the role and the man are so inextricably commingled that it is impossible even for Eddie to know where one begins and the other ends. He reminds you of Frank Bacon in his last years, when he had played Lightnin' Bill Jones so long that Bacon was Jones and Jones was Bacon.

"Does he do all his work at home?" I asked Nellie, because Eddie doesn't want to talk about his work. Nellie says, "Yes, and he's always running up and down the stairs, and some days it takes him all day to write one poem and other days he can write two, but he never gets very far ahead, and after thirty years he is still fighting the dead line. He started to retire at fifty," says Nellie, who has white hair, but a young face, "and he went right to bed to enjoy ill health. The house was full of doctors and none of them could find anything wrong with him, which made Eddie very angry, because he was sure he was falling all to pieces. Well, this went on for at least a year, and then one day I said, 'Eddie, get up. We can't afford to have you retire.' This seemed like good news to Eddie. He got up out of bed, and he hasn't talked about retiring since. I don't think now he'll ever retire."

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got t' romp an' play, . . .

Eddie can't carry a tune and, stranger than that for a rhymester, Eddie "aint got rhythm." When I sat with him in the broadcasting station in Chicago while Frankie Masters and his band swung "Mama, That Moon is Here Again," every foot in the studio tapped in time—every foot but Eddie's.

Perhaps he is willing to let his young daughter, Janet, take care of that department. She is just sixteen and she fills the Guest house with all the rhythm it could take without fall-

ing apart. Rhythm and boys who come for breakfast and stay for dinner and are finally shooed home. When the boys aren't there, Janet isn't either, for this is a typical American household. She's either at a girl friend's or going to the movies. When Benny Goodman came to Detroit, Janet and her friends took their lunch to the theater, got there for the first show and stayed until the theater closed. They did this every day, until finally they knew all the dialogue of the picture, and the whole theater of youngsters would recite it out loud with the actors. Then Benny Goodman and his band came on, and the kids would truck up and down the aisles and shriek for all the world like a Holy Roller meeting.

I was a guest of the Guests for two days, and I caught one glimpse of Janet. She was having dinner with her gang, after which she was scheduled to leave and spend the night with a girl friend. "Come back for breakfast, dear," said Nellie, but she wasn't back for breakfast, nor luncheon either. When Eddie came down from upstairs, where he had been writing all morning on a poem about home and children, he looked around the table for Janet. "Doesn't she live here any more?" said Eddie plaintively.

The boy, Bud, doesn't live there any more either, but that's only because Eddie built him and his new wife a brand-new house. It's the kind of a house that fathers who didn't have anything when they were young build for their sons. Every day Eddie was over there suggesting new gadgets and getting in the architect's hair. Now that it's finished, Eddie goes over and gloats at least once each day. It has a paneled library nook and a game room with bar downstairs. The garage doors open with an electric eye. The guest room is much too good for any guest—even Eddie. A sweeter, gayer, more complete little chromium-trimmed love-nest you couldn't imagine. But it is all of a piece with the Detroit of today, just as the three-room flat on the second floor of the crossing cop's house where Eddie and Nellie started out was all of a piece with the Detroit of yesterday. The village that was Detroit is a dynamic city now, and Bud is a grown man,

making good on the same paper his father started on, and Janet is a young lady who trucks where Nellie, her mother, waltzed—everything and every place and everybody have changed—except Eddie.

It takes a heap o' something to be a hero to your own children. If Eddie is proud of his son, Bud is twice as proud of his father. Not that he has any illusions about his father's poetry. He calls it verse—Eddie thinks most of it isn't even that. "Rhymes, doggerel, anything you like to call it," says Eddie. "I just take simple everyday things that happen to me and figure that they probably happen to a lot of other people, and I make simple rhymes out of 'em, and people seem to like 'em."

"But my father reads everything," Bud tells me proudly, "and his favorite poets are Walt Whitman and Browning," and he adds, "Can you imagine anything more different than Browning and the stuff my father writes? He reads all the modern poets, too, even though he suspects that they don't read him, except to poke fun at him."

"Does he mind?" I inquire, and Bud says "No. Would you? Of course, I think away back there somewhere, it worried him a little bit, but a lot of those who criticized him then are forgotten now, and those who criticize him now aren't read very much, except by each other—and even they seem to mellow as they grow older and have the same kind of troubles that everybody has and find that they can't wise-crack their way out of them."

"I suppose you know your father pretty well?"

"I play golf with him every day when the weather's good and I play poker with him one night a week. You get to know a man that way. In fact, he won't play golf with any other partner but me. I suspect he's afraid I might beat him some day if I played against him. But there's no doubt about the poker. We have a game here at the house every week—mother and dad, Betty—that's my wife—and I, and Betty's father and mother. The blue chips are three cents, the red chips two, and the white chips, one cent, and dad

always cleans us out regularly. He does pretty well down at the club, too—that's the Detroit Club. Some of the fellows there play a pretty stiff game and occasionally they coax dad into sitting in. He always tells them he doesn't want to, that he doesn't understand what they're doing, and he has such an honest face that they always believe him. They still think he doesn't know what he's doing, that he's just lucky, but he always takes 'em just the same."

"When I was in college," Bud continues, "I didn't have as much fun as I might have had, because I realized if I got into a jam, it wouldn't be me, but 'Eddie Guest's son.' You have no idea the way a lot of people think of dad, as though he was hardly of this world."

I assured him I could believe it, for only that day Charlie Hughes, secretary of the Detroit Athletic Club, who has known Eddie for thirty-six years, told me the story of a member who came in one morning, all excited, and asked, "Is it true that Eddie Guest is getting a divorce?"

Charlie said, "I hadn't heard of it and I can't imagine it."

"I've got to find out right away," said the member, "because my wife heard it on the train yesterday coming from Chicago, and she cried all night."

Charlie Hughes has a lot of stories about Eddie, but I like especially the one he tells about the motor trip Eddie took with Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone. It seems they were riding in a flivver and stopped at a farmhouse upstate for a glass of buttermilk. In the yard the farmer was fighting an old Model T which was tired of it all and wouldn't fight back.

Finally Henry couldn't stand it any longer. He took off his coat and said, "Let me look at it. Maybe I can do something with it."

The farmer didn't think the stranger could, but was willing to let him try. Ford rolled up his sleeves and reached down into the decrepit innards, twisting a muscle here, tying off an artery there. And finally it started to rasp and wheeze, kick off the bedclothes and sit up.

"It'll go now," said Henry, "but when you take it down to the garage, tell them to do such-and-such with it."

The farmer was grateful and wanted to pay. Ford laughed it off and he and his party climbed into their car. The farmer insisted. It would have cost him several dollars to get the car fixed, he argued, and there was no reason why he shouldn't give that money to the stranger.

Finally, to get rid of him, Eddie said, "He doesn't need the money. He has all the money he can possibly use."

"I don't believe it," snorted the farmer cynically. "If that's true, what the hell are you all riding around in that thing for?"

The people who cry when they think of Eddie and Nellie being divorced are the same ones who write indignant letters every week to their local radio stations and protest against the singing of popular songs and the playing of swing music on the same program with their poet-philosopher. If they had their way, it would be all chimes and organ music. How many of them are there?

Last Christmas week an announcement was made to the effect that 100,000 calendars with the picture of Eddie Guest and a facsimile of his signature would be sent to the first 100,000 applicants. Requests poured in by telegraph, special delivery, practically everything but carrier pigeons and dog sleds. When the calendars were exhausted, there were still 250,000 applications, and more were coming by every mail.

How many of them are there?

The Reilly & Lee Co., who publish the Eddie Guest books in stiff board and limp leather, in library editions, pocket editions, and boxed for gifts, tell me that a first printing of an Eddie Guest book of verse is anything from 150,000 down to 100,000. There are twelve titles, and one of them, *A Heap o' Livin'*, has sold more than 1,000,000 copies, and is still selling as strong as ever. I have been able to find only two books that consistently outsell Eddie Guest year after year. One is the *Bible*, the other is *Fannie Farmer's Cook Book*.

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Even the most devout of Eddie's readers would tell you that he combines the best features of each.

How many of them are there? So many who talk so rapturously about him that you grow positively weary trying to add them up.

Here are two real stories out of hundreds that have been told to me. It seems that for years now Eddie has taken the same train out of Detroit every Monday night, occupies the same stateroom, has the same porters, is met at the Twelfth Street station in Chicago by the same redcaps, driven by the same taxi drivers, and his progress from train to hotel, to broadcasting station and back to the train again, is like a triumphal procession. One night there was a new porter on Eddie's car, and Eddie learned that his old porter was ill in a South Side hospital. Now, most men would say, "Isn't that too bad?" and let it go at that. A few might send a note, practically none would send flowers, but Eddie dropped everything and drove out to visit him in the hospital.

The second story has to do with Henry Klein, the hard-boiled radio executive who produces Eddie's weekly program. The Kleins built a little house, and they were so proud of it they insisted that Eddie come out and see it. Which he did.

"Where's your garden?" inquired Eddie, and Klein said, "We've done pretty well to get a house. A garden can jolly well wait."

Eddie said he didn't think a house without a garden could possibly amount to much, and went away talking to himself.

"The next day my wife called up," said Klein, telling me the story. "She was having hysterics. 'The WPA is out here,' she said. 'There are trucks full of trees all over the place and they're tearing up the whole yard.'"

"I calmed her down by telling her I'd look into it, and then I promptly forgot it. But that night when I got home I passed right by the house without recognizing it. The yard was full of tall trees and flowering shrubs and flower beds in bloom. There was an old turf lawn and roses round the door. It wasn't the WPA; it was just Eddie Guest."

Now, most of Eddie's readers know nothing of rhyme and

less of meter, they wouldn't know a pentameter from a speedometer, but Eddie's verse suits them right down to the ground and deep into their very roots. And it is true that many of Eddie's poetic feet have flat arches, and his muse sings less like a heavenly being than the girl next door, and it is true that you could fill Soldier Field tomorrow with contemporary poets and rhymesters and versifiers of all kinds, any and all of whom can write rings around Eddie Guest, but the public, the dear, queer, busy, dizzy, sad, glad public, wouldn't swap one Eddie Guest "pome" for the whole kaboodle.

Why?

Perhaps it is because the bright lads and lassies are so proud of being bright that they can't believe that other people on the road wish they would learn to dim their lights. You can be mighty bright and still not know that you can't put your heart in your work and your tongue in your cheek at the same time. Eddie's heart is in his songs. Small wonder then that his songs go straight to the heart.

*Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin's
sun;
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up t'
dome:
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.*

MR. HEARST STEPS DOWN

By FORREST DAVIS

FOR many years a cliché has summed up the worldly goods of William Randolph Hearst. It describes Mr. Hearst's stake in the country's journalism, acreage, mineral wealth and real estate as an empire. To no other aggregation of wealth has that stereotype fitted so precisely. But Mr. Hearst no longer sits the throne he solely, absolutely, occupied for fifty years. Having no stomach for breaking up his empire, he abdicated in October, 1937; the news, however, remaining a secret until last March.

Mr. Hearst is seventy-five. When, last spring, the "Yellow Kid" of his own youth and the New York newspaper wars of a lost generation reached that patriarchal dignity, a regency ruled the Hearst layout of presses, wires, franchises, palaces, mines, skyscrapers and ranches. A regency obliged to lay up cash against a certain, if undisclosed, date; and likewise forced to curtail the style of living to which Mr. Hearst had accustomed himself.

From these preoccupations Mr. Hearst was able, by virtue of the abdication, to hold himself aloof when, on the night of May first, hale, erect and puckishly affable, he received the birthday homage of Hollywood. Mr. Hearst held court in setting and circumstances which the enthusiastic Hearst press accounted regal. Miss Marion Davies, the screen actress, gave the party, an early-American costume ball which attracted 300 guests from amongst the film colony's crowned heads and attendant nobility. The concourse nearly filled Miss Davies' Santa Monica beach cottage, a white-pillared manse, huge as a railway terminal, that confronts the Pacific at

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that point. Thirty-four years before this night, Mr. Hearst had been urgently seeking, amidst red fire, brass bands and cheering crowds, the Democratic nomination for President. On this occasion, dressed in buff and blue to represent James Madison, he labored to slice a vast white birthday confection while two orchestras boomed "Happy Birthday to You." Heavy with years, but lightened of responsibility and as young in his extraordinary heart as any of the Hollywood lovelies surrounding him, Mr. Hearst entered his seventy-sixth year and the twilight of his power.

At that moment his regents, across the continent in New York, were seeking ways to liquidate parts of the empire against the day when death and death duties would deal it a double blow; a day which everyone, even the reluctant ex-emperor himself, now realized would not be indefinitely deferred.

The empire admittedly was illiquid.

In the post-Civil War panic year, 1873, the ten-year-old Hearst—known to his worshiping mother as Willie, hailed by the bearded mine promoter, George Hearst, his father, as Buster Billy—was launched on the most sensational and protracted spending spree of his time. A career during which, at a plausible estimate, a hundred million dollars went for the gratification of one individual's personal, or domestic, desires.

In that year, Hearst made the first of a hundred raids on the antiquities of Europe. Racked by whooping cough, he was hurried around the Grand Tour by his mother. In course, he coveted Windsor Castle, bribed the guard to waive a rule against children in a Vienna museum, haunted art shops in Paris and would, if permitted, have cleaned Switzerland out of watches, clocks and wood carvings. Mrs. Hearst noted delightedly that Willie bore the stigmata of a collector. The boy thus was father to the man.

Throughout adulthood, Hearst has fulfilled that promise. Year in, year out, he bought, bought, bought—whatever touched his fancy; and mostly at the seller's price. He bought as if driven by hidden springs of self-justification. He pur-

chased newspapers, Egyptian mummies, Elizabethan caudle cups, radio stations, fifteenth-century choir stalls, Gothic hearths, California mountain ranges, Mexican horsehair bridles, hundreds of Madonnas. He picked up a Spanish abbey, had it knocked down, crated, shipped to New York and never has seen it since. He acquired New York hotels and apartment houses, thirteenth-century stained glass, periodicals, majolica, Etruscan plates, herds of yaks from Tibet and Australian emus, moving-picture studios, Crusaders' armor, royal tapestries, warehouses in which to stow his portable treasures—and talent. Tangibles and talent, Hearst overwhelmed the market for both.

His zest for disbursement knew few limits. In an unwished-for collaboration with Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*, he purchased the hysteria that provoked the Spanish-American War. In effect, he bought himself a war. As a memento of that acquisition, two mortars from Havana's Morro Castle stand on a terrace fronting La Casa Grande at Mr. Hearst's fabulous San Simeon ranch. The mortars display, scarcely distinguishable now, the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. It is the San Simeon legend that one of these guns fired the first shot in the conflict that slaked the publisher's thirst for martial ardor and circulation and ushered out the nineteenth century, and that its fire, by a unique appositeness, struck a dispatch boat flying the colors of Hearst's *New York Journal*. Bessie, a spotted deer, nuzzles the old pieces in the sunset days of the war maker.

An all but obsessed buyer, Mr. Hearst abruptly ceased buying in the midyear of 1937. Just as suddenly he began to sell; to dispose of the impedimenta, the appanages of empire. One day he supervised the uncrating of two Flemish paintings and a couple of seventeenth-century Dutch cupboards procured in Amsterdam. The next day he was scuttling his favorite newspaper.

Physically, he was fit. He carried his tall, sloping, roundly paunched frame erectly; his long, rather equine face was scarcely wrinkled. He still rode, swam, played a cautious game of tennis. Always a despot, however mild-mannered,

he still kept a sharp eye on the one-man show which was the Hearst enterprises.

Although seventy-four at this time, Hearst evinced no lack of capacity to deal with his shares in the Homestake, largest gold producer in the United States; in the Peruvian Cerro de Pasco copper mines; in his 900,000-acre Babicora cattle ranch in Chihuahua, the oil, hardwood and chicle tracts elsewhere in Mexico and the 50,000-acre virgin-timber holdings at Wyntoon, in Northern California. These he had inherited. To these holdings, his unrelenting acquisitiveness had added twenty-eight—now twenty-three—daily newspapers, fourteen magazines here and in England, eight radio stations, wire and feature services, a Hollywood producing unit, a newsreel, New York real estate assessed at \$38,000,000, fruit ranches, a canning factory, a castle in Wales, St. Donat's; the incredible San Simeon, a feudal estate at Wyntoon and one of the world's greatest collections of *objets d'art*, predominantly medieval, gathered largely from the Romance countries at a toll of \$40,000,000. A heterogeneous assortment—Hearst's taste in dead arts and crafts being the most catholic of any collector in history—nonchalantly absorbed, as an admiring subordinate explained, in "moments of recreation."

The about-face from buying to selling could not be understood on the basis of internal change. Hearst was the same. The answer was to be found in external pressure.

A year before, Mr. Hearst passed general muster as one of the wealthiest men of the day. The late Fremont Older, a famous Hearst editor, boasted in the preface to a warm-hearted, official biography written by Mrs. Older and published in 1936, that his employer had created the "second largest personal fortune in the world." In 1935, the magazine *Fortune* surveyed the Hearst holdings and estimated his gross worth at \$220,000,000; his net at \$140,000,000. He had survived the worst of the depression, meeting all interest and dividend maturities, by economies that included wage cuts as deep as 40 per cent, sparing, incidentally, his own salary from the principal newspaper-operating company, which, at \$500,000, is the largest yearly stipend reported to the Government.

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The empire's façade was unbroken in the early part of 1937. But within, a conflict went on; a crisis growing out of a contradiction between Mr. Hearst's desire to perpetuate the empire and his unwillingness to part with anything once owned. On one side stood Mr. Hearst, with his constitutional aversion to selling; on the other, New York and San Francisco bankers, lawyers and subordinates demanding retrenchment in order that the empire might be organized for survival after his death. They urged a retreat from potential deficit to profit by chopping off deadwood which Mr. Hearst had refused to part with. Mr. Hearst's silken arbitrariness never before had been seriously challenged. But the upshot was an attempt to borrow \$35,500,000 in working capital for the transition. The public, still thinking of Mr. Hearst as a remotely carefree Croesus, obtained its first insight into the new development when, in March, 1937, two Hearst corporations sought to register with the Securities and Exchange Commission a proposed issue of \$35,500,000 in debentures. In preparation for the issues, the corporate structure had been shuffled.

Three months later, without notice, Hearst startled newspaperdom by extinguishing the New York *American*. For years, the *American* had been bellwether of the Hearst flock. The publisher had poured millions into its till—a round million the year before the demise. The *American's* disappearance affected 2700 employees and left Hearst with only two New York daily newspapers, the afternoon *Journal*, diminished from its heyday; and the tabloid *Mirror*. He attached the *Sunday American* to the *Journal*. In justification, the publisher pleaded that "as head of a big business enterprise," he could not afford "any sort of sentimentality."

His words surprised as much as his act. Win or lose, he never before, with one minor exception in Fort Worth, Texas, had lowered the standard from a Hearst masthead. Nor had he ever characterized his publishing enterprises as "big business."

Hearst grimly pursued this course through the summer of 1937. He dropped the Rochester *Journal*, in an exchange

with Frank Gannett, chain publisher, which gave Hearst a monopoly in the Albany morning field. He suppressed the Omaha *Bee-News*, leased the Washington *Times* to Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, who already was independently operating his Washington *Herald*. The Universal Service for morning newspapers he telescoped into the International News Service, serving afternoon clients.

These minor amputations reduced outgo. They did not supply fresh money. In September, Hearst withdrew his statements from the SEC, giving up the effort to vend the debentures. He held an adverse market for new securities responsible. In October, he abdicated. In November, he began to trade his art assets for cash, placing 183 pieces of old English silver on the block in London. The lot brought \$110,000, considerably less than half what he had paid.

He is said to have wished to make his abdication public at once, but the news was withheld until March twentieth. The announcement said he was retiring to liquefy his estate in order to prolong its life after his own death. Were he to die without large cash reserves, his holdings very likely would be subject to forcible liquidation to satisfy inheritance taxes. Parenthetically, Hearst failed to provide for his heirs out of the visible estate before 1932, when the Government began interposing gift duties against the tax-free dispersal of big fortunes. At that time, he resented acutely any reminder of approaching dissolution. More recently, in particular since the death of Arthur Brisbane, in December, 1936, he has grown reconciled to his own participation in the common end.

The announcement told only part of the tale. It failed to explain why the reassortment of his assets required their transfer from the man who had gathered most of them: a Hearst still in full possession of his faculties. The guess is that the bankers and tougher-minded subordinates deemed it essential to bring Hearst's affairs forward from the sixteenth century, where he dwells aesthetically and materially, into the harsh reality of twentieth-century capitalistic practice; and in that job they considered that Mr. Hearst would

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be more hindrance than help—his capacities not being regarded, either by himself or others, as best suited to a program of contraction.

Reserving editorial policy, Hearst ceded all else to a trustee and a committee, or cabinet. The trustee is Clarence John Shearn, a former justice of the New York Supreme Court and for many years a Hearst lawyer. To Shearn, Hearst deeded a ten-year voting trust covering his common stock in his top holding company, American Newspapers, Inc. Since Shearn is sixty-nine, Hearst manifested a generous faith in his longevity. The cabinet includes the directors of American Newspapers, all except W. R. Hearst, Jr., being the heads of varied enterprises. Apart from Hearst, Jr., they are: Thomas Jefferson White, general manager, chairman of the board; H. M. Bittner, newspapers; R. E. Berlin, magazines; Joseph V. Connolly, news and feature agencies and radio; Martin F. Huberth, real estate; and T. E. Hagelberg, accounting—a group of high-salaried youthful executives promptly dubbed the "Young Turks." Only Hearst's son among the regents has a proprietary interest in the empire.

Hearst also reserved such profits as the regency may produce for himself and family. His five sons—George, W. R., Jr., John, David and Randolph—have jobs in the concern at salaries exceptional in the light of their years and experience. One of the youngest, a twin, is city editor of the *Baltimore News-Post*, where he draws, according to current report, \$15,000 a year. The older sons, now in their early thirties, went to work after finishing school at salaries that quickly ran up toward \$50,000 a year. Hearst never has stinted his executives. The Hearst radio corporation is reputed to pay Elliott Roosevelt \$50,000 a year for looking after its barely profitable Southwestern stations. The salary of John Boettiger, the President's son-in-law, as publisher of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, is credibly put at \$37,500.

Judge Shearn and the Young Turks laid the ax first to the art works and realty. The fruits of a half century's collecting were figuratively bundled up and offered to the highest bidder. Stored in warehouses in the Bronx, New York, and in

San Francisco—the Bronx stronghold, a tall building a block square, is guarded as watchfully as the Fort Knox gold hoard—strewn through the Hearst palaces, lying crated in a two-acre cellar at San Simeon, the kit and boodle was placed on the market. Pieces built into San Simeon, such as paneled walls, carved ceilings, tiles, mantels, and so forth, are to be spared.

Two parcels of New York real estate were alienated. The Ritz Tower, a forty-one-story Park Avenue apartment hotel, the pride of Arthur Brisbane, was allowed to lapse to the mortgage bondholders. First and last, including construction charges, the Ritz Tower cost Hearst, and Brisbane, several million dollars. All the New York real estate, centered principally along the Fifty-seventh Street axis, is for sale. Negotiations for sale of radio properties were entered into, and one station, at Santa Monica, already has been disposed of at a satisfactory price, approximately \$450,000. Within a week, the regency realized \$1,500,000 from mortgages obtained on New York City publishing property.

In effect, the regents inserted in the many-issued Hearst press a want ad, reading: FOR SALE, parts of an empire.

Mr. Hearst, in his time, has been many things to many people: to Brisbane he was the "great enlightener"; to the historian Charles A. Beard, an antisocial menace; to conservatives of the prewar, muckraking era, a Socialist, or Anarchist; to present-day radicals, a masked advocate of Fascism. One of the least credible aspects of the man is the protracted span of his public activity. Not one in ten of the youthful guests at his seventy-fifth birthday party, at a venture, could have identified Evangelina Cisneros or Alton B. Parker. Señorita Cisneros, a beautiful and rebellious Cuban maiden, was rescued from a Spanish prison at Hearst's command; Parker defeated Hearst for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1904. Hearst alone remains of all the Spanish-American War figures.

Twice Hearst has been all but submerged by waves of national animosity; first, when, in 1901, he was accused of inciting McKinley's assassination with cartoon and editorial

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abuse of the President; second, when he opposed American entrance into the World War and pursued an anti-Ally course thereafter. Hearst publications suffered boycotts on both occasions. A third boycott came in 1934, after Hearst's flirtation with National Socialism during a visit to Germany, an attachment which did not hamper the sale of International News Service reports to the co-ordinated German press for a published price of \$400,000 a year. Hearst's friendliness to the Nazi regime, followed by syndicate publication of articles by Colonel-General Goering, saddled the Hearst papers with the displeasure of the Communists and other anti-Nazi groups.

The exact niche which Hearst's politico journalistic reputation finally will fill is a matter of opinion. His spending is not. This magnificated Death Valley Scotty opened his purse, until he was sixty, primarily to extend his journalistic and political power.

He plunged \$7,500,000, supplied by his mother from the sale of her seven-sixteenths interest in Anaconda to the Rothschilds, into his overawing invasion of New York City. He spent \$500,000 in the *New York Journal's* provocative covering of the prelude to the war with Spain, and the war itself. At one time the *Journal* had seven sea-going craft in Cuban waters. He ran twice for mayor of New York, once for governor, once for a presidential nomination. Twice, he was elected to Congress.

These campaigns taxed even his resources; the presidential effort alone setting him back a sum placed at \$1,400,000. In the promotion of his publishing interests and political ambition, money, almost literally, was no object. Until the end of the World War, Hearst prevailingly laid out his funds on purposes wider than his domestic tastes.

Ironically, though a majority of Americans since have come around to his way of thinking about the World War and the folly of our having entered it, the end of that war found the publisher suffering from a public disesteem which would have crushed a weaker spirit. This public judgment

may have had something to do with turning his spending into new channels. Now he launched himself into a second, a grand ducal, phase, wherein he spent chiefly for the trappings of personal grandeur. If, in his first phase, he sought to woo the suffrage of his fellows, in his second he appeared to desire their bedazzlement.

There is more of the Native Son about Hearst than his wide-brimmed hats. Hearst's behavior doubtless owes much to his origins in the anarchic, gold-fevered California of the 60's and 70's. He was born within earshot of the brokers' offices in Montgomery Street, San Francisco, wherein shares of the Mother and Comstock lodes raucously were traded. His father, an Argonaut from a Missouri farm, was temporarily on his uppers. Later, through participation in the Comstock riches, in Anaconda and Homestake, George Hearst became a nob, moved on the hill, and financed the Democratic state organization, receiving in return first, appointment, then election as United States senator.

The town in which young Hearst grew up was violent and subject to mass hysterias. Individualism ran riot and a man's whim was paramount until it encountered a stronger will. The men who counted were the Bonanza Kings; and George Hearst was one of these. The booted, bearded, frock-coated George Hearst, tossing golden eagles in the What Cheer House bar to broken comrades of the gold camps, and gambling in Montgomery Street on the turn of a prospector's pickax, never learned the coldly statistical ways of business enterprise any more than he understood the pretty formalities of the women on Nob Hill. The senator never would buy a full-dress suit. He respected hard money, never quite trusted paper tokens in enterprises not under his own thumb, and liked to draw his earnings out of a business whenever he chose.

In his attitudes toward money and the conventional niceties Hearst resembles his father.

The East, where he was sent to school, proved uncongenial. The California colt was ostentatiously rich, and New Eng-

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land impressed him as provincial and thin blooded. A bit of impudence brought expulsion from Harvard in his senior year, a deprivation which he took lightly. In spirit, Hearst already was a newspaperman. While at St. Paul's School, where he passed a year, he had subscribed for and studied the *London Times*. At Harvard, he managed the *Lampoon*, humorous publication, into a novel prosperity; but he spent more time over the *New York World* than his books.

Upon being expelled, he worked briefly in New York on the *World*. All this time he had his eye on the San Francisco *Examiner*, maintained by Senator Hearst as a political asset. Hearst induced his father to give him the *Examiner*.

This was in 1887. Hearst burst upon an unprepared San Francisco like a comet. The Western papers lacked the steam and ginger of Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett, a shortcoming which Hearst soon remedied. Copying Pulitzer's sensational news treatment, enterprise, human interest and political crusading, Hearst speedily topped his master. He developed the Hearst type of journalism, aimed not at the reader's intelligence but at his nerves; the "Oh, my God" school of newspapering. He and his editors hammered tellingly on the cupidity, envy, lubricity, fears and prejudices of the masses. It paid, and eight years later, Senator Hearst having died and Mrs. Hearst agreeing to a \$7,500,000 touch, Hearst moved into New York to challenge Pulitzer on the home grounds.

Swiftly, his *Journal* surpassed the *World* in circulation. Where Pulitzer shouted, Hearst screamed. From 1895 to 1920, Hearst beat the drum for the people versus the "criminal corporations." He muckraked. He assigned Ella Reeve Bloor, the "Mother" Bloor of present-day Communism, to match Upton Sinclair's exposure of the packing houses. He advocated the eight-hour day, direct election of United States senators, woman suffrage, postal-savings banks, the initiative, referendum and recall; and declaimed as loudly for a Federal income tax as he later advocated its repeal in favor of an all-embracing sales tax. He sought to espouse the somewhat skittish labor movement. The public utilities furnished him

a continual target and he whooped it up for municipal ownership.

While never cordially received in the house of reform, Hearst convinced conservatives of his sincerity; arousing a whole-hearted fear and disdain that his subsequent policies have not altogether allayed.

All these years, money poured like water from the Hearst coffers; and, confounding predictions, poured back in a greater tide. The Hearst press, in New York, Chicago, Boston and on the Pacific Coast, ran up crushing circulations, earned great sums that even Hearst's apparent profligacy could not consume. In this period, the publisher founded more newspapers than he bought. His purpose seemed to be the forging of a coast-to-coast chain, magnifying his voice and enlarging his political prestige. In the process, he became, among other things, a business-success story. But a greater era of profit and acquisition lay ahead.

Hearst's deviation from reform and personal politics—he had one relapse, when Al Smith thwarted his bid for a United States senatorship from New York—followed the death of his mother, coincided with his absorption in the movies. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who never withheld anything from her only son, came to the end of a philanthropic life in 1919.

During the war, Hearst dabbled with Pathé Frères, in the filming of serials of the Pearl White-Perils of Pauline type. Afterward he turned to making feature-length pictures in a New York studio, at first, thereafter in Hollywood. Among the girls who found parts in Hearst pictures was Marion Davies, born Douras, a beautiful blonde from the Ziegfeld Follies choruses with wide-set, grave eyes. Hearst starred her in a succession of films, the most prosperous being *Little Old New York*. By and large, he is supposed to have dropped \$7,000,000 in picture making.

In his grand-ducal phase, Hearst splurged increasingly on newspapers and magazines. Now he bought and consolidated to stamp out competition, for purely pecuniary reasons. He purchased so many, indeed, that a report spread

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that his ambition was to own an even hundred powerful newspapers in all the key cities. The trade paper, *Editor and Publisher*, put the rumor up to him. Smilingly, he disavowed any such intentions. He had, he confided in his soft, high-pitched voice, no desire to gobble the nation's press.

Throughout the 1920's, Hearst's income soared. The unrestricted owner of his enterprises, he tapped the till whenever he liked. Between trains, he might scoop out all of a publisher's cash reserves. Estimates never contradicted put his personal take at ten millions a year but he didn't take it yearly. More often than not, he lifted his share weekly. The corporate structure in those days was uncomplex. What was his was, in truth, his own.

A dozen stories have been kicking around the newspaper rows of Hearst cities for years, bearing on his methods of paying himself off. They add up to a reminiscence of George Hearst's taking ways with the money of his properties. The *New York Journal*, for example, was then returning as much as \$2,000,000 a year. Each week, the *Journal's* publisher transmitted \$25,000 to "the Chief," wherever he might be. Other properties yielded proportionate weekly tribute, the losers, of course, drawing back from him. Hearst probably, in those days, had more ready cash than any other American except Henry Ford.

The principal point to bear in mind about Hearst is that he is pre-capitalistic; as pre-capitalistic as Senator Hearst, or, in reality, as a maharajah, a Florentine grand duke or his lifelong idol, Charlemagne. A medievalist aesthetically—Hearst is indifferent to modern art, any art dated since the seventeenth century—his own economy stems from the ages of landlordism.

In spite of his vast holdings and enormous income, Hearst was never rich in the sense of a Rockefeller, a Mellon or a Ford. To him, income was spending money—as it was to any feudal baron—and not potential capital. He never saved a nickel in the capitalistic meaning. Had he complied with the thoughtful ordinances of capitalism, Hearst today

might be as opulent as Ford; he having started with millions while Henry was still tinkering with bicycles.

The outward symbol of the grand-ducal phase is San Simeon, a tremendous and palatial estate which bestrides the Santa Lucia mountains along a fifty-mile sea front midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles. In his earlier manifestation, Hearst lived no more conspicuously than a hundred other men of his own, or smaller, means. His dwellings were two, a triplex apartment on New York's Riverside Drive; a moderate estate at Sands Point, Long Island, formerly the property of August Belmont. He and Mrs. Millicent Willson Hearst, the mother of his sons, have been living apart since the mid 20's and Mrs. Hearst occupies the New York and Long Island places. Although he began to collect on a generous scale in 1891, San Simeon stimulated his appetite for old objects, old fabrics.

Hearst, as a youth, liked the spot, when it was a cattle ranch of a mere 45,000 acres belonging to his father. Later he camped and hunted there. He thinks of the ranch as an extension of the old campgrounds, an illusion that accounts for the informality which guests find difficult to square with its splendor. How much San Simeon owes to political disappointment, how much to chagrin over wartime ostracism, how much to the rejuvenating influence of Hollywood cannot, of course, be apportioned by anyone but the aging publisher himself, if even he could sort out the impulses.

Hearst was nearly sixty, an age when men seldom undertake monumental tasks, when he outlined the exorbitant establishment. He added 225,000 acres to the domain and began blasting out the mountainside for roads, foundations, gardens, and so forth, in 1922. Into San Simeon he has poured the revenues of a kingdom and it still is unfinished. Mrs. Older reported, in 1936, that he had spent twice his legacy from his mother on the place, fixing that inheritance at \$18,000,000. By that reckoning, San Simeon had cost him \$36,000,000 in 1936. She did not specify whether that sum included the \$15,000,000 in antiques of all descriptions which furnish and clutter San Simeon.

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Whatever the precise cost, it is doubtful if any private residential work ever has represented such an outlay. A search for precedents reaches back to Frederick the Great's Sans Souci, which San Simeon eclipses; even further, to Louis XIV's Versailles. The latter comparison is not far-fetched. No country house on this continent, not excluding the late George Vanderbilt's massive Biltmore, in North Carolina, is more than a patch on San Simeon. When Hearst found picture making in Southern California congenial, certain associates feared he had gone Hollywood. The shoe may be on the other foot; it might be nearer the mark to say that Hollywood has gone Hearst. Competent visitors report that the dizziest lath-and-plaster supercolossal imaginings of film directors fall short of the rococo fulgor of San Simeon.

A typical great country house has one large mansion. San Simeon includes four palaces, three of them for guests, who, appropriately, come in the largest proportion from the movie colony down the coast. Few country places, even among the Rockefellers, Vanderbilts and Du Ponts, boast carillons with an attendant bell ringer; fewer yet have a private zoo, in which seventy species of grazing animals, thirty of carnivora, require the full-time services of four feeders.

Hundreds of country houses have swimming pools. Hollywood's pools multitudinously reflect the sky. The late Col. H. H. Rogers created a flurry in the press when he sank \$250,000 in a pool at Southampton. San Simeon has two, an outdoor, salt-water basin of Carrara marble that resembles a lake on which canoes might sail; an indoor pool lined with tile of antique lapis lazuli and gold, baked into glass. The indoor diving platform is a fifteenth-century Italian marble balcony suggesting *Romeo and Juliet*. This pool and house cost a million dollars. At San Simeon is an armorer, charged with care of the mail and plate. A mile-long pergola, alongside which grows every fruit and flower known to that part of California, follows a ridge of the Santa Lucias. Hearst's guests may arrive and depart in one of two San Simeon planes, alighting on a standard air field. Or they may elect to come by train. Mr. Hearst has a private railroad and

three-car train, made up of locomotive, diner and two sleepers.

The main house, Casa Grande, rises from the mountain-side above the others, its ivory masses culminating in twin bell towers. Its architecture is Spanish Renaissance, one guest house is Moorish, another early Spanish, the third Italian. Guests tread on tile from Pompeii, see the California sunshine filtered through flawless stained glass from a neglected monastery, warm themselves before a Gothic fireplace, old when Western Europe was young. In his celestial suite, underneath the towers, Hearst sleeps in a bed once occupied, fitfully, no doubt, by Richelieu.

Everywhere the visitor encounters Madonnas—in tapestry, in oil, pottery, needlework, terra cotta, marble, glass.

The antiques do not stop at the palace walls. The gardens are crowded with rich marbles and bronzes. Stone had to be scooped out of the mountainside, four feet of topsoil brought in, to make the gardens. Hearst uses gardens and greenhouses to create mass effects with blooms, as on the Easter Sunday morning when week enders found a profusion of lilies where none had been the night before.

The guests at San Simeon are required to abide by certain house rules. They must not drink in their suites, they are expected in the great hall at La Casa Grande before 7:30 each evening, and, after dinner, they must not miss the pictures in the estate theater. Hearst holds court at 7:30. He appears in the great hall promptly, stepping from an elevator through a door that seems part of the paneling. Gentle, soft-spoken, a little withdrawn, the master of San Simeon gives audience to all who approach and then leads the way into a vaulted dining hall, its ancient refectory tables laden with bottles and jars of condiments and jellies.

Ordinarily, the table is set with blue willow china in contrast to the service at St. Donat's, where company brings out a quarter of a million dollars in old silver. No one dresses for dinner at San Simeon, an exception having been made when ex-President and Mrs. Coolidge dined there. Idiosyncratically, Hearst supplies his guests with paper napkins as

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seven centuries look down from tapestry and carving. Excellent wines go around, although the host does not drink, or, for that matter, smoke.

San Simeon has been the No. 1 drain levied by Hearst on the empire, although Wyntoon, the 50,000-acre retreat at the foot of Mt. Shasta, has taken its toll, and St. Donat's was modernized at an estimated cost of a million. At times, the publisher has sought to justify these princely dwellings on the ground of publicity and good will. San Simeon has attracted many influential guests, including Herbert Hoover, Thomas W. Lamont and Father Coughlin, and it is to be presumed that all these must have associated the grandeur of the demesne with some striking potencies on the part of the host. When he sought money in 1937, one of the remoter reasons for borrowing had to do with St. Donat's. Hearst then asserted that he maintained St. Donat's for the purpose of enhancing his prestige with English advertisers. He paid \$120,000 for St. Donat's, sight unseen, chiseled bathrooms out of its eleventh-century stone walls, transformed the moat into a croquet green and probably has not occupied it for a longer aggregate than two months. Title to St. Donat's rests in National Magazines, Ltd., which owns Hearst's British publications, *Nash's*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and the *Connoisseur*. Title to San Simeon, as well as to the art collections, is not in Hearst's name. By corporate fictions, the Piedmont Land and Cattle Company owns the ranch, the International Studio Art Company, the collections.

The country places do not exhaust Hearst dwellings. He keeps a floor in the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, an apartment in one of his New York hotels, The Warwick. The only luxuries incident to great wealth that he does not support are a racing stable and an ocean-going yacht. He does have a seldom-used private railway car. Usually he travels en suite, surrounded by members of the family and business subordinates. Once he invited all the week-end party at San Simeon to join him at once on a holiday in Europe. Most of them accepted.

The depression, naturally, contracted the empire's income,

but it did not, for a long time, curb the Hearst scale of living and buying. In his expansion during the '20's, Hearst habitually overpaid for properties, some of which never became earners. With few exceptions the properties that have yielded most were those he either founded or acquired for their debts. Never a haggler if he wanted a property or an object, he often paid the asking price. In one instance he bought a paper that had been in the red since its first day, paying the owners a sum that reimbursed them for original costs and deficits and added a healthy profit as well. He shocked a group of owners by giving them \$900,000 for a property that had cost them \$86,000.

The \$38,000,000 of New York real estate, much of it held speculatively, became an acute problem as the depression deepened. Federal tax laws, which, since 1935, have prohibited debiting losses of one corporation against the profits of another, did not help. The anti-Nazi boycott may have hurt, but more important was another situation which deserves its own paragraph.

The time was when Hearst dominated the mass-circulation field in New York as had Pulitzer before him, James Gordon Bennett before Pulitzer. He likewise held a commanding position in Chicago. But, gradually, Hearst lost his pre-eminence in the two largest cities. In New York, the tabloid *Daily News* blankets the Hearst press, selling a million more copies daily than the *Mirror*, 400,000 in excess of both *Mirror* and *Journal*. The *Chicago Tribune*, with the second largest newspaper circulation in the country, dwarfs Hearst's *Herald and Examiner*; selling substantially more papers daily than both that and Hearst's *Chicago American*.

Only in his native California does the Hearst of the latter phase enjoy a newspaper ascendancy, and the \$5,000,000 yearly his San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles properties formerly netted him has been almost halved.

The first public Hearst borrowing was in 1930. Establishing Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc., as an operating unit for the most profitable newspapers, he issued \$100,000,000 in 7 per cent cumulative preferred stock of twenty-five

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dollars par value; sold part of it through half a dozen investment affiliates and bond houses, including the National City Company, the now defunct S. W. Straus and Company, and affiliates of the Continental-Illinois, in Chicago, the Giannini, Crocker and Fleishhacker banks in San Francisco. The rest was sold direct to the public through advertising in his newspapers, by door-to-door salesman and to his employees at a discount of one dollar a share.

"Mr. Hearst invites you to participate," said one newspaper ad, "because he is firmly convinced that there is a definite and valuable asset in the widespread financial and zealous interest on the part of his officers, employees and the public."

Between 1930 and 1936, more than \$48,000,000 was realized from this issue, which, for the first time, defaulted a quarterly dividend last May thirty-first. The stock never was listed and thus has no ready public market. Salesmen for other stocks recently have offered to take it in exchange at eight dollars a share.

The Hearst corporate edifice has grown increasingly complex since the public was invited in. Frequent reorganizations and shifts of assets make it more baffling to the lay inquirer. Treasury Department experts testified in July, 1937, before the Joint Congressional Committee on Tax Avoidance and Evasion that "the Hearst hierarchy of corporate structure" had saved him \$5,111,000 for 1934 and 1935. New tax provisions were effective after 1935.

A study of Hearst balance sheets further is rendered confusing by intercompany transactions, certain ones running into huge sums; and a joint audit of all the corporations probably would be required to compose a clear picture of any one of them. In 1937, when two of the units sought permission to borrow the \$35,500,000, insight was had into their affairs. Hearst Magazines, Inc., asked \$13,000,000 of that borrowing, Hearst Publications, Inc., \$22,500,000. Hearst Publications, reorganized in 1936 as an operating company, was prepared for the occasion by the addition of four highly prosperous assets: the *American Weekly*, a Sunday newspaper

supplement sold to Hearst and non-Hearst clients alike since last January and which has a distribution in excess of 6,000,000; the *Chicago American*, *Detroit Times* and *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*. These properties earned nearly \$4,000,000 in 1937.

They were transferred from Hearst Consolidated to Hearst Publications for \$38,000,000 in common stock of the latter corporation. Hearst Consolidated's principal properties are the *New York Journal*, the California newspapers, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, *Baltimore News-Post*, *Atlanta Georgian*, and *San Antonio Light*.

The SEC statement filed by Hearst Magazines, Inc., showed current liabilities of nearly \$8,000,000.

While the Hearst statements were before the SEC they ran a gantlet from critics hostile to the publisher. Unsolicited, three groups submitted memoranda protesting the sale of more Hearst securities. They were the Labor Research Association, the Consumers Union and the American League Against War and Fascism, a labor-liberal-Communist group now renamed the American League for Peace and Democracy.

The details of the empire's banking relationships are not publicly available. Liquidation, as this is written, has yielded less than a million dollars—the proceeds from the Santa Monica radio station sale plus approximately half a million dollars for art objects. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., relieved the regents of \$100,000 worth of Elizabethan beds, Queen Anne and Charles II silver for the embellishment of the governor's palace in reconstructed Williamsburg, Virginia.

A five-story building in art-gallery row, East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, stood vacant during the summer, its windows mysteriously daubed with a soapy gray substance. In the fall, the building will be a showcase for the Hearst collections. Until then sales are being made from photographs in the gallery of Mr. Watson-Parish, next door. Mr. Watson-Parish, vice president of the International Art Studio Corporation, passed the fore part of the summer in England, cataloguing the Hearst antiquities there, arranging for them to go

under the hammer in London. No catalogue of the American treasures has been compiled.

Until the twin actualities of advanced years and death duties grew more imminent as he approached seventy-five, Mr. Hearst cherished the hope that he might transmit the empire to his sons in all its magnificence. The five sons have shown unequal aptitudes for administering so complex an entail, W. R., Jr., being the most apt.

The publisher generally is believed to have private resources, apart from the corporate creatures; at one time these numbered 124, but their value cannot be estimated.

All hands agree that the empire could not withstand, at this stage of transition, the shock of death duties. The regency is a technique to tide the empire over, and its success may depend on the outcome of Mr. Hearst's own private bout with Father Time.

But whatever the fate of the empire as an entity, its acquisition by the most spectacular spender of his time provided a glittering, typically American spectacle, not unlike in dramatic values the gold and silver strikes out of which it originally stemmed.

PRESS LORD

By FORREST DAVIS

THE omens attending the birth of Roy W. Howard bespoke a lifetime of spirited locomotion. Howard arrived in the earliest hours of January 1, 1883, amidst the steel-tired hulloaloo of holiday traffic on the Dayton turnpike at Gano, Ohio. His birthplace was the tollhouse presided over by his Grandmother Wilson.

A cheerful, foretoking commotion surged about the swaddled Roy. Amongst his augurs were the hoots of the up freight on the near-by Big Four, a railway which his father, William, served as brakeman; bellows of merry-makers bound home in buggy, carryall, spring wagon and ahorseback from the gilded dram shops of Cincinnati; the soprano song of watch-night parties. Graveling wheels and clatter at the gate distracted Grandmother Wilson from the big event upstairs.

For fifty-five years Howard has kept faith with his omens. In a gratifying world wherein a humbly born but jaunty and articulate youth may become a rich and famous journalist—playing host to kings, chiding presidents, swapping the time of day with dictators and remotely sacred emperors; ribbing Hollywood sweeties, prime ministers and cauliflowered champs, and, unintentionally, a whole continent with a premature Armistice—Howard has kept in a fairly constant state of rapid transit, by land, by sea and through the air. A self-assured, lightheartedly truculent, uninhibited peripatetic, striving to shrink the earth in the service of his solid mistress, the news, and her unstable sister, opinion.

But, walking with kings, he has not lost the common touch.

[Note: This article appeared March 12, 1938.]

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In December, 1935, Howard toured the Philippines with his friend, Manuel Quezon, the newly inaugurated Commonwealth president. They touched at Zamboanga, a city and military post on the tip of Mindanao celebrated because a seafaring song, "We Won't Put in to Suva Any More," describes it as a place where "the monkeys have no tails." The song, like most of the ribald balladry in English, was known to Howard.

The presidential party, except for Howard, went ashore in state to inspect a new prison. Howard was bent on private exploration. A Sadie Thompson rain drenched the exercises. Quezon returned bedraggled to the cutter and had ordered the gangplank up when a check discovered Howard still ashore. For ten minutes that seemed sixty, the president stood on deck punctiliously responding to salutes from the local notables still wetly lined up on the pier.

Finally, hatless, clad in khaki shorts and a rayon sports shirt, Howard sprinted happily aboard.

"Where," Quezon asked, "have you been?"

"Up at the Plaza, mailing post cards," said Howard. "I found out that 'the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga.'"

When Roy Howard was two years old, a great red-bearded horseman rode across his path. By name E. W. Scripps, the horseman had come to board with a family living only a hundred yards from the tollhouse. A young sport of thirty, vain of his tankage capacity, Scripps soon was courting the daughter of the Cumberland Presbyterian preacher in the neighboring village of West Chester.

The tollgate lay between his boardinghouse and the parsonage, and when Mrs. Wilson or her daughters failed to appear promptly enough to suit Scripps, he backed up and jumped the gate. This highhanded procedure nettled Mrs. Wilson, who was Scottish and emphatic. The family, including Roy, repeatedly overheard her roughburred opinion of Scripps. Nevertheless, the red-bearded horseman married the minister's daughter, who happened to be a school friend of Roy's mother.

Scripps then was editor of the *Cincinnati Post*. The father of chain newspaper ownership in this country, he was to launch forty-four independent, working-class newspapers before he retired, confessing that he infinitely preferred farming to operating newspapers. A reflective, grizzled monolith, he lived for many years, secluded, on a 2000-acre ranch, Miramar, outside San Diego, and died aboard his yacht, *Ohio*, off the coast of Liberia, in 1926. He left an estate estimated at from \$40,000,000 to \$60,000,000.

The brief juxtaposition of Scripps and the infant Howard naturally had no meaning at the time. But thirty-seven years later, in 1922, Howard became the partner of Scripps' son, Robert P., and his name was joined with theirs to signify the far-flung and immensely profitable Scripps-Howard system. At that time the elder Scripps recalled the gate-jumping episodes and attributed at least a part of his interest in Howard to the association of Gano. But Howard meantime had labored for years in the Scripps vineyard with little personal notice from Scripps.

The partnership has flourished for nearly sixteen years. Bob Scripps has retired, like his father, to Miramar, where he broods over his father's underdog social philosophy, takes a hand in major policies, toys with a garage full of foreign motorcars, plays tennis and brings up six offspring, secure against a fretful world with his steadily augmented legacy. Unlike Hearst's publishing enterprises—more extensive, but less profitable—which are held tightly in the Hearst fist, the Scripps-Howard management resembles a constitutional monarchy.

Scripps serves as king; a shadowy sovereign with final power of yea and veto. Roy Howard is the prime minister, ruling boldly, conspicuously, restlessly, but only with Scripps' consent. As prime minister and spark plug, it is part of Howard's job to reconcile the ideology of the founder, formulated in simple turnpike days, with the practical demands of a big business probably worth a great deal more than \$100,000,000. The task is delicate and he has his critics who

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maintain the ideology has given ground before the reality of big-business operation. But on the whole his small feet have minced along a pretty straight tightrope.

The Scripps-Howard assets include twenty-four newspapers in such cities as New York, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Indianapolis, Memphis, Houston, Denver and San Francisco. Likewise, the United Press, a world-wide news service; N. E. A., the world's largest newspaper-feature syndicate; and minor radio, feature and photographic adjuncts—all devoted to the function of supplying and publishing news and entertainment. The newspapers alone own \$28,000,000 in real estate. It is difficult to get at the gross income, the system being broken down into unitary corporations, and closely held, but in one year, 1934, the E. W. Scripps Company reported earnings of \$3,700,000. If, as is supposed, the Scripps family has 40 per cent of the assets, the total income for the enterprises in that year reached something more than \$9,000,000.

As prime minister, it is thus apparent that Howard successfully merchandises news and entertainment. But that role need not detain us. Let us look at Howard, the personal journalist, the incessantly curious, globe-trotting reporter.

A chronic reporter, notebook forever figuratively clutched in hand, pencil poised, Howard has been known to cover from his office window a fire in a neighboring skyscraper's flue.

He still likes to go to fires. But he prefers politics. He grew up in Indiana, where everybody talks politics; and still a Hoosier in taste and locution, Howard continues to talk politics, preferably now with kings and presidents. He ranges the world of high politics around the earth, hot on the trail of what he deems the vital facts, and in late years he has been cabling his findings home for the guidance of his editors, his readers and, he hopes, his country. It is here that we come upon the secret of Howard's exalted status.

In England, the grandson of the tollgate keeper would by now be a press lord—the Baron, perhaps, of Gano—upbraiding, commending, making and unmaking cabinets, and be-

times, in the manner of the late Northcliffe and the contemporaneous Beaverbrook, popping across the Channel, nipping out to "the States," to Africa, India and the dominions beyond the seas, with a sharp eye on imperial matters.

Northcliffe turned what had been a sedentary into a peregrinating occupation. Meeting the Napoleonic Northcliffe early in the World War, Howard became his friend and admirer. Although he adopted and intensified the Northcliffe technique, Howard no doubt would give the Hoosier equivalent of a Bronx cheer to the label "press baron." The fact remains that Howard staked out his genuine claim to a press baronetcy during the World War years, and that Northcliffe served as his glass and mold to a large extent. Howard first dealt himself into the World War with both hands, and then proceeded to make himself a power by doing things exactly as Northcliffe had done them. His big gun was the war-aims interview. Through this device he offered belligerents access to the emotions of the American people in exchange for an insight into the personalities, surroundings and plans of the awesome European leaders. He did some shrewd trading during his World War years abroad. The belligerents used Howard, and Howard used the belligerents. First Winston Churchill, and then Lloyd George, in a personal interview with Howard, grabbed the chance to plead Britain's case before the American public. Von Tirpitz's warning on U-boat frightfulness reached the Allies solely through the United Press. Howard made the United Press important, and importance was what the service needed.

Howard learned his technique well. Today the first American press baron of the Northcliffe type—Howard differs from Hearst in that the older publisher is more interested on his news pages in man's mishaps, such as the abdication of Edward VIII—he plays a very energetic hand in American politics.

Before and behind the scenes, ubiquitous Roy seeks to make and destroy administrations—in Washington, in New York, and in other cities across the length and breadth of the land. He upbraids and commends the mighty in public. In

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private he sits in smoke-filled rooms at the national conventions and jerks his potent wires.

Unlike the elder Scripps, the elder Bennett and the elder Pulitzer, who wouldn't let a politician within range of their olfactory nerves, Roy Howard enjoys association with the breed. To name only two instances: He took a leading part in the Tammany-Wall Street Stop Roosevelt coalition at Chicago in 1932, plugging for the late Newton D. Baker, then chief counsel for Scripps-Howard; and, in 1937, he received a gold medal from the Alumni Association of the *New York Post*, a rival newspaper, for having, assertedly, elected the Anti-Tammany Fusionist Fiorello H. La Guardia mayor in 1933.

Of course no country or continent confines him. Howard is forever darting off to the Orient, to Europe, to South America for a look around. Between 1933 and 1936 he twice encircled the world, the second journey taking eight months. He has a passion for sea and air travel, and for the Far East, where he is said to be the best-known American visitor. He was on the first flight of the Philippine Clipper, the first Pan-American flight to South America and the first flight carrying passengers through the stratosphere across this continent. He goes to sea for the rest denied him on land, in the summertime to escape hay fever, and to get to places where something may be afoot. Scornful of country living, he stays close to the heart of Manhattan when at home.

He has a yacht which he uses as a refuge from the telephone. But recently he was found speculatively studying the advertising matter of a firm selling radio phones for ships. When aboard ship he usually cannot indulge his burning desire to take a decisive hand in everything going on about him. He has never taken up navigation—a circumstance for which liner captains should be thankful. But once, on a voyage to South America, the cruise director became incapacitated. Howard, although recuperating from pneumonia, stepped energetically into the breach, promoting deck tennis, shuffleboard tourneys, leading shore parties and having one of the best times of a generally enjoyable life.

Wherever he goes, his nose for news is ceaselessly atwitch. He at once gravitates to the people who have the political lowdown. With economics he is concerned only in its relation to politics. The other social sciences lie outside his ken.

Howard began his apprenticeship as a press baron in Indianapolis, where his father moved from Gano when Roy was seven. An only child and a yeasty kid, he carried two newspaper routes, arising at three A.M. for the morning stint. He played the cornet in the Indianapolis *News* newsboys' band. Not long ago, at the house of a friend, he picked up a Boy Scout bugle and blew a few sour notes for old times' sake.

At noons on school days he earned his lunch by working behind the school cafeteria counter. He ushered in English's Opera House at fifty cents a night, seeing the road shows besides. Almost wholly unreticent, he disclosed years later to a reigning actress of those days that English's, as did most theaters, had a peephole known and favored by the ushers which gave ocular access to the star's dressing room. Howard also became high-school correspondent of the *News* on space rates, and one week his string ran up to thirty-five dollars. The *News* did its best to repress his acquisitive impulses when it offered him a job, upon his graduation from high school, at eight dollars a week.

Twenty-four years later he bought the *News'* rival, the *Times*—for Scripps-Howard.

Manual training high school concluded Howard's formal education. But the lack of further academic discipline never has bothered him. His job is journalism—the communicating of ideas to the masses—and his command of the language for that purpose is more than adequate. Few newspaper writers have his facility, and his mind plays with ease over the surface of events.

His failure to go on to college may account for a distrust he feels toward intellectual processes. He analyzes by intuition, characteristically "operates on and believes implicitly in hunches." Complaining that he finds no time to read, he absorbs information by a sort of mental osmosis from the world about him. Fairly indifferent to history, he has a

complete storehouse of information about events and developments he has seen, felt and heard about, and, as a first-rate newspaperman, he draws on this stock at will.

Soon after he joined the *News*, his father died of tuberculosis. That morning he reported for work as usual. The city editor saw him banging out a piece on the typewriter with tears running down his cheeks, sent for him, learned of his misfortune and bade him go home. It hadn't occurred to Howard that a death in the family excused one from working for that exigent monster, the press.

His father's death gave rise to a veracious legend which represents Roy as vowing to save \$1000 as fast as possible to guard against a similar eventuality. He is said to have felt that \$1000, to enable his father to go to Colorado, might have spared his life. In youth, Howard had a disposition toward tuberculosis and for years could get no life insurance. His "first grand," as he now recalls it, was piled up out of "simple fear." In any event, he had no need of that spur to frugality. Times were, always had been, fairly hard for Mrs. Elizabeth Howard and her son. Mr. Howard, whose wages seldom exceeded sixty dollars a month, was an Irishman out of County Tyrone, and improvident.

Roy eked out the eight-dollar salary by secretly carrying his morning paper route, and otherwise, and before many months he had the job of sporting editor on the morning *Star* at twenty dollars a week. But the Howard household then and thereafter clung to the Scottish adage, "mony a mickle makes a muckle."

Howard remains close with pocket money and sometimes, against his more generous impulses, with pay roll. His friends, jesting over its manifestations, charitably lay it to his early privation. Even today, when his income runs to a half million a year, he is a string saver, a waste-paper folder. He will walk around the block to dodge a hat-check tip.

Addicted to rationalizing his behavior, Howard scorns the hat-check nuisance as a "public gouge" and reflects that the girl custodians have no pockets in their uniforms. He carefully calculates a precise 10 per cent for the waiter, and for

years after he was a millionaire and the executive head of a thoroughly solvent business, he shared a drawing room and one hotel bedroom with a secretary. His stinginess stops with pocket money. With check money he is liberal, and for some time his living costs have topped \$100,000 a year. Big sums are likely to leave him cold.

Negotiating for a newspaper property in Ohio, the deal came to a halt over a difference of \$10,000. Howard offered \$640,000, the seller demanded \$650,000. Hours of fruitless talk tired him, and he impulsively offered to flip a coin for the odd sum.

The seller, at first shocked by such disrespect for important money, finally agreed. Howard took a quarter from his pocket, gave the seller the call and tossed. The seller, winning, pocketed the coin.

Howard went white with anger.

"Roy," an associate whispered reproachfully, "what's the matter? He won. You can't get sore. It was your suggestion."

"That's all right, but the so-and-so swiped my quarter," Howard blared back.

Howard's wanderlust began when he went to the *Star*, following there his friend and mentor on the *News*, the late Ray Long. He soon traveled to Chicago, where the managing editor of the *Inter-Ocean* bade him go and not come back until such time as he "wouldn't look funny in long pants." He was a skinny youngster, weighing only 102 pounds. He got a job as assistant telegraph editor on the *Pulitzer Post-Dispatch* in St. Louis. His eye on New York, he used a summer vacation in a vain attempt to get on *Pulitzer's World*. Taking a one-dollar-a-day room in a hotel, he kept office hours in the *World's* editorial anteroom for twelve days, unable even to see a third assistant city editor. The hotel was around the corner from the carbarn which later was to house the *New York Telegram*.

Twenty-three years later he bought the *Telegram*, four years thereafter the *World*.

In St. Louis, Howard worked under O. K. Bovard, then

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and now an editor of the *Post-Dispatch*. Bovard was a disciplinarian, and Howard, as chipper as a cock sparrow, was unimpressed by what he considered a certain pomposity in the older man. Bovard denied Howard a \$2.50-a-week raise at about the time that Ray Long, who had become managing editor of the Cincinnati *Post*, offered Roy a job as news editor. When Howard quit, Bovard read him a searing homily on the brashness of youngsters and questioned the judgment of a cub who would leave Pulitzer for Scripps.

Whenever Roy bounces to a new journalistic high in something or other, he can expect deflation via the wires from the saturnine St. Louis editor. The classic of all Bovard wires came when the entire articulate world was taking pot shots at Mr. Howard because he had jumped the gun on the World War Armistice.

Recently, in able Webb Miller's book *I Found No Peace*, Howard undertook to explain the false Armistice bulletin, which had all America dancing prematurely in the streets for one rapturous day.

He indicated that he thought a German spy, doing some wire tapping around the French Foreign Office, was to blame. But the original source of the twenty-word cable Howard sent to the New York offices of the United Press from Brest on November 7, 1918, remains a mystery. All that is known is that Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson received, at his Brest headquarters, a message over his private wire from the American Embassy in Paris on November seventh, saying that the Armistice had been signed at eleven o'clock that morning, that hostilities would end at two o'clock that afternoon. Howard, arriving at Brest to sail for home that morning, called on Rear Admiral Wilson and quickly sent his cable.

Howard always has insisted that he did what any "real newspaperman" would have done under the circumstances. Many newspapermen concur. But at the time Bovard certainly didn't. When it was evident that the announcement was abortive by four days, Howard received the following cable from his old St. Louis boss:

HA-HA. O. K. BOVARD

While talking about the World War days of Howard, it should be remarked that, characteristically, the unintended Armistice hoax glorified Howard instead of ruining him, as might well have been the case—other newspapermen have been ruined by far more trivial, well-intentioned blunders. The public not only forgave Howard. The man in the street, always looking for the off angle and skeptical of official disclaimers, always has been willing to suspect that Howard may have had some kind of mysterious advance information on the most gratifying event of our times.

The Cincinnati *Post* was loaded with incipient talent. Ray Long, O. O. McIntyre, H. T. Webster, and R. M. Brinkerhoff functioned there. Howard's friendship for Long, who made a career as a magazine editor, remained steadfast until Long's suicide three years ago in Hollywood. On the night before that occurrence, Howard was at a party when the recollection inexplicably dawned on him that the next day marked the thirtieth anniversary of his meeting with Long. He left the party and, going home, dictated to Long a telegram full of friendly reminiscence. Moved by an unaccountable impulse, he put off sending it until the morning. At six A.M., a telephone call informed him that Long's body had been found. Long's death damped Howard's high spirits and he went out alone for three days on his yacht.

The sub-editor's assignments in St. Louis and Cincinnati represented a detour for Howard. He wished to originate, create, develop news, not merely edit it. He was soon rolling again; this time to New York, as correspondent for the Scripps-McRae news service. It was 1906. At the moment, Scripps was preparing to buck the newly organized Associated Press. His Scripps-McRae service in the Midwest co-operated with a Scripps wire on the Pacific Coast and they exchanged news with the Publishers Press on the Atlantic Seaboard. Soon after Howard reached New York, where his pay was thirty-eight dollars a week, Scripps bought the Publishers Press, which had been deserted by all the great New York morning dailies except the *Sun* when the A. P. made an agreement with the official news services of Europe—Reuter's,

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Havas, Wolff, and so on—for their reports in America.

Howard took over the New York news management of the Publishers Press during the interim before Scripps combined the three regional bodies into the United Press Associations. The United Press accelerated Howard's rise. Appointed New York bureau chief, he promptly became general news manager. His incalculable energy made it possible for him to work fifteen hours a day. He sat on the desks in New York, filing news to client newspapers; he assigned reporters, demanding the impossible of an inadequate staff—and getting it. He traveled, organizing bureaus, hiring, transferring and firing; selling the service—a job where he showed his indisputable talent for promotion and salesmanship.

He set up a compact European news service, staffed with eager young American reporters, having advised against an offer by the subsidized European services to transfer their alliance from the A. P. to the U. P. It was hard, exciting, rewarding work. Howard was developing an acquaintance with the people, the geography, the politics, customs, manners and personalities of this country and Europe. And for several years, while general news manager, he reverted to his sporting-desk experience and insisted upon doing the arduous, play-by-play reports of the world series.

All this while he built his fortune. Given a chance to buy stock, he economized and acquired all he could swing. His mother, who had traveled along with him, kept his household modest. She remained with him until 1909, when, in London, he married Miss Margaret Rohe, of New York, a newspaper correspondent and magazine writer. Mrs. Elizabeth Howard then went to live in California, where, after being married to a second railroad man, she died three years ago.

The United Press was a natural. The A. P., being an exclusive membership association, was open to only part of the country's papers. Newcomers could not break through. In those days the A. P. was accused of favoring the morning papers, its chief members being the publishers of morning papers. Scripps' papers all came out in the afternoon and the U. P. served only afternoon papers. The U. P., begin-

ning with twenty-one bureaus and 267 clients, grew from the first month and made a profit from the first day. Today it has 104 bureaus, 1350 clients in forty-four countries.

In on the ground floor, Howard gradually became substantially the second largest shareholder. In 1924, the late, loquacious Clarence W. Barron, Wall Street publisher, jotted down in his diary a purported conversation with Howard wherein he quoted the Scripps-Howard chief as saying that the U. P. was netting almost a million dollars a year on a gross of \$4,500,000. In that year, the A. P. spent almost exactly twice as much for its service alone. Howard recalls no such talk with Barron and treats the diary entry as a gross exaggeration. He doubts that the U. P. ever made \$200,000 a year net up to 1924.

Howard bloomed sartorially as well. His tastes were, and are, unquiet. He favors checks. His shirts run through the spectrum and are often yellow, green or one of the gaudier shades of purple. He carries walking sticks, his folded pince-nez invariably swings across his waistcoat, and to see him stride through a city room on one of his best days is to see an army with banners. A writer once described him as a "hooper grown gray around the temples," but that suggests a decrepitude the reverse of Howard's youthful *élan* and misses the whole dynamic impact of his personality, which is served, not subdued, by his attire. Howard's shirts are custom-made and conspicuously monogrammed, and recently a Howard shirt gave the composing-room foreman on one of the papers a bad half hour. The ample white silk sleeve of his shirt was forever dragging over the greasy type on a form, the foreman, pained by the desecration, repeatedly saying: "Mr. Howard, your sleeve!" The publisher was indifferent to the smudges.

Howard pays up to \$175 for business suits, always double-breasted, up to \$225 for topcoats. He innovated the midnight-blue dinner jacket, which had a certain vogue. His yen for the prismatic he has reputedly carried into night wear also. A secretary, summoned to his home when Howard was indisposed, reports that he found him sitting up gravely in a

beautifully carved Marie Antoinette bed, its canopy a rich satiny merger of yellow and purple. The coverlet carried out the colors, as, alas, did the pajamas. When the secretary beheld this scene he confesses that he involuntarily began to genuflect. Howard strenuously disputes the ex-secretary's memoir, saying that his bed is a monastic box frame, sans head or foot boards and canopy. For years he has slept "raw."

Some men dress noticeably as a means of supplementing inadequate personalities. Not so with Howard. He has no need of props for his self-confidence, nor ever has had. In 1912, when Scripps, having proposed other candidates, got around to considering Howard for the presidency of the U. P., he sent for him to come to Miramar for inspection. They never had met. At Miramar, Scripps lived in the personal informality of a hunting camp, and older executives advised Howard to modify his ensembles for the occasion. He declined, showing up with spats, stick and a shirt that did everything but talk. Neither was fazed by the other, Scripps remarking that "that young man never will get indigestion from licking my boots." Years later, after making him his son's partner, the bear of Miramar wrote what he called a disquisition on Howard.

In it, he recalled their first meeting, saying: "He was a striking individual . . . a large head and speaking countenance, and eyes that appeared to be windows for a rather unusual intellect. His manner was forceful and the reverse of modest. Gall was written all over his face. It was in every tone and every word he voiced. There was ambition, self-respect and forcefulness oozing out of every pore of his body." Humorously, Scripps added that Howard later "learned to affect some degree of deference in speech and manner in my presence."

Howard's reflexes are not conditioned to the ordinary civilities. He is brutally, devastatingly candid, with a gift for spontaneous insult equaled by few men. Likewise, a special Hoosier proficiency in the use of epithet and profanity. His high, arid, twanging voice he employs as a weapon of subjugation. When truly aroused, he stridulates; in a milder

passion his scolding may be likened to the utterances of a highly intelligible Donald Duck. If you can imagine a bull-fiddle bow being rubbed frantically over a file pitched to E sharp, you may arrive at a faint idea of the penetrating tonality of the Howard voice in full cry.

He survives these amazing onslaughts without physical harm, principally because of their magnificence. The associate or employee being scourged comes to listen to the outpourings with a critical ear. Objectively, he notes the beat and surge, the *sostenuto*, the *pianissimo*, the *diminuendo* and, at the end, if an old Scripps-Howard hand, he is likely to be more concerned over the performance than the text. As a rule, the tempest subsides in a burst of good humor. It has been suspected that Howard's rages are a form of self-expression and are so regarded by him.

Candid with others, Howard is no less candid with and about himself. He readily concedes his own mistakes as he forgives the errors of others. Usually fair, often generous, he is a headlong, a dangerous disputant. In a controversy within the organization, he is somewhat hampered, however, for all hands are privy to his trick of pouncing upon his adversary's weakest point, or chance admission, and worrying it to the exclusion of the other elements at stake. He listens, however, with the utmost patience, and once spent many hours with a committee of reporters who, exercising a forthrightness equal to his own, gave him their unvarnished diagnosis of what was wrong not only with their paper and the concern but Roy Howard as well. He demands frankness and allows entire freedom of opinion.

When Howard hired Westbrook Pegler to conduct a day-by-day column of personal reflections, he assured him that he was at liberty to express his own views. Pegler thereupon devoted an early column to an eloquent, if somewhat astonishing, justification for the San Jose lynching, and lynchings in general, as a protest against the slowness, perversity and venality of law enforcement. Howard, opposed as were the papers to lynching, sought to dissuade Pegler, but the columnist stood pat. After a final appeal to Pegler for a renewed

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searching of his conscience and judgment, Howard permitted the column to appear. It provoked a storm through which Howard upheld the right of a free columnist in a free press to have his say, however unpalatable to certain sections of public opinion.

Howard is the actual working editor of the *New York World-Telegram*. He prefers to be known in that role, and in the morgues of other New York newspapers are notes asking that he be described in print as the *World-Telegram's* editor. Heywood Broun, columnist under contract to the *World-Telegram*, also contributes a column to the liberal weekly, the *New Republic*. Howard and Broun have carried on a somewhat acid personal feud for several years, arising mainly out of Broun's militantly left-wing presidency of the American Newspaper Guild, yet his column still appears daily in the *World-Telegram*, although relegated in position and reduced in space.

Recently, Broun wrote a sardonic column in the weekly about Howard. It was calculated, no doubt, to rip Howard's hide off, but, entertained by the piece, Howard ordered it reprinted in the *World-Telegram*. Subordinates, less inspired and more jealous of his dignity, barred republication and he yielded. Situations similar to these are all but inconceivable in any other newspaper organization.

In its formative years, the U. P. was poor. Every dollar had to count; none was for show. Scripps insisted that his properties pay their way plus at least 15 per cent net on the gross—not the capital, which often was insignificant. Salaries were moderate, the Scripps enterprises seldom having erred on the side of profligacy or paternalism. In the absence of high-salary rewards, such as are offered by Hearst, the Scripps enterprises always have encouraged employee purchase out of salary of non-voting stock. The stock often pays good dividends but has no market value, and employees wishing to sell may lose part of their savings. All the U. P. hands worked, principally, for the secondary reward of conscious creation, of building a great news service where none had existed before. There were no paneled offices, no sinecures, no pen-

sioners, and titles meant little. The U. P. was a "first-name" outfit. As president, Howard was "Roy" to the entire personnel above the grade of office boy.

He still insists on that informality. Standoffishness of an employee—he knows a decreasing number year by year—offends him, and he is likely to question the loyalty of a man who insists on calling him "Mr. Howard."

As Howard has grown in prestige and wealth, he has clung to a youthful self-image. He declines to see himself as a rich industrialist. Despite all contrary evidence, he still views himself as a thirty-eight-dollar-a-week reporter, in there daily, pitching hay with the rest of the hands.

In his brilliant, red-lacquered, Chinese suite in the general offices at 230 Park Avenue, Howard demonstrates to doubting visitors that he veritably is a member of the working press. Even when, enthroned before a huge mirror, he buys or sells a newspaper, dispenses with an offending editor or dictates a basic shift in Scripps-Howard policy—always with the sanction of Scripps—he insists that he is only a reporter, to all actual intents and purposes, and his conscience bothers him on mornings when he elects to tarry at home. On those occasions, he invariably telephones an associate and, in the manner of a star reporter begging an indulgence from his city desk, hesitantly suggests that he won't be in until eleven—"if it's okay."

This unrealistic self-portrait complicated Howard's relations with the Newspaper Guild. The thought that hundreds of employees regarded him not as one of themselves but as a rich, powerful, remote magnate listed by James W. Gerard as one of the fifty-nine rulers of America and with boundless control over his environment, stung him to voluble resentment.

Howard personalized the Guild issue. It really got under his skin. Traditionally, the Scripps-owned newspapers had fought labor's battles on a hundred fronts, and the founder had stanchly upheld the closed shop. But when editorial workers, motivated by relatively poor pay and a shrinking market, sought trades-union affiliation, Howard fought back

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with pitchfork rhetoric. These were not mechanical workers but his own professional flesh and blood, journalists forsooth, who, rudely disallowing his claims to fellowship, were turning to outsiders like William Green.

He rationalized the conflict into a matter of principle and retreated, step by step, finally recognizing the Guild, although in the meantime it had veered leftward into the C. I. O. camp. No one questioned the purity of Howard's motives, although his position happened to coincide with self-interest. Nowadays he readily admits making mistakes with the Guild, still stands firm against an editorial closed shop and believes the Guild's leaders err in emphasizing political and generalized objectives. The struggle hurt him. On their part, it hurt the editorial workers also. Beginning with vague notions of a high-toned, professional body similar to the British Institute of Journalists, the organizers advanced toward Howard with hands outstretched. They met rebuffs, and the Guild, led by Scripps-Howard employees who felt themselves aggrieved, transformed itself into a left-wing union.

Broun lumbered in the van, and upon him Howard visited his wrath. "Heywood," he once averred in the heat of battle, "is a good poker player, but he doesn't think straight." Broun retaliated by expressing doubt over the sincerity of Roy's poker.

Howard retains a zest for the simple pleasures. He plays a strong, if erratic, hand of poker. One reason he esteems the Chinese is their apt discipleship in the American game. The Chinese sense of the comic also endears them to the journalist. Detractors deny Howard a sense of humor. None could withhold from him the possession of a lively, an overwhelming, sense of the comic. He stood one day in a corridor at the general offices, talking with an associate and with a Western business manager named T. E. Pepperday, a business manager noted for his economical operation. The word "profit" was mentioned, at which, as if moved by a spring, the business manager happened to take off his hat. Howard burst into an avalanche of glee.

"See," he shouted, "he uncovers before his god! Speak the name of Profit, and Pep doffs his lid!"

A virtuoso as a crap shooter, Howard's exhortations as the dice roll are described as among the most persuasive passages in the spoken tongue. He has, moreover, an advantage over fellow players, being able, like an Oriental or a tailor, to sit for protracted periods with both legs folded under him.

A convivial in a strictly limited way, he seldom drinks after dinner and, quick to pour a drink, he as quickly deplures alcoholic excesses. This may be an unsuspected hangover from the temperance sermons of an uncle, the Reverend Mr. Alexander, a Scottish divine whose marathon pulpit performances left Howard wary of preaching.

It was a rare occasion when, on a hunting trip into Nova Scotia, Howard permitted himself to be overcome with good fellowship. The party contained Canadians as well as Americans, and after dinner, before a leaping fire, they fell to making speeches. The speakers stressed the comity between the countries, the 3000 miles of unfortified border, *et seq.*, and Howard took an enthusiastic part.

Presently, the smell of smoke led searchers to a fire in the cabin wall. There were two fireplaces, back to back, in the cabin's sitting room and mess hall, and the trouble was in the latter chamber. The Canadian hosts with their guides, went expertly to work on the conflagration. They doused the hearth fire in the dining room, stripping from its wall a rough pine paneling.

In this busy, purposeful scene, Howard could find no effective place. For once in his life he was foreclosed from the center of the stage. But he turned to in any case, and a horrified fire fighter found him earnestly picking up armfuls of the paneling and trotting it into the other room, where he dumped it on the roaring fireplace. As the paneling was catching fire from the overheated fireplace itself, Howard's tidying up was adding fuel to the flame. After his fire-fighting efforts had been discouraged, Howard showed no interest in discussing the incident.

A practical big-game hunter, Howard often leads friends

into the Canadian woods. A good shot, woods-wise and uncomplaining on the trail, he yet carries his brand of pernickiness into the wilds. He keeps his baggage orderly, his room neat. Wherever he is, he likes to do everything possible for himself. Even at home, with a house full of servants, he will spend three hours packing his luggage for a trip to the Pacific Coast.

One hardship he will not endure—food not cooked to his palate's whim. Let the bacon in camp be a trifle on the crisp side, back it goes, and again, if necessary. At headwaiters he storms over the slightest flaw. He reasons that if he pays for it, he is entitled to perfection. Coffee is a perplexing problem. More cooks have been dismissed summarily from the Howard household over coffee than over anything else. He likes it brewed into a muddy liquor stout as a mule's kick.

Howard has established a legend of individualized conduct. If bored at a formal dinner, he may call for his hat and coat after the coffee and cigars. He is entirely immune to the silken lure of society qua society; has no box at the Metropolitan Opera House, never has been listed in the Social Register and probably would snort if ever he were to be. By preference, he associates socially with old newspaper friends and his associates.

A successful man, he knows the fine art of having his own way; overbearing such unlikely people as headwaiters.

Esteeming modesty a minor, if not a dubious, virtue, Howard reports realistically on all his exploits. He and Mrs. Howard sailed last December for Hawaii, to pass Christmas with their daughter, Jane, who was working as a reporter on a Honolulu newspaper. Before sailing, the press lord went duck shooting in California with Peter B. Kyne and a guide. His telegraphed review of the trip to associates in New York spared no essential facts. It read:

WE GOT THIRTEEN DUCKS, OF WHICH I SHOT TWELVE.

MY FATHER WAS THE MOST WRETCHEDLY UNHAPPY MAN I EVER KNEW

By GENE A. HOWE

ALTHOUGH my father and I were very close in his later years, I still cannot throw off the terror with which he filled me when I was a youth. I was scared to death of him as a child and as a young man. He was Ed Howe, the sage of Potato Hill, the philosopher of common sense, who lived at Atchison, Kansas, and published the *Atchison Globe* for thirty-six years. He died at the age of eighty-four. The *Atchison Globe* has been in our family now for sixty-six years; he presented me with the controlling interest in it thirty years ago.

Probably it is ill becoming his son, one to whom he has been more than generous, to say that in my opinion he made but little of his opportunities and possibilities; but I believe that for every yard of success he hewed out for himself so painfully he should have made miles. I know of no one endowed as he was who accomplished so little. He should have been almost another Will Rogers. I am convinced he had the soundest, rarest sense of humor of any man of his time. He was a master of English, a pioneer in literary style, and he had a great wealth of fire and force and enthusiasm.

As a conversationalist I have never known his equal. He should have been one of the country's most brilliant speakers, as he was so witty and alert. But he never tried to adjust or adapt himself to the public mind, or to edit or check himself with the help of others. He was always breasting the stream, scaling the bleakest, most rugged mountains, when, at least occasionally, he should have been coasting down the

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valleys as others less gifted have done. His path to fame—and no inconsiderable amount of fame came to his doorstep—was strewn with hard work, disappointment, humiliation, discouragement and heartbreaks. He was the most wretchedly unhappy person I have ever known.

Why? Because my father was a reformer, a fanatical reformer by nature. The call to save mankind was in him so strong that it was irresistible. It was a tide of fate that held him helpless. He had that unswerving determination, that zeal that knows no turning aside, of the man who must rescue the world. He was evangelical in his fervor, and strange as it may seem, the rock wall he could never budge or dent, and which caused him so much unhappiness, was religion itself.

My father was half English and half Pennsylvania Dutch, as nearly as we could learn. The Howes were a deeply religious family. One of our forefathers was a chaplain in Cromwell's army. We were Methodists from far back.

Father's father was a circuit rider over in the hills of North Missouri. He was stern and unforgiving and exacting. His children were brought up by the rod, and with puritanical rigidity they observed the Sabbath and attended church and Sunday school.

They lived at Bethany, Missouri. A circus came to town, and father and his brother, Uncle Jim, were forbidden to attend because circuses were in league with the devil. Grandfather Howe rode about the countryside on horseback, with my father behind him, from one church to another, preaching night after night. He often preached five and six hours without stopping, and when father, who had to occupy the front pew, would fall asleep, he was given a severe whipping that night.

Here permit me to say that nearly all of this family history has been written by father himself and has been published. I am not giving away any family secrets.

Father received a shock from which he never recovered when his father ran away from home and abandoned my

grandmother and a handful of small children. Before this, father had observed that Grandfather Howe had been entirely too friendly with women members of his flock whom he invited to his home of nights; and when he ran away, it was with one of these women.

Father was about fourteen years of age when this devastating, tragic disaster overtook the family, and the result was an unreasoning, unrelenting hatred of religion that embittered his entire life. Something early in life also must have influenced his attitude toward women, as from young manhood he waged his crusade against religion and women.

Grandfather Howe was the publisher of a weekly newspaper at Bethany, Missouri, as well as a circuit rider, and father learned the printing trade in that office. After the family crash he left home to work over the country as a tramp printer. He became a journeyman, and for one summer worked for Brigham Young in Salt Lake City.

Father was between twenty-one and twenty-two when he and his brother Jim started the *Atchison Globe*. It was nothing more than a handbill, as the two brothers did all the writing, reporting and typesetting themselves. But the *Globe* was so sparkling and newsy, and so crisply edited, that two competitive newspapers passed out of the picture within a few years.

Once father obtained control of the field in Atchison, which was a prosperous town of about 13,000, he began his attacks on religion and the churches. He is the only editor of a daily newspaper in the United States who blasted and ridiculed religion year in and year out, and survived the opposition he created.

Atchison had churches of all denominations, and the religious groups were as strong and as well organized as in most any Texas city today. New papers were started. The *Globe* was boycotted by advertisers and subscribers, and there was civic warfare that disrupted the citizenship.

But father never backed up an inch. There were periods when he would subside, but he never retracted or apologized,

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and when he had accumulated fresh energy and hopes he would resume the combat.

Some of those who knew my father regarded him as a natural fighter. They believed that he attacked religion because of the sheer joy of battle; that he had chosen the biggest, most powerful opponent in sight because he wanted a fight worthy of his mettle. Even though they didn't agree with him, they admired his courage, and he was described far and wide as one who could give and take, and who reveled in combat.

But little did they know him. No person could have been more sensitive. He cringed at every blow that was struck back. Tirades from subscribers, cancellations of advertising contracts and subscriptions, threats and fist fights, editorials in church papers and rebuffs in many forms tore into his heart. They brought about terrific mental depressions and he suffered excruciating torture of the mind.

In such a mood, he would lower his head and tear into his newspaper work. Day and night he worked, tramping the streets and the countryside seeking out items and information from people in all walks of life. He knew most everyone within miles of Atchison, and he wrote about people and their neighbors. He was the greatest reporter in America; he was so regarded by many leading newspapermen. The *Globe* vibrated with his sparkle and humor, and it became the most quoted daily in the United States. Opposition could not stand against it; Atchison people simply could not resist reading his paper.

When father was working so hard at newspaper work to dull the aches in his heart, he wrote little about religion, but as the indignation subsided because of his silence, his spirits would revive. He would begin to react to the favorable attention he was attracting because of the excellence of his newspaper, and he would enter a period of exhilaration. He was happy and cheerful and walking on air with his head in the clouds.

His exuberance would begin to overflow and his ambi-

tions soar. The spirit of the crusader would reassert itself and he'd begin planning a new attack.

"It's me and not my ideas," I have heard him say many times. "I haven't been able to make people understand; I must make everything so plain, so simple that they will see the truth."

And he would plunge in again and the world wouldn't understand him. His blasts would be hurled back and his very soul would be crushed again.

It is because his suffering and humiliation were so intense that I say he was the unhappiest man I have ever known. I'd say he was depressed 80 per cent of the time.

There are those in Atchison and elsewhere who will think I am not writing the truth, but his wretchedness is hardly believable. I have lived in the same house with him for six weeks at a stretch without his speaking to me. I was his own son, the person I believe he thought more of than anyone in the world; yet he went for weeks and weeks without saying a word to me, outside of an occasional order such as asking me to go down to the grocery store for a cigar. I have tiptoed into the house at night, past his bedroom, and heard him swearing to himself as he tossed about the bed, unable to sleep. I have stopped and listened and heard him continue thus for minutes.

At these times, when he awakened me in the morning, I would feel the bed shake and would see him staring at me, his face dark and forbidding. He would see that I was awake and would turn on his heel and go down to breakfast. He would usually finish his breakfast before I had mine, and then he would walk downtown to the office. Occasionally, if I ate fast, I would walk with him and the two of us would arrive at work without a word having been spoken.

At his work he had to be civil to those he met. He had to obtain news from them and to solicit business. He did this hurriedly, feverishly driving himself and the others in the office. But at home he relaxed his politeness and never spoke to anyone except when necessary.

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He wasn't mad at me; he simply was in such a terrible mental state that he didn't want to talk to anyone. I sensed the situation and kept away from him.

And then would come one of his periods of exaltation. I do not know what else to call it. His joy of living would embrace everyone close to him. Happy days were back, life was grand and wonderful. He would come into my bedroom in the morning and awaken me by jumping into bed with me. He'd take me swimming out at Deer Creek. The two of us would drive out there together and we'd swim in a swimming hole. He'd take me down to the office evenings and teach me how to set type; he wanted me to be a "swift," as he was rated when he worked on Brigham Young's newspapers. He was lavish, rather than generous with me, at these times.

But these respites were brief, and soon he would be back tossing in his bed of nights and cursing to himself; and I would be tiptoeing around when I had to be near him.

My father called himself a materialist. He insisted that sentimentalism and emotionalism and Socialism were menaces to progress and better living, and that religion was the embodiment of the three of these. But he wasn't merely a materialist or an agnostic; he was an atheist, as I understand the word. He didn't believe in any supreme being or hereafter or anything. He believed that when we die we are dead; that when the human body and mind stop, the story is over. So many have inquired as to whether father weakened in his last illness. He didn't in the slightest.

His last years were occupied largely by his eagerness to enlighten the people to their danger. He was writing a book called *Final Conclusions*, and told me again and again how he intended to make it so "simple, so plain, that everyone could know the truth." It was not more than a third completed at his death.

I came across something recently in his later writings which may afford some idea of how he groped to put across his philosophy, and how he wounded others. I do not believe there ever lived a writer who could hurt as he did; who was

so blunt and direct, and who could lacerate so deeply. I know he did not realize this himself.

I quote from him as follows:

Let me say here, I shall not urge my opinions impudently; I shall print them modestly, as the opinions of one man who has thought a good deal, who knows people intimately and who honestly desires their good; if I ever consciously write anything that harms humanity, I hope my hand may be withered. I do not believe there is any such power, but I invoke it if I may be mistaken.

But I do not believe there is an educated, intelligent man on the face of the earth who actually believes in religion. To me, the most wonderful thing in civilization is religion. That people should have advanced so marvelously in everything else, as they have done, and carried along with them a doctrine they know to be untrue, is a fact I have marveled at all my life. Never have I known a sincere religious man or woman.

I shall write more of this subject in the future, but modestly, I hope, for I have little respect for the fanatic, whatever his opinions. But it seems to me that it is a great human question, worthy of your attention and mine. If religion is true, let's accept it; if it isn't true, we are not just to ourselves to continue to teach it half-heartedly, but with apologies. People often say, "If we give up religion, what will take its place?" We don't need anything to take its place, if it isn't true.

He printed articles equally brutal and frank and much more bitter when he published the *Atchison Globe*. He did not seem to know that his onslaughts against religion were a millstone around his neck, that he was creating for himself handicaps that had wrecked every other editor who had bucked them.

The other weakness in his philosophy was women. I lived with him for years, and yet I was unable to understand his ideas about women. He couldn't make even me understand, and I tried my best. He expended a tremendous amount of his energy trying to convince men that they were being led to ruin and demoralization by their womenfolks. The development of man was such that men and women had become enemies, he believed; women had become spoiled and

extravagant and so impossible that the very foundations of our civilization were threatened. He actually talked of a country-wide revolt of the men against the women, and believed it might be brought about. This is the truth if I ever told it.

He believed literally, and I am not exaggerating in the slightest, that a girl should have but one engagement and one marriage. A young girl who had a puppy-love affair with a man should not marry another man if the first engagement was broken. What should become of them and just what place they should occupy in our scheme of things he never stated. Understand, the question of chastity was not involved in this. A girl "pawed over" was lost if not married by the young man who did the pawing.

Father was being constantly shocked and confused by friends who married widows. "I cannot understand it; he must be crazy," I've heard him remark again and again. I honestly believe that if he had had the power he would have enacted laws forbidding such. And he always blamed the woman.

In every community there are serious, agonizing, boy-and-girl affairs where the girls get into trouble. Father was always helping some boy who had skipped town; always taking the "man's side," as he said. "The boy couldn't help it; it's up to the girls to protect themselves," he'd say. "Holding off the men is women's oldest profession. It's their instinct and their raising; and it pays them the biggest dividends."

When a boy married a girl he believed that she should become his property, his abject slave; that as his wife she was entitled only to the necessities and the reasonable comforts of life, and that she should not want anything beyond this. If her husband chose to provide her with anything more, all well and good, but for her to demand anything additional, no matter how much money the husband might have, was unpardonable.

I can show you his written belief to the effect that when a husband has degenerated to the point where he helped his

wife on with her coat before putting on his own, he has become henpecked, and that for his own good he should leave his wife.

And he wasn't joking when he wrote this.

My father could not tolerate any form of criticism from a woman, and the older he became the more acute was his oversensitiveness.

I well remember an Atchison woman of whom he was particularly fond. They were long, intimate friends. They met on the street one day. It was a cold winter afternoon and he was wearing a sweater under his coat. She remarked, carelessly and lightly, that she didn't like the sweater; that he didn't look well in it. Father never spoke to her again. She had insulted him; she had transgressed his rights. So many of his friendships, scores of them, were shattered by remarks of even less consequence.

My boyhood was a nightmare. My mother never spoke a harsh or unkind word to anyone. She was a sentimental woman, quite religious when young, but most conscientious and hard-working. Five children were born to mother and father. Bessie and Ned, the first born, died when about five or six years of age, within a few hours of each other, of what was then known as black diphtheria. Jim was the oldest; Mateel, now Mrs. Dwight Farnham, the novelist, was the second, and I was the youngest of the remaining children.

My first recollections are of the terrific rages of father, and how all of us were frightened of him. I can remember approaching him in the evenings or mornings timidly, furtively, as a rabbit ventures from the weeds into the open road in the evening, to find out whether he was in one of his black moods or was in good humor.

Father was upbraiding mother most of the time. She was often crying openly or trying to hide tears from the children, and he was spending more and more of his time away from home. When she was not outright displeasing him or arousing his wrath, she was "getting on his nerves." No spirited woman could have lived with him as his wife; his demands were so exacting, his whims so impossible to anticipate.

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I can remember mother taking me to Sunday school, and father's anger at this and how it increased. She was a Methodist and she insisted I be brought up in church. She never gave in on this. I think I was baptized as a youngster, but I am not certain. My brother, Jim, when sixteen or seventeen years of age, had an ambition to be a doctor and asked father to send him away to college. Father had a brainstorm over this; Jim was to be a newspaperman and any suggestion otherwise was an insult. Father had whipped Jim, and Jim had defied him; and this breach between them was continued through their lives. Mateel was asking for things, mother was asking for things for us children, and Jim had insisted in asking to be educated as a doctor.

I sensed when very young that father would boil over when asked for anything, and I learned my lesson, or lost my courage, early, for I never asked him for anything in my life. This attracted him to me and I became his favorite. I was never close to my mother; my father took me in charge and I became weaned away from her. I never knew her well; I couldn't have been more than ten or twelve years of age when father and I moved into a cottage in the yard at home. Mother and Jim and Mateel stayed in the big house; father, who wasn't speaking to mother, and I lived in the small house.

This was a town sensation, naturally, and my life for a few years was bewildering. Neighbor women, some of them, accused me of abandoning the others by living with father. Mother herself was hurt and tearful. The big house, where I visited every day, of course, was a place of sorrow and despair. Father was having his terrific black moods. Other children were repeating terrible tales to me on my father which weren't true, and the newspaper was being boycotted, and father was being threatened. A divorce followed after a year or two, and mother left home, never to return, taking the two other children with her. Father and I moved back into the big house. But I wasn't there long; I got drunk publicly on my first drink of whisky and father sent me out

West to shift for myself. He had been tossed out into the world; it would be good for me, he said.

He wasn't particularly angry at me, as I recall, but thought a little hustling for myself might save me from being a bum and a drunkard.

My sister, Mateel, was a very strong-minded young girl, and quickly clashed with father when she reached the "asking age."

After my mother and my father were divorced, my sister came home to visit father once or twice a year, and she never left the house at the conclusion of these visits with father saying good-by to her. Always they had violent rows because she had asked for something other girls asked of their fathers without the slightest hesitancy.

When she left home to be married, she was crying so loud that I heard her sobs in the kitchen. Father had refused to kiss her good-by, to wish her luck and happiness. And it was all because he had wanted to phrase her wedding invitations and she had insisted that they follow the approved form of that time. The invitation in itself was not important, but his daughter had dared to question his judgment!

All of my early life I was afraid of ministers. I was brought up to avoid them as I would the plague; to believe that all stanch church members were a strange sort of people you couldn't trust.

I have never identified myself with any church. My womenfolks belong and I contribute to their church and other churches regularly. I'm ashamed that I haven't been to church more than I have. I go occasionally. The world needs more churches and more religious people; the breakdown of religion in other parts of the world hasn't helped civilization. Ministers and church people generally, wherever I have been, have been most considerate of me.

One of my closest friends and advisers is Dr. R. Thomsen, of the Central Presbyterian Church in Amarillo. I have made few important moves since I have been in Texas without consulting him.

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Atchison people, church people and all, began to accept father as he was. They ignored his tirades against religion; they laughed, perhaps, at some of his other ideas; and they took satisfaction in his success as the most famous small-town editor in the United States, as the nation's best-known paragrapher, and as the writer who, singlehanded, made the *Atchison Globe* the most frequently quoted newspaper in the land. They gave him loving cups and presents, to which the public contributed, and he was honored with local and state dinners. Everywhere Atchison was known as "Ed Howe's town." I do not believe that any community was ever more thoroughly dominated by one man. He was respected by all and loved by many in his later years.

He retired from the *Atchison Globe* when he was fifty-seven. H. L. Mencken wrote a book on father's style and philosophy. A family heirloom is an old marked copy of the *Boston Globe*. The editor sent it to father. The one issue contained fifty-eight paragraphs clipped from the *Atchison Globe*.

How he could write paragraphs! Here are a few of them:

A woman is as old as she looks before breakfast. . . . The difference between a good woman and a bad one is that a bad woman raises hell with a good many men, while a good woman raises hell with only one. . . . Some girls have the married-woman whine. . . . If you see something that no one else sees, or hear sounds that no others hear, that is what it means to go crazy. . . . Somehow, when we see a woman who has been married and divorced a number of times, we are reminded of the man who was always failing in business. . . . Families with babies and without babies are sorry for each other. . . . You can throw most men off their feet by crowding them. . . . About the wisest thing in the world is a country boy who has been boarding in town three or four months, studying law. . . . What people say behind your back is your standing in the community in which you live. . . . Make a woman mad and she is no more polite than a man.

When cheerful and happy, he was such a grand character,

such a wonderful person, and the most entertaining companion I have ever known. He was so generous with me, at intervals.

I remember a high spot of my youth when I was about twelve years of age. He said I was engaged in too much duck hunting; he said he realized how much I enjoyed it, but he believed it was having a bad influence on me. So he offered me \$500 cash to stop. And I took it. That was a fortune to me in those days.

It wasn't two weeks later until he saw me standing on a corner overlooking the Missouri River. A norther was blowing and ducks in great droves were streaming down the river. I was standing there big-eyed, looking at them and bleeding inside.

Father slipped up on me before I knew it.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

I gulped out that I was feeling all right.

"No, you're not," he said, as he laughed out loud. "You want to go hunting, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," he said, "go on up home and get your dog and gun and drive down to Sugar Lake, and don't be in a hurry coming home."

I got to keep the \$500, and I kept on with my hunting.

My father was happier after his retirement than when he was publisher of the *Globe*.

Ed Howe's Monthly, as he called his publication, never did catch on as he had hoped. The price was but twenty-five cents a year, but the subscription list never numbered more than a few thousand.

In *Ed Howe's Monthly* he said exactly what he pleased, sparing no one. But he always had done this in the *Atchison Globe*. He rallied to the cause of business and cracked down on politicians and the have-nots and the liberals. He editorialized unceasingly, and constant criticism is not popular. His subscribers grew fewer.

His fanaticism cropped out in his defense of business. When the Teapot Dome scandal broke, he rallied to the sup-

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port of Harry Sinclair. Money was the measuring rod of success, he wrote. The man who made a million dollars was ten times smarter, ten times a harder worker, ten times more fair and just, than the man who made but \$100,000. Honesty was the best, the only policy, he said; success was easier than failure. A man who could not find work, he insisted, could not do good work when he found it.

The humor and information and news that he had crammed into the *Globe* was missing; his scoldings, his protests, his indignation did not sell the monthly, and he finally abandoned it.

My father's last crusade, before he began work on his *Final Conclusions*, was for more politeness and better manners. What articles he did write for publications were pleas for people to be more considerate, more polite, and to work harder and attend to business more strictly. He was lonesome for company and invited many to his home. He studied good manners and was the perfect host.

But he never could throw off those spells of despondency, and only those who lived with him knew of his continuing unhappiness and disappointment.

It should be explained that father considered himself a plain man, a man of the people. *Plain People* was the name of one of his books—his autobiography. While he admired outstanding giants of business, he shared this appreciation with all men who made a good living.

The prosperous farmer, the expert mechanic, the foreman risen from the ranks, the promising young railroad superintendent, the fast typesetter, the crack reporter—any and all men who worked and improved themselves and made for themselves an increasingly comfortable livelihood were his gods. He had innumerable warm friends among the farmers and skilled workingmen; he knew them and wrote of them. But he persisted in his belief that the more money a man had the more certain it was that he had worked harder and longer and had been more fair and more honest.

Yes, I'm still afraid of my father. I always will be. But probably I needed this discipline. I owe much, so very

much, to him, and we were close to each other in his last years. I had no affection for him when I lived with him as a child; all I knew was I was so terribly frightened that I didn't know my soul or my mind was my own. I always felt like I was treading on explosives; I never was anything but completely intimidated.

But after he gave me the *Atchison Globe* and later, when I came to Texas, he became more tolerant of me than of any other person. We took trips together. I got so I could express my own opinions somewhat, though cautiously. I told him of attending church occasionally, and most anything I did was all right. He offered, at one time, to hand over to me a substantial part of his life's savings in an enterprise in which I was interested, but I told him frankly I didn't care to have the responsibility. He never invested money with me because I didn't want it, and he understood it perfectly. I even had the courage to tell him that I had voted for Roosevelt, Franklin D., and, complete conservative that he was, he predicted that the historians would record that the dark ages for the United States began with Hoover's defeat. He said my voting for Roosevelt the second time was the most foolish, damnable thing I had ever done, and that I would live to realize it.

I can say for my father that I do not believe he ever wrote a dishonest word in his life, that he believed implicitly and wholly in every public or personal article he ever penned. Maybe it is well that he did as he did do. Maybe if he had restrained and suppressed what he thought the world should know, the hypocrisy practiced by most of us would have dimmed or quenched the flames that burned so fiercely in him and which made him such an extraordinary person. He punished others, he punished himself, but he never retreated. He dedicated his life, mistakenly I know, trying to be helpful to his fellow men.

If I have offended any of his old-time friends, I'm sorry. All I can say is that if I have deviated from the truth as regards my father, as I saw him, I hope that "my hand be withered."

BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR INCOGNITO

By MAXINE DAVIS

GREAT BRITAIN maintains two ambassadors in the United States, one appointed by the Foreign Office, the other named by the *London Times*. Lord Lothian, Viscount Halifax—the Foreign Office envoys come and go, and many Americans do not know their names. But Sir Willmott Lewis, the emissary of the *Times*, stays.

His detractors claim that Sir Willmott is a propagandist beside whom Goebbels is a lout with a toy horn. His admirers maintain that he is an interpreter of events the price of whose wisdom is above rubies. They are practically unanimous in conceding that he has done more to improve relations between England and the United States than any other person, with the possible exception of Adolf Hitler. This despite the fact that Sir Willmott always insists that "the best thing to do for Anglo-American relations is to leave them strictly alone."

His influence does not derive from any compelling will to power. On the contrary, Lewis is an indolent man, a playboy and an actor. He performs the role of an English gentleman, vintage of 1912, written to conform to the most romantic American imagination. He out-Hamlets Hamlet. No such English gentleman was ever seen in Mayfair or moorland. When he walks into a drawing room—or a barroom—you have an impression of bands playing "Rule, Britannia!" He is so British that his baffled countrymen say, "But he's American."

That is true too. He has lived in this country so long, studied it so assiduously, that he has become American-plated.

[Note: This article appeared January 25, 1941.]

This combination has proved irresistible. The foreigner who genuinely understands us is rare. Sir Willmott knows us so well that he won the National Press Club pool predicting the size of Roosevelt's 1936 majority. Therefore, people, whether they be Cabinet secretaries, newspaper correspondents or Sioux City clubwomen, listen.

He is a male Cornelia Otis Skinner who composes his acts and then presents them alone. He talks steadily, always. Meet him on Pennsylvania Avenue, he will stop and address you as if you were an audience of 500. Ask him if he prefers milk or lemon in his tea, he will answer with a thirty-five-minute discourse on their relative merits. He may, perhaps, permit you to talk long enough to prevent his conversation from becoming a monologue, never long enough to permit its becoming a dialogue. He has even silenced Dorothy Thompson, whom he characterizes as "the woman who has discovered the secret of perpetual emotion."

Though he is a British knight from the top of his well-brushed head to his well-brushed boots, his credo springs frankly from the fact that he is "of little streets and little people." The astonished David Sarnoff, hearing Lewis champion the cause of the underdog one night, exclaimed, "I thought you played with the rich boys. I never knew you were one of us." The surprise was mutual.

His act is a brilliant one, for he combines authentic scholarliness with an incredible memory. Though he may wear the red ribbon of the French Legion of Honor in his buttonhole, his real decoration should be a pair of quotation marks on each side of himself. "It is too much to expect that the universal franchise and inequitable distribution of wealth will lie peacefully together for long," he will rumble in his rich resonant bass voice. Then he will raise his thin eyebrows to Gothic arches, his eyes will gleam, he will slowly wave a long forefinger. "Do you know who said that?" While you are sorting out Berle or Tugwell or Jerome Frank, he will confound you: "Daniel Webster—in 1830."

You must see as well as hear Willmott Lewis or you lose half the effect. For six months he was on the air, on a coffee

program. He was not a success, though his periods were, as always, polished. Even when he has said nothing whatever at very great length, as he often does, you leave him feeling that you have been pausing in an intellectual Sistine Chapel. His epigrams and puns drop as diamonds, master-cut, every facet clean and glittering. Press-gallery wags say there is a mistake in his name; it should be "Bonmott." Though you may have gleaned no ideas from him, you always go away with something to quote. People often appropriate his verbal gems. One out of every five visiting celebrities has used Sir Willmott's "I feel like a lion in a den of Daniels." New Dealers are still quoting his "Who killed the goose that laid the golden age?"

Naturally, he is not merely good entertainment. He is always the advocate of the British Empire. He is a sort of connective tissue between England and the United States, explaining one to the other. For instance: The British embassy went indifferently away on its vacation while the 1927 conference on limitation of armaments ground on. Lewis stayed sweltering in Washington, cabling warnings to the British of the temper of American public opinion, which was hotly resentful of the British demands. Again at the London Naval Conference of 1930 he made it clear to the British that the American people had their hearts set on "faith, hope, and parity."

When the British repudiated the war debt, Lewis explained and explained, over his own dinner table, at the homes of his friends—especially such as the late Senator Borah—at Mrs. Borden Harriman's Sunday-night suppers—anywhere two or three senators or congressmen were gathered together. He has diagramed the British viewpoint to the isolationists, saying "You cannot print a positive image of peace on an American negative." He has never ceased demonstrating why the Neutrality Act is a handcuff to harassed Britain. Too shrewd, of course, to meddle publicly in domestic American politics, he prayed for the New Deal, even if he could not vote for it. In Washington, which knew his sentiments so well, there was no need of hiding them. He

was an original New Dealer; first, because he is more radical than the New Deal; second, because he is, of necessity, an internationalist. And Mr. Roosevelt's determination to aid Britain by every measure "short of war" naturally has compounded that partisanship. Last November sixth, Sir Willmott recovered miraculously from a depression he said had been caused by a cold.

He does not confine himself to great issues; he knows the importance of small ones. There was the matter of Margaret McReynolds. The American embassy in London had arranged that she be presented at court in 1933. Her photograph in her gown, complete with plumes, had appeared in the home-town papers; she had learned the proper genuflections and etiquette. Then her father, Congressman Sam McReynolds, was appointed a delegate to the Economic Conference, to be held in London coincidentally. As there were hundreds of delegates, all with wives and daughters, the Lord Chamberlain ruled, in the interest of harmony, that none should be presented.

Imagine the misery of Miss McReynolds, already pictured in the papers. Imagine the outrage of her father. Officials at our embassy went to the then Prince of Wales, who pleaded the case to no avail. Willmott Lewis heard of it, envisaged headlines: "British Sovereign Snubs Tennessee Belle"; taxied down to his office, and returned to Bill Bullitt's room at Claridge's half an hour later with the assurance that Miss McReynolds would be received by Their Majesties.

During the Spanish civil war, the Duchess of Atholl, a lady ablaze with her convictions, came to the United States. Wise Washingtonians noted happily that Willmott Lewis was usually in her train, tweaking her into discretion whenever Spain entered the conversation.

Several years ago a munitions investigation on Capitol Hill threatened a scandal concerning the allegation that the King of England was interested in arms contracts. Lewis explained the position of the sovereign and convinced legislators that it could not be.

During the Hoover Administration, when prohibition was

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a fighting word, Sir Esme Howard, then British ambassador, went on record that he thought the law was a fine idea. To hose out the sulphurous response, Sir Willmott counseled Sir Esme's pacifying promise, "When my private stock runs out, I will not buy another drop." Which exasperated the other embassies and legations, those founts of fine vintages in an era of bathtub gin.

Of the four ambassadors of Great Britain here during Lewis' twenty years in Washington, only Sir Ronald Lindsay refused to avail himself of Lewis' knowledge of American idiosyncrasies. Sir Ronald, a stiff-necked diplomat of the Kitchener type, disliked the press, and, although he saw him often, Sir Willmott as part of it. The clanking of the gates of the big red-brick bit of England on Massachusetts Avenue merely made Lewis more important. He became the only point of contact between the Washington correspondents and the embassy. In his latter years here, when anyone asked Sir Ronald a question, he would respond sourly, "Haven't you seen Willmott Lewis?" Washington laughed, "I told you so!" when the garden party for the King and Queen, organized without benefit of Lewis, made the embassy a host of enthusiastic enemies. Even today, when the British embassy has struggled to acquire the common touch, if you wish to get anything promptly, whether it be a statement from Churchill or a decision on a visa, you do not err if you go to Willmott Lewis.

When he went to register as an alien, in accordance with the law, he was asked his nickname. "I guess everyone calls me Bill," he responded. They always have, in all the odd places in the world. For the journalist-diplomat you see to-day talking suavely with Senator Taft over a glass of champagne in Alice Longworth's drawing room, kibitzing contentedly in the card room of the Press Club or holding forth to a group of entranced hardware manufacturers at the Mayflower Hotel, is the product of the sort of life that makes small boys dream of being foreign correspondents.

The American-plating process began in Bill's childhood. He was born in Wales, in 1877, "which makes me very, very

old," he insists. Bill has always relished old age and decrepitude with a purely platonic enjoyment. Army officers who knew him in the Orient, veteran war correspondents whom he fathered in Paris during the last World War, meet him now and are startled into "He was old then—and no older than he is today!" His grandfather, patriarch, justice of the peace, and twice mayor of Cardiff, used to take him for walks when he was small. He would talk to the child of the America he had never seen with a mystical and a passionate belief, according to the grandson. "There, my boy," he would say, waving a hand in the presumable direction of the United States, "there, my darling child, lies the hope of the world."

After preliminary schooling in England, Bill went to Heidelberg, where he was exposed to German *Kultur*, German beer and German *Lieder*, becoming proficient in each. Then to France, to the Sorbonne, where he became a young Frenchman and majored in French letters and French cafés. With the facility of a chameleon, he adapted himself to his environment. Or to put it as his admirers would, he outgrew provincialism into the realization that all peoples are essentially the same people.

When he finished his schooling, he had acquired a great deal of pure learning, an elastic intellect, a good singing voice and an almost native command of German and French in their more elegant forms. These talents found employment at twenty-five shillings a week on a Brighton paper, writing funeral and wedding notices. Having served this apprenticeship and taught himself, on the side, shorthand out of a book, winning a certificate for taking 220 words of dictation a minute, he set out to conquer Fleet Street.

In his Massachusetts Avenue home, with its shining silver and smiling servants, he can grow wistful now about trying to keep alive in dingy London lodgings forever smelling of Brussels sprouts on no more income than an occasional five shillings from a poem. In any case, he didn't come up the easy way.

Unable to get a job on a London newspaper, he was an

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actor for a brief season, and he might as easily have been another Ronald Colman in Hollywood now, or a Maurice Evans playing Malvolio to Helen Hayes' Viola, as what he is. The same latent talent was there, but the cards did not fall that way. The company manager chucked it, leaving the troupe stranded in a South-of-England town. Lewis got back to London, and there that shorthand schooling got him his first real job, but it was half the world away in Shanghai. The *North China Star* had advertised for an "assistant editor and shorthand reporter." The job was more shorthand than editing, but it served.

On the China coast, Bill Lewis is a legend. A dashing young blade, everything he did was spectacular. Even his debts, in that land of easy credit. As a gentleman jockey, owning a stable of fast little Mongolian ponies, the racing stock of the East, he was the despair of his groom. At five in the morning the groom would appear at his door, hear "Master not home tonight," and march, with Bill's boots and breeches, to whatever party was still continuing.

Bill's life in the Orient was as full of ups and downs as a seismograph during an earthquake. One time he would be the darling of the local socialites; another he would be playing the piano in a honky-tonk off the Nanking Road.

"Nations get drunk and disorderly, just like people," he will begin, if you ask him what he thinks of the present war. His consequent philosophical dissertation will be absorbing, because Sir Willmott has done his research work in war as well.

After he had been in Shanghai a couple of years, Bill went to Japan, to Nagasaki, where he married, edited a small daily paper, and learned to speak Japanese with great fluency and little accuracy. In 1903, when he scented the Russian war on the wind, he journeyed to Korea, recommending himself highly to James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the *New York Herald*, and securing an assignment.

On the covert advice of the influential friends he had made in Japan, Bill dug in at Chemulpho. In those days, Korea was a land almost unknown. Life there was much like that

in the time of Abraham. There were few foreigners, mostly young men. Jack London got there in a rowboat. The Pooh-Bah of the country was William Franklin Sands, a twenty-nine-year-old American who was "adviser to the emperor." Bill thought he was the most romantic man in the world. Bill cheered up this colony of lonely youths. Then, as now, he was a superb raconteur, and when anyone pinned him down, he would quote Bennett's "Remember, young man, many a good story has been ruined by oververification." Handsome, lighthearted, ready to sing, to play poker, to experiment with his talent for "keeping his head above alcohol," of course he was popular. People told him things. He began to learn discretion. None of the English or Americans ever knew he spoke any other than his native language. Actually, by this time he also spoke Italian, Chinese, and readily picked up the Korean tongue.

Thus he heard at once of the ultimatum issued by the Japanese Admiral Uriu to the two Russian ships at anchor in the harbor; learned also of the protests to be sent by the captains of the British and French warships also there. The only newspaperman with the story, Bill hired a launch, followed the boat bearing the protest to Admiral Uriu, saw the Russian ships stripping for action, heard the cheering, and spent some pretty terrified minutes before he got out of the line of fire. He wrote his dispatch to the sound of the exploding vessels, and was on his way north with General Kuroki.

Then, as now, war news was censored. Bill therefore developed a system of runners who relayed his copy to Seoul, where it was filed on a free wire. When news of his reports filtered back to Japan, the Japanese hunted him up. Bill was banished to Tokyo, where a group of American correspondents, including Richard Harding Davis, John Fox, Jr., and Martin Egan were drawing their pay and cooling their heels.

At last this group was taken off to Dairen, where they were tantalized by hearing the guns of Port Arthur and finally were allowed to land and to catch up with the war.

For once, money had accumulated. Bill decided, therefore,

it was high time to go to inspect the "hope of the world." In 1905 he saw the Golden Gate. The amiable people who showed him New York would have been incredulous had they been told that this eager but profligate young Englishman was one day to succeed General Pershing as president of the Philippine Club; was to become the friend of Elihu Root, of Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Holmes; would receive an honorary degree from Trinity College; that Secretary of State Hull was to talk with him with complete candor. For Bill's life in the United States then followed his established pattern. He spent hours listening to his idol, Arthur Twining Hadley, president of Yale; operated a fight gym with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien; and often subsisted only through the generosity of his friends.

Finally he drifted back to the Orient, first to Japan, then to the Philippines, where he found that his friend Martin Egan was publishing the *Manila Times*.

Presently, Bill was its editor. In Manila, with its Spanish and American colonies set in the midst of eight million Filipinos, "the limey" became the voice of militant Americanism. He wrote the editorials, a column, most of the news. He and Edward Bruce, his boss, would sit over cocktails with the editor of the opposition journal, cook up fights, vituperate each other in print. Unable to afford the A. P., Bill watched his competitor's cable stories, figured out their probable sequels, printed his guesses as news. He was right often enough to astound his colleagues.

When the first World War broke out, he offered his services to England, was told he was more valuable editing an American newspaper than catching cold—or bullets—in a trench. Once, in Manila, during a discussion of the war, someone asked him what he thought of these blank-blank English.

"I can't say. I am one of them."

"You are!" Astonishment was unbounded. "We always thought you were a Harvard man putting on dog."

When the United States entered the war, Bill appeared in Paris and met James Kerney in some café. Kerney, editor of

the Trenton, New Jersey, *Times*, was head of the Paris headquarters of George Creel's Committee on Public Information, at President Wilson's personal insistence. Kerney knew no French, which infuriated him. "What's that man saying?" he'd storm. "Stupid creatures! Can't even speak English." He was charmed with Lewis, no less by his personality than by his ability to speak French. Kerney applied to Pershing, to George Creel in Washington, and got Lewis appointed as the No. 2 man on his staff. In no time at all Bill was handling the American propaganda in Europe. Shortly before the Armistice Kerney went home, leaving the entire job in the Englishman's hands. For this work Lewis was decorated with the Legion of Honor.

Lewis wheedled Cardinal Mercier into the endorsement of a booklet praising American activities, persuaded Marshal Joffre to correct an impression made by American Army officers. A party of Dutch editors, taken on a tour of the American front by Henry Suydam, were less than amused by the tale of the virtues of the A.E.F. as sung by its officers.

Distressed, Suydam and Bill decided the best way to remedy this unfortunate impression was to persuade a Frenchman to tell it again. He selected Joffre, discussed it with him, and then led the party in to the marshal, seated in all his medals, in his office in a great gilded room in Les Invalides.

"I have the most happy remembrances of your queen," said Joffre, eying Bill anxiously. "Such charm! Such beauty! Such chic!" Dutch eyes popped at this description of Wilhelmina, famed as a paragon of domestic virtue, as intelligent and steadfast, but scarcely chic. Enchanted, they then went off parroting Joffre's panegyric on the American forces in France.

Lord Northcliffe, in Paris, then, admired Lewis' adroitness as well as his penetration of American psychology and grasp of American techniques. So, once the captains and the kings departed, after Bill had spent another, and final, period of indigence with only a tentative connection with the Paris *Herald*, Northcliffe sent for him, offered him the post of

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Washington correspondent of the *Times*, replacing Sir Arthur Willert, who was about to leave the *Times*.

That was in 1920. Since his early years in Washington, when he lived with Harold Sims, attaché of the British embassy, and rushed from dinner to dance with the then Wallis Warfield, Felipe Espil, now the ambassador of Argentina, Juan de Cárdenas, now the Spanish ambassador, and others of the smart set of the brassy 20's—since those years he has sobered. "Now," he says, "I have exhausted time in Washington. I am impinging upon eternity." The *bon vivant* who once described, with the love of a sculptor at work, how you take a small melon, slice a piece off the top, empty it of seeds and fill it with strawberries and Grand Marnier, let it stand for twenty-four hours, then throw out the strawberries and serve the melon, has passed. In his place is a gentleman of unreliable digestion who drinks sparingly, and consoles his calory-counting friends with "Eating is a very minor pleasure."

The days when he slept in a satin bed in a satin room are gone. While he was married to Ethel Noyes, daughter of Frank Noyes, president of the *Washington Star*, and long president of the Associated Press—whom, it is said, he characterized as a perfect example of what is wrong with American business—he was a fashionable figure.

Now that he is married to the former Mrs. Norma Hull, he lives a sedater life in a pleasant home, with his big boxer and his library of 7000 books. The only thing wrong with this picture is that he will not like country life—and his wife likes duck shooting.

As a correspondent for the *Times*, Bill was a prodigious success, both from the viewpoint of its readers and that of No. 10 Downing Street. Though his copy is usually late, though he never writes as well as he talks, his pontifical style of heavy "think pieces," sometimes meager in news, always rich in meditation, is entirely comprehensible to and appreciated by his audience. If it is true that a reporter is as good as his legs, Bill is not what he used to be, for he rarely goes

to news sources, never to press conferences, never to the State Department—over whose portals, he once said, there should be graven, “Out! damnèd spat!” He did not go in 1940 to the presidential conventions. “I know all about them,” he sighs. “A party platform may be defined as abracadabra, or ten thousand words to that effect. Moreover, constant attendance at party conventions is a homeopathic cure for democracy.”

However, he manages to be one of the best-informed men in Washington. He calls on the telephone; sees officials at dinner, reads prodigiously—especially American history, past and contemporary—always with a scratch-pad beside him, and talks to newspapermen.

For this purpose he comes up to the National Press Club every day, sees the best of the Washington correspondents—who have a theory that he absorbs what they know through his pores, for he never stops talking. In fact, he has a habit of telling you what you know. He’s told Senator Barkley about conditions in Kentucky, paint manufacturers the problems of their business. Once when he’d bested Herbert Bayard Swope in an argument about facts, Swope phrased a common irritation. “Plausible fellow,” he said, “but unsound.”

Bill himself is never witty at the expense of friend or enemy. When he described one politician as “a moralist in the worst sense of the word,” and another as “Savonarola and soda,” he was satirizing ideas, not personalities. He will go to endless trouble for his friends. When Edward Bruce suffered a paralytic stroke and went to a lonely Vermont village to recover, Bill wrote him long, sparkling letters every day of the long weeks of Bruce’s convalescence. When he came back to town, Bill apparently forgot he existed. He’ll do that too.

He rarely loses a friend, whatever his many sins of omission. When word came to the British embassy that Bill was to be made a knight commander of the Order of the British Empire in the New Year’s Honors List of 1931, the ambassa-

dor himself phoned the news, located Lewis at the Press Club playing cards. "Oh, my God," was Bill's only comment as he went placidly back to his rummy.

The celebration organized by his colleagues and attended by 250 men and women of every condition was not casual, and signified the feeling for him. The invitations to the dinner at the Mayflower Hotel bore the legend "Decorations." Guests arrived wearing candy-box ribbons, old convention badges and buttons of the Taft and Wilson campaigns. They found five glasses at each plate, though Prohibition still existed, got hilariously tight on five different wines, which, they afterward learned, contained not one tenth of one per cent of alcohol amongst them. They laughed at skits presented in the Gridiron Club manner—a stereopticon lecture showing the ruin of Bill's house after one of his parties, a fake broadcast by Ramsay MacDonald over B. B. C., and so on.

Bill's greatest success in the United States is not one apparent to most of his friends. It is lecturing. When you speak his name to the chairman of a program committee, she breathes hard. To book him is a triumph. For Bill, it is a method of fulfilling his mission of interpreting his country to ours. By it, the ambassador of the *Times* makes friends for England in the highways and byways. He talks to town halls and women's clubs; to innumerable chambers of commerce and Rotary Clubs. He has made uncounted commencement speeches, has addressed the International Goitre Conference, the United States Army War College and the Princeton alumni. He loves to lecture, and has made competitors angry because he charged such small fees. When the war began, because he feared he might be accused of propagandizing, he "retired" from the rostrum. But still goes on lecturing, free. He may accept expenses. When he sent a bill of \$2.19 to a group in Baltimore, the pleased program committee sent him a manicure set.

His technique is worth reviewing. He never uses the loud-speaker if he can avoid it. "I loathe it. It makes my voice sound like any other voice," he complains. He talks just a little over his audience's heads. He will face a convention

of produce merchants. Most of them have never seen an Englishman, certainly not an English knight. "I am sure," he will say, man to man, "that you all remember what Disraeli said to Queen Victoria." The faces of the produce merchants will light with synthetic recognition. He keeps on with his references. "I have always said that if Euclid had applied himself to politics instead of to mathematics, his first proposition would be, 'All politicians are the same politician.'" The audience plans to remember that one. He assumes a depth of knowledge and breadth of reason which they do not have at all. This flatters them. Never does he start, like so many speakers, with veteran minstrel-show jokes, and then say, "Now, to be serious——"

With more sophisticated gatherings he is not always so successful. For instance, the Foreign Policy Association no longer invites him, feeling, it is said, that he tends to defend the indefensible. But he patronizes the American businessman so adroitly that he is in constant demand by them as a speaker, formal or informal; this despite his being rather to the left of the New Deal.

His House of Lords presence, his knighthood and his melodious sentences tend to conceal his heresies. When Prentiss Coonley, of the Business Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce, was charged with seeing what could be done to compose the mutual recriminations of Government and business, Sir Willmott was one of the first persons he wigwagged. Stettinius and Knudsen have asked him to talk with men associated with the Advisory Commission to the Council for National Defense.

Bill is crafty in his approach. He would blush to be so obvious as to defend the New Deal frontally. No, he keeps severely away from current events, retiring into past American history, from which he dredges out scholarly references, integrating the past with the present.

"Man is the only animal," he is likely to begin solemnly, "who has the power to adjust his environment to himself." Then he will go on to remind his listeners that, after the Revolution, the men who framed the Constitution realized

that if the vast territory to the westward was not settled by Americans, it would be settled by the people they had just fought. To settle it would take both men and money. Wherefore the individual man and his money were granted a legal recognition never known in the world before.

Then Sir Willmott proceeds to show that the businessman thought he was the country and tried to take over the Government, looked upon his unique legal privileges as rights. He will put his chin into his collar, his voice in his toes, and continue, "To have a continuing democracy, there are two things the individual must have: The first is a home, his physical stake in his government; the second is a continuing job, which is his security. While there was the turmoil of continuing development in this country, the individual had his chance for success. With the growth of big business and the concentration of wealth, that general opportunity has diminished. The thing the average man has is his vote, and that he resorts to in behalf of the man making the battle for him."

If the atmosphere is favorable, he may go on to propound his theory that labor's power will become not economic, but political, as it is in England. He used to argue this point with Samuel Gompers, who had an exactly opposed goal.

Regardless of whether you quite understand or like his principles or objectives, you enjoy them. An English gentleman in manner who speaks the American language, he makes you feel you are surpassing in intelligence and perception. What more can you ask?

THE DUKE OF CHICAGO

By JACK ALEXANDER

I

COL. ROBERT RUTHERFORD McCORMICK, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, has remarked privately more than once that he and his cousin, Capt. Joseph Medill Patterson, are among the few genuine aristocrats in America, making it clear that he is speaking of the type of aristocracy which is based upon achievement and concern for the future of the nation. McCormick is known to despise persons who, born to wealth and purple genes of heredity, as he was, shirk their plain responsibilities and coast through life. He avoids their society and stays away from their clubs. The Colonel is a hard-working aristocrat. He guides every important move the *Tribune* makes and he is jealously proud of his paper's huge success. Cousin Patterson, who publishes a proletarian tabloid, the *New York Daily News*, would disavow the label of aristocrat as he would shun a cobra, but when McCormick speaks, he speaks *ex cathedra*, and there is nothing much that even a cousin can do about it.

The McCormick will is impressive. Once it impelled him to thunder a personal excommunication at a sovereign state. *Tribune* employees, arriving for work one day in 1935, were surprised to notice that a star was missing from a great American flag which hung in the lobby. To inquirers, the building superintendent reported that Colonel McCormick had ordered Rhode Island's star taken away because the state was not fit to remain in the Union. Rhode Island, it appeared, had disqualified itself by a *Putsch* in the General Assembly during which the five judges of the Supreme Court, all Re-

[Note: These articles appeared July 19 and 26, 1941.]

publicans, had been shelved and the bench had been loaded with a Democratic majority.

During the afternoon the publisher suggested to his editors that his anathema was dramatic enough to warrant a first-page account in the next morning's editions. A cautious desk man ventured the opinion that a serious legal point might be involved and, while McCormick waited at his elbow, telephoned a lawyer for advice. The lawyer, consulting the Illinois statutes, found that they provided a fine of from \$10 to \$100, or thirty days in jail, or both, for mutilating the American flag. So the article project was dropped, the star was restored to the *Tribune's* flag and Rhode Island crept back into the Union.

If there were such a title as Duke of Chicago, it would go without serious opposition to Colonel McCormick. The town has been forcefully reminded of his ducal concern for it as recently as May tenth, when the City Council voted, thirty-one to ten, for an ordinance extending the normal daylight-saving period from the end of September through October. Virtually nobody in or around Chicago seemed to want it passed. At public hearings the extension had been opposed by the meat packers, Chicago's largest industry, by housewives and by families from near-by farm districts who transact business in the Loop. The Chicago Federation of Labor, whose toilers and their progeny are supposed to be the chief beneficiaries of added sunlight, had also lined up against the proposed ordinance. After the council action, the *Chicago Daily News* grouchyly commented that the bill threw Chicago out of step with the rest of the country because no other city carried daylight saving beyond September.

The attitude of the *Daily News* was not free of self-interest. It is an afternoon newspaper, and keeping the clock an hour ahead in October will cause a time lag of an hour in its market reports from New York, besides handicapping its train deliveries to outlying subscribers. Chicagoans relish their local newspaper vendettas and some of them, professing to detect a curious scent, thought they saw in the *Daily News'* discomfiture a clue to the mystery behind the council's action.

Of Chicago's four papers, just one, the *Tribune*, would not be inconvenienced by the extension. It is a morning journal, and the only one in Chicago. Therefore, it was argued, the *Tribune* had muscled the city fathers into action in order to injure its afternoon contemporaries.

The *Tribune* had indeed prodded the aldermen single-handedly into passing the ordinance, and it was true that in the paper's long and stormy history it had never balked at slipping a municipal regulation between a competitor's ribs. But to persons who had studied McCormick closely, it seemed doubtful that vengefulness has activated him on this occasion. A more likely explanation was that he had simply decided that another month of daylight saving was good for Chicago and that Chicago was going to get it, whether it wanted it or not. It is an old habit of the Colonel's to treat his vast duchy as if it were a willful child, lovingly but firmly.

He has long insisted that Chicago go beyond the mere patchwork of daylight saving and secede from the Central time belt, declaring itself to be on Eastern time all year around. The benefits may remain vague to Chicagoans, but the Colonel's determination to bring it about is as hard and palpable as the *Tribune's* thirty-six-story Gothic tower, which dominates upper Michigan Avenue. A visitor from New York ran squarely up against this unique determination during a trip to Chicago a few years ago, shortly after the city had gone back to Central standard time. Invited to dinner at the 800-acre McCormick estate, in suburban Wheaton, the friend timed his arrival to allow for what he thought was a suitable margin for cocktails. He was distressed, on getting to Wheaton, to learn that, far from being early, he had held up the serving of dinner by forty-five minutes. The butler whispered, "This household, you know, is operated on Eastern standard time."

It is no pose for the Colonel to do things in the pontifical manner. From youth onward he has manifested a sense of destiny to leadership and has struggled without letup for the right to fulfill it. This, combined with a congenital aloofness and a shy inability to mix with other men, has made him a

sort of aristocratic lone wolf whose almost sole interest in life is running the *Tribune*. A Hamiltonian believer in the principle of a ruling class, he has never questioned his right to membership in it, nor has he been bashful about wearing its badges. As a young Chicago alderman, fresh from Yale in the early 1900's, McCormick is said to have lost twenty votes for a measure he was sponsoring when he appeared in polo clothes among his red-necked fellow legislators. His *faux pas* wasn't an attempt to impress the council; he had merely rushed away from the polo field to the meeting and it hadn't occurred to him to change. Just before America's entrance into the World War, McCormick, who held a major's commission in the National Guard, often entered the *Tribune* city room clad in a uniform, complete with spurs, gripping a polo mallet in one hand and with the other trying to control three German shepherd dogs on leashes. Giving the dogs into the custody of the nearest employee, he would go to the roof, where he had a mechanical horse. Astride the horse, he would practice polo shots by throwing a ball up an incline and striking it as it rolled down again.

McCormick is a towering, distinguished figure of a man, six feet four, muscular and mustached, and at sixty-one he habitually wears an expression of fatigue such as might be shown by a monarch who was beginning to weary of onerous duties. The expression is deceptive. The Colonel is the most aggressive of American publishers, and when he is embroiled in a fight, as he usually is, he is downright tigerish. The *Tribune* is, in its way, quite as remarkable as its master. Physically it, too, is immense and touched with grandeur. It has a daily circulation of more than 1,000,000 copies, which makes it the largest full-sized paper in the country. Not at all unconscious of its eminence, the *Tribune* publicly proclaims itself to be the world's greatest newspaper. For thirty years it has carried those very words—The World's Greatest Newspaper—as part of its page-one masthead. Chicagoans have long since become accustomed to seeing this strange pronouncement in black type—although they have never quite become accustomed to the *Tribune* itself—but upon strangers

the effect is startling. For constructive impudence, the slogan is reminiscent of John L. Sullivan's famous boast, when in his cups, that he could lick any — in the world.

Military in mental cast, Colonel McCormick is fond of the title which has stuck to him in civilian life, and the *Tribune* is run along lines that would delight a West Point professor. All basic orders come down from the publisher's office on the twenty-fourth floor and are carried out literally by subaltern editors. As an employer, McCormick is a benevolent general and few armies of employees are as well looked after as his. Wages are good, and bonuses ranging from 1 to 10 per cent of annual salary are distributed at Christmas. There are savings, loan and home-building funds, a pension plan, sickness and death benefits, regular dental examinations and tooth cleanings, and there is an expert diagnostician to protect the health not only of employees but of their families. The diagnostician refers the sick to leading specialists when treatments or operations are needed and the *Tribune* follows through to see that there is no overcharge. A *Tribune* employee who marries receives a gift of flat silver—the pattern to be selected by the *Tribune*—and if one *Tribune* employee marries another, the gift is doubled. In lieu of the second chest of silver, an extra two weeks' vacation may be taken.

Annually, around New Year's Day, a reception for the employees is held in the building lobby. McCormick, wearing a cutaway, stands at the head of the receiving line shaking hands and offering the season's greetings. Captain Patterson, present at one of the receptions, nudged a companion and remarked smilingly, "Bertie certainly likes to crack the whip and watch the serfs march by."

McCormick's employees, who do not feel like serfs at all, regard their boss with a mixture of awe and wonderment. They enjoy trading tales about his baronial bearing, particularly after the first edition has gone to press and they are drinking a round of hot coffee, which is a regular evening reminder of the Colonel's paternal interest in his enlisted men. A favorite story concerns a way the Colonel has of getting his daily shower bath when he is sailing the St. Law-

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rence on an inspection tour of a paper-pulp preserve which the *Tribune* owns in Quebec. Plumbing is primitive aboard the ex-submarine chaser on which the trips are made and, according to *Tribune* folklore, the publisher takes a stance on deck, starkly grand in a pair of shorts, and the crew members douse him with buckets of water.

Another favorite yarn concerns a picnic lunch which the publisher tendered his advertising staff at Wheaton. The lunch was halfway through and the host had not yet put in an appearance, when a horse van came lumbering up to the grove where the tables were set. The van stopped and the driver dismounted, opening the rear of the van and dropping a ramp. Down the ramp rode Colonel McCormick, astride a jumper. He circled the tables, shaking hands and urging everyone to have a good time, then vanished into the van. The ramp was hauled up, the doors were closed and the van trundled off. McCormick was seen no more that afternoon. After recovering from their surprise, the guests put their heads together and concluded that the Colonel had stopped off to make his physical manifestation while on his way to a hunt.

A *Tribune* reporter who was covering a public meeting in Springfield, the state capital, at which McCormick was a scheduled speaker, noticed during the preliminary talks that the Colonel's trousers were unbuttoned. The correspondent made his way up to where his employer was sitting on the platform, tipped him off and then stood in front of him, holding out his topcoat like an angel's wings to screen the audience's view. When the reporter got back to Chicago he related the story to a city-room group. The late Robert M. Lee, who was then city editor, asked him what he had done after having performed his errand of mercy. The reporter replied that he had walked back to the press row.

"What," exclaimed Lee, with feigned horror, "without genuflecting three times?"

Because of the publisher's closeness to his paper, the *Tribune* fundamentally is Colonel McCormick transmuted into paper and ink. It is, therefore, a confusing compound of

paradoxes, whims, prejudices, arrogance and the other components of a strong-willed and perversely individualistic human being. Hence it differs, and sometimes shockingly so, from the average large newspaper, which may reflect the views of the publisher, but rarely his personality. Most news events are covered in the *Tribune* with impartiality, but in the political field, where Colonel McCormick's feelings are apt to be strongest, its reports often have the brash partisan tone of frontier journalism.

The Colonel hates the New Deal, and *Tribune* staff members keep this detestation in mind in dealing with Administration news. During the 1936 campaign a copyreader assigned to turn out a headline for a Wisconsin morality exposé concocted this one, which the *Tribune* used: ROOSEVELT AREA IN WISCONSIN IS A HOTBED OF VICE. Besides slanting its political news, the *Tribune* organized Landon Volunteers at its own expense and daily carried the following front-page box, with only the numeral changed from day to day: "Only 49 days remain to save your country—what are you going to do about it?" *Tribune* telephone operators plugged into incoming calls with, "Good afternoon, do you know there are only forty-nine days left to save your country?"

The *Tribune* did a good job of ignoring the fact that the President was running for re-election too. During one week it gave him only a single front-page mention and on one day omitted using his name at all. Former Mayor William Hale (Big Bill) Thompson is another politician who has suffered the *Tribune's* thunders of silence. In recent years, Thompson, attempting a comeback from obscurity, has run for mayor and governor without getting more than a passing reference in the *Tribune*. When it did mention him, it described him simply as "a former mayor."

Newspapermen, as a rule, do not rate the *Tribune* highly. Leo Rosten in his book, *The Washington Correspondents*, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1937, reported that in a poll among their number Colonel McCormick's paper was ranked second only to the Hearst press in the "least fair and reliable" category, and it got only one vote out of 999 as the "most fair

and reliable." The New Dealers, who grow purple at the mention of the *Tribune*, were dominant in Washington then, but McCormick's fellow publisher, John Cowles, of Des Moines and Minneapolis, wrote in *America Now*, a symposium published by Scribner, that because of the political bias in the *Tribune's* news columns "the effect of Colonel McCormick's otherwise magnificent free press educational crusade was largely vitiated."

In the face of harsh criticism, both from within and without the trade, Colonel McCormick can, if he wishes, console himself with the thought that any over-all contemplation of the American press must give the *Tribune* a long chapter of its own. As McCormick stands apart from his social peers and other publishers, his paper stands apart from, and in a sense above, its contemporaries the country over. It also stands apart from, and above, Chicago. It has no counterpart anywhere and any attempt to analyze its amazing prosperity by orthodox methods falls into a limp.

Instead of laboring to build up good will, the *Tribune* has waxed rich on an editorial policy of conceit and righteousness, plus irritation. The paradox gave rise, during a campaign the *Tribune* conducted against syphilis, to a popular legend about a patient who sought a doctor's advice on how to contract the disease. When asked why he wanted to catch it, the patient replied that he was in favor of anything the *Tribune* was against. It is an article of faith with many Chicago newspapermen that the *Herald-Examiner*, which died in August, 1939, leaving the *Tribune* alone in the morning field, held on as long as it did because 300,000-odd persons hated its rival sufficiently to buy it.

Dogmatic and unpredictable, the *Tribune* is equally unpopular with the La Salle Street financiers, the leaders of labor organizations and the merchants of State Street. It is hated by the wealthy residents of the Gold Coast and by the common herd. No one is too high-toned or lowly to swear at it. Although strongly Republican, it reverses its field in city or state politics when G. O. P. leaders least expect it to and keeps them on the anxious seat. New Dealish Mayor

Kelly, for whose municipal policies the *Tribune* has a strange toleration, has been known to rise from the breakfast table and slam his copy of the *Tribune* on the floor when unexpectedly needled by an editorial. One governor of Illinois thought the *Tribune* such a sinister influence that, when he was warned that he would soon die, he devoted his last days to preparing a speech aimed at "exposing" it. He expired before finishing what was to have been his valedictory to this world.

Considerations such as these bring up the question of why more than a million persons continue to buy the *Tribune* day after day. The answer that it is the only morning paper available scarcely convinces. Nor does the diagnosis, advanced by some *Tribune* circulation men, that its excellent comics are responsible; nor the frequently hazarded guess that people buy it from a subconscious desire to have their blood pressure stimulated. The puzzle piques Colonel McCormick's curiosity too. A few years ago he assigned a staff member to do a grass-roots survey and find out what it was that sold the *Tribune*. For several weeks the emissary buttonholed saloon drinkers, chatted in barbershops, stopped people in the Loop and rang doorbells in rich and poor neighborhoods. At the end, he was no closer to the answer than when he had started. He discovered plenty of animus for the editorial page, but the various specialties known in the trade as "features" were popular. Men liked the sports articles, women were especially strong for the *How to KEEP WELL* column, and both sexes liked the comics. The commonest answer given to the investigator's main question was, "Well, it just seems the thing to do."

By this theory the *Tribune* would be explained simply as a habit. But newspapers do not survive long as habits any more than does any other product in a competitive world. The awkward fact which Colonel McCormick's haters cannot explain away is that the *Tribune* was third among eight Chicago dailies when he took over; that it long since has driven all morning competition from the field and now has more than twice the circulation of any competitor. Whatever the

reasons, McCormick did not accomplish this with the bludgeon of money.

As a public force, the *Tribune* spans the Midwestern plain area like a colossus. It is no accident that in the fast-ball pitching at the press which emanates from the White House, and from the President's relief pitchers in the Government bull pen, the *Tribune* is more often singled out for dusting off than any other journal. This merely adds to the *Tribune's* prestige in its broad bailiwick, an area which, like itself, is normally Republican. In circulation, the *Tribune's* shadow sprawls beyond Chicago and its suburbs into half a dozen neighboring states, cutting across the spheres of influence of other large-city dailies, which are numerous in the Great Lakes section. Political power follows circulation. The *Tribune's* power, naturally at its strongest in Chicago and throughout Illinois, is curiously negative in quality, finding its most effective stride when used punitively. It is an axiom in Chicago that because of the *Tribune's* high nuisance value its support is the kiss of death for any candidate, whereas its opposition is prized as an asset. The same thing has been said, incidentally, of other great newspapers. A veteran printer in the *Tribune* composing room made a tidy sum for himself over a period of years by betting against all *Tribune*-backed candidates. Big Bill Thompson, in his *opéra-bouffe* political career, capitalized on the *Tribune's* opposition to win three elections to the mayoralty. Its opposition was not, of course, the sole reason for his success, but it was his campaign ace. But the *Tribune* ultimately crushed Thompson, as in the pre-World War period it had got William Lorimer ousted from the United States Senate and after the war had wrought the indictment of Gov. Len Small. At tracking down an enemy the *Tribune* has the loping deadliness of an Indian.

It hasn't had much success, as yet, against Franklin D. Roosevelt, who in the 1890's was a preparatory schoolmate of McCormick's at Groton. The *Tribune*, already angered at the "inaction" of the Hoover regime, was even less pleased with the course which Roosevelt began to steer after his first

inauguration. The battle was joined over the NRA newspaper code. The Colonel, editorially and in public speeches, kept reiterating a fear that the code meant the end of the freedom of the press and, in reply, the President at a press conference asked the *Tribune* correspondent to "tell Bertie McCormick he's seeing things under the bed." McCormick sent a message back to the effect that there really were things under the bed, if one took the trouble to look for them.

From then on, throughout the steady accretion of alphabetical bureaus, the *Tribune* fought every inch of the way, denouncing Roosevelt as a would-be dictator. Since the passage of H.R. 1776, which the *Tribune* called "the dictator bill," the fight has been mostly over the issue of isolationism versus interventionism. The *Tribune* is isolationist, plus. In this stand, Cousin Bertie McCormick's aristocratic *Tribune* for almost the first time finds itself in agreement with Cousin Joe Patterson's New York *News*, which, until H.R. 1776, was pro-Roosevelt and the bellwether of New Deal newspapers. The tabloid, with nearly 2,000,000 circulation daily, is the largest of American newspapers. Teamed up together, the *Tribune* and the *News* make up what is perhaps the most effective isolationist bloc in the daily press. They are supported in Washington by the capital's most widely circulated paper, the *Times-Herald*, which is operated by Patterson's sister, Mrs. Eleanor (Cissy) Patterson. In addition, the *Tribune* operates radio station WGN (initials of World's Greatest Newspaper), a 50,000-watt key unit of the Mutual Broadcasting System. Colonel McCormick, who was one of Mutual's founders, holds 25 per cent of Mutual's stock and is a dominant figure in its councils. W. E. Macfarlane, the business manager of the *Tribune*, is president of Mutual.

All three publishers are grandchildren of old Joseph Medill, who bought into the *Tribune* in 1855, eight years after it had begun publication, and ultimately controlled it. Medill served a term as mayor of Chicago, helped to give birth to the Republican Party and was one of Lincoln's chief backers for the presidency. McCormick and Patterson have always differed sharply in their social views, and Cissy some-

times refers to McCormick as "that old Bourbon, my cousin Bertie," but they manage to get along together, in their way. More than any other comparable group, the descendants of Medill qualify as the royal family of American journalism. They have imparted to their profession the same dash of colorful genius and attractive eccentricity that the Barrymores have given to theirs. It would be a dull calling without them.

Their unanimity on the present war seems to represent a departure from the Medill tradition, which was a warlike one. As publisher of the *Tribune*, Medill helped to create sentiment for the Civil War and in 1898 he approved of the Spanish-American imbroglio. McCormick and Patterson, who later became co-editors of the *Tribune*, called for invasion of Mexico in 1916 and after Patterson had left Chicago to take over the *New York News*, both the *Tribune* and the *News* harped steadily on the need for dealing brusquely with Japan. However, the cousins' record on intervening in European wars is consistent. As co-editors of the *Tribune*, they opposed our entrance into the first World War.

From the standpoint of profits, the *Tribune* and the *News* are among the juiciest of newspaper properties. Their ownership and that of a highly lucrative features syndicate is vested in the Medill Trust, a family jackpot which was set up by the grandfather. The trust's holdings consist of 1050 of the 2000 outstanding shares of the Tribune Company, which publishes the *Tribune* and also owns the *News* and the syndicate. Under Medill's will, the income from the trust was divided equally between his two daughters, Katharine and Elinor. Katharine married Robert Sanderson McCormick, an American diplomat, and Elinor married her father's editor, Robert W. Patterson. Each daughter had two children, and today the income from the trust is split four ways, equal parts going to Colonel McCormick, Captain Patterson, Cissy Patterson and Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, who is the widow of the Colonel's brother, Medill McCormick. Tribune Company shares, which have a nominal value of \$100, are informally estimated to be worth some-

where between \$25,000 and \$40,000 apiece today. If these estimates are close to actual value, the two papers have a combined worth of between \$50,000,000 and \$80,000,000.

Among the papers' assets, besides vast forest leases and paper mills in Canada, are the Tribune Tower and the thirty-six-story New York News Building. Both buildings are free of debt, the costs of construction, totaling around \$20,000,000, having been paid out of profits. Newspaper earnings are closely guarded secrets, but between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000 is considered a fair estimate of the profits which the two papers, both fat with advertising, annually produce. The *Washington Times-Herald* is a personal venture of Cissy Patterson's. Her proprietorship was made possible by her income from the Medill Trust, but the *Times-Herald* has no corporate connection with the trust.

A heroic restlessness and a consuming compulsion to be doing something, especially running a newspaper, mark all the descendants of Joseph Medill, and the traits are especially noticeable in Colonel McCormick. A natural candidate for ownership of a yacht, he has stood off the smoothest yacht salesmen in the country for years. Whether this is because he despises yachts as the ultimate symbol of the idle rich, or because, as he jokingly tells the salesmen, "You can't get off a yacht and walk," is a moot point. The latter explanation is the more apt. At a home McCormick owns in Palm Beach, he keeps a forty-foot cruiser which he uses to take guests out deep-sea fishing. It is McCormick's custom to carry along a briefcase of reports and to spend most of his time afloat reading them. He fishes a little, but becomes impatient when the fish refuse to bite and is usually in a hurry to go in after an hour or two. Ordinary methods of relaxation have little appeal for him. If he goes to a baseball game, he gets up and leaves after three or four innings regardless of the state of the action; if to a theater, he departs after the first act. A few years ago, to humor his late wife, he took her to see a modern-dress performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. During an intermission, McCormick excused himself and walked to the rear, where his chauffeur was sitting. "I

saw this damned play twenty years ago," he grumbled. "Take me home." The chauffeur, after dropping his boss at his town house in Astor Street, returned to the theater and kept Mrs. McCormick company through the rest of the performance.

Last fall, for some unfathomed reason, McCormick developed a sudden enthusiasm for grand opera. He made a large money contribution to the Chicago Civic Opera and boosted the institution liberally in the columns of the *Tribune*. In arguing for his cultural crusade with a lukewarm businessman, McCormick explained soberly, "Why, I'm even going to attend myself." Only those who knew of the Colonel's abiding hatred of grand opera could appreciate the sacrifice which his self-immolation involved. He subscribed to a box and came regularly. He also slipped away regularly, as soon as a curtain dropped. This season the *Tribune* and its publisher are once more immune to opera's charms.

McCormick dislikes motion pictures and has a special aversion for musical shows, which he considers sloppy. He is intolerant of sloppiness in any form, particularly in women, and he places the use of rouge and feminine smoking and profanity in this class. He himself swears sparingly and he doesn't use tobacco, because of a chronic throat irritation. His subordinates have learned not to light up in his presence. Because of the publisher's dislike for smoking, it is not permitted in Tribune Building elevators. Many a cigarette-smoking passenger has been tapped quietly on the shoulder by the Colonel and had his attention directed to the No SMOKING sign.

McCormick drinks liquor infrequently and without outward enjoyment. He seems constitutionally unable to slap other men on the back or to sit down with them to a game of cards. He considers gambling in any form a waste of time. Backgammon irritates him more than any other game and the chatter of young people confuses him. Privately he complains that he can't understand what the younger generation is talking about. Although no mixer, McCormick is a hospitable man and he invites scores of guests to parties which

he gives at Wheaton. He gets a moody satisfaction out of walking among them and making sure everything is running smoothly. Having discharged his duty as a host, he withdraws early. He may saddle one of a stable of Irish jumpers which he maintains, and bound over the obstacles on his private hunt course, or retire to his bedroom. He reads in bed and his choice of books leans strongly toward history. He once wrote a book on General Grant which was praised by reviewers for the grasp of military strategy which it showed. Because he is incapable of unbending, even those closest to him have little idea of what makes the man tick.

The same fastidiousness which characterizes McCormick's feelings on feminine deportment colors his contacts with men. He likes to be addressed as "Colonel," and nicknames and other forms of intimacy repel him. At Palm Beach one time a male friend who was a guest of McCormick's addressed another visitor by his first name. The host got his friend aside afterward and said reprovingly, "After all, you've met the fellow only a few times." McCormick himself has no real cronies. A bachelor neighbor in Wheaton, who grew up with him, comes closer to being an intimate than anyone else. Together, they spend summer afternoons hiking over the McCormick acres and pulling up dandelions. In winter they burn stumps for amusement. Little or nothing is said on the expeditions. During McCormick's travels, which are frequent, he conquers his social reticence enough to pump farmers, factory foremen, liner captains and comparable specialists of their technical knowledge. Having exhausted their stores of ideas, he departs abruptly. As a result of these forays, he has a huge backlog of assorted erudition. On one trip abroad, aboard the Bremen, he had his stateroom piled high with the current issue of every magazine published in the United States, exclusive of trade publications, and spent the voyage reading them, pulps and all. "Just wanted to find out what's going on in the magazine field," he told a friend who found him in a littered cabin at the end of the run.

The only occasions at which the publisher habitually for-gathers socially with groups of men are luncheons of the

Overset Club. The club is made up of a circle of *Tribune* executives and it meets daily in a private dining room on the nineteenth floor of the Tower. The luncheons are not hearty affairs. McCormick does all the talking and his discourses invariably bear upon the *Tribune* and its problems. It is a sort of thinking-out-loud process and he seems hardly to be aware of the presence of the others. An unwritten canon of Overset Club etiquette is that no one is to lift a fork or start pecking at a course until the Colonel has made the first move. Occasionally a big advertiser or a stray dignitary is invited to the club to be awed. A last year's visitor still tells of the embarrassment he felt when he thoughtlessly touched a spoon to his sherbet before his host did.

The Colonel has a definite philosophy about having friends. He once remarked that "the newspaper publisher who hangs around clubs and hotel lobbies, who becomes a crony to sundry businessmen, cannot run a good paper." In part, at least, this was looked upon as a gibe at Col. Frank Knox, a gregarious good fellow, who at the time the observation was made was publishing the *Chicago Daily News* and hadn't a thought of becoming Secretary of the Navy. In a measure, too, it was probably a rationalization of McCormick's inherent diffidence. But McCormick is sincerely worried that he may someday put himself unwittingly into a position where favors can be asked of him. The dandelion-picking and stump-burning neighbor is a safe companion because he is independently fixed and contented, and hence can have no favors to ask. A favorite homily of McCormick's revolves about a remark which is supposed to have been made by the elder Joseph Pulitzer, who, while publishing the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, was reading an account in a New York paper about one of Commodore Vanderbilt's social functions. In the *Among Those Present* listings, which took up four columns, were the names of all the editors in New York. "My Gott," McCormick quotes Pulitzer as saying, "there is room in New York for an editor who doesn't go to the Vanderbilt ball." The Colonel says that this led to Pulitzer's purchase of the *New York World*.

The Colonel is fond of institutional advertisements which shout that the *Tribune* is undominated, and the paper's worst enemy, a title for which there is great competition, would never say that it was under the domination of any force but the brain of its publisher.

This very definitely includes the advertiser. Large advertisers and small have attempted to influence *Tribune* editorial policy through threats, direct or implied, to take their business elsewhere. McCormick's invariable answer is to yank out their displays, and to bar them from the *Tribune's* columns thereafter. Only green and obscure advertisers have tried it in recent years; the temper of the publisher's character is too well known by the larger space buyers.

Of the McCormick mentality sharp remarks have been made. One former *Tribune* man describes the publisher as "a cross between a Russian grand duke and Dogberry." Another has called him "the greatest mind of the fourteenth century." Whatever overtones the mind may appear to have, it is a strong one and its pressure upon the policies and operation of the *Tribune* is constant. A direct telephone wire to the managing editor rests on a stand beside McCormick's bed in Wheaton and he uses it at intervals all evening to keep in touch with developments. Most of his traveling is done in his private plane, a Grumman amphibian, which is manned by a pilot and a mechanic, and when he is on the wing telegrams of instruction flutter back to the *Tribune* from every landing place.

When McCormick is in Chicago, his daily program begins with a canter on horseback around the Wheaton estate. At ten A.M. he starts for town in a sand-colored sport coupé which has been tailored to accommodate the long McCormick legs. The publisher sits alongside the chauffeur, reading the morning headlines or silently musing. Drawn tightly across his lap is a webbed safety belt. McCormick loves fast driving, and the belt is insurance against getting pitched through the windshield in the event of an accident. At one time he tried driving himself, but abandoned the effort as a matter of safety when he found that he concentrated too

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much on *Tribune* problems and too little on where he was going.

At noon he holds a conference with his editorial writers and editorial cartoonists in his office on the twenty-fourth floor of the Tower. It is a one-way discussion mostly. For half an hour or more, the Colonel outlines his views on current questions, local, national and international. The men return to their typewriters and drawing boards, and around three o'clock cartoons and editorials expressing the publisher's ideas are placed on his desk. McCormick goes over them, orders whatever changes he thinks are needed and spends the rest of the afternoon in meetings with the heads of his mechanical, advertising, promotion and circulation departments. Nothing of importance escapes his supervision.

Meanwhile, at intervals, he leans across his desk, which is a unique creation of white and red marble, and picks up a telephone which connects directly with the managing editor's desk on the fourth floor. The latter's instrument is equipped with an unusually strident bell. Such a call usually means that McCormick has a special story which he wants dug up. When the job is listed on the office assignment sheet, the initials "R. R. McC." are jotted alongside it. This signifies that it is a "must" story and that it will probably get space on page one. Unlike his former adversary, Frank Knox, who used to know the members of his local staff by their first names, McCormick is close to none of his private soldiers. "It is the duty of the city editor to know the reporters, not mine," he once explained.

It was significant that he spoke of knowing his reporters as a duty. Like Pooh-Bah in *The Mikado*, McCormick finds it difficult to unbend. To him, reporters are so many chessmen, and he moves them about with complete detachment. During the afternoon he is in frequent touch, by cablegram, telegram and telephone, with his correspondents in Washington and abroad. Instructions to the men in the national capital are mostly about stories with an anti-New Deal angle. Correspondents in foreign capitals are accustomed to receiving abrupt transatlantic telephone messages such as: "Jones.

Colonel McCormick. Take a plane to Calcutta." Jones, of course, will know from the day's news what has happened in Calcutta and, if he is smart, he will catch the earliest plane. When William L. Shirer, now a radio journalist, was attached to the *Tribune's* London bureau, he got a cablegram one day from McCormick bearing the brief command, "Fly Ethiopia." Knowing the Colonel's passion for immediacy, Shirer cabled in reply that his take-off would be delayed three days while he received the customary injections against tropical diseases. McCormick cabled back irritably, "What are you, a newspaperman or a historian?"

The Colonel himself has no fear of flying and probably wouldn't be afraid of regional plagues, but ever since the 1920's, when the *Tribune* was calling for extermination of the gangsters and the publisher was getting anonymous threats, he has had a dread of physical violence. The Tribune Tower is policed by uniformed guards and, according to office talk, an arsenal of machine guns is hidden somewhere in the building. The apparent purpose of all the protection is to withstand possible attack by mobsters or radicals. The *Tribune* has warred strongly against the latter too. So far, there has been no assault on the Tower.

The coupé in which McCormick commutes is bulletproof, as was its predecessor, an English car, and the chauffeur also functions as a bodyguard. The present chauffeur is the successor of a tough former *Tribune* delivery-truck driver named Bill Bockelman, who carried a pistol in a shoulder holster and once emptied it into the darkness at a supposed ambusher as he was racing home to Wheaton with his employer. Bockelman, who kept up his marksmanship by practicing amiably after working hours in saloons, died a natural death a few years ago.

A German shepherd dog rides to and from work with McCormick and follows him through the city room or any other department he may happen to visit. When a caller enters the publisher's office, the dog meets him and inspects him, dourly. When the visitor sits down, the dog lies in front of him watchfully. If the visitor gets up and moves about the

room, the animal gets up, too, and follows every step of the way, like a house detective.

The office is paneled in walnut, and the door, which has no knob and is invisibly recessed into the paneling, is controlled by an electric push button on the Colonel's desk. In speculating about the reason for the trick door, some *Tribune* employees say that it is only a manifestation of the Colonel's flair for mechanics. More widespread is a belief that its installation, when the Tower was erected in 1925, was an expression of the publisher's fear of underworld vengeance.

Now that the gang era has been fairly well liquidated, the door serves as an outlet for the Colonel's infrequent outbursts of humor. A caller, having bidden McCormick good-by, turns to find the way out and runs up against what seems to be merely a paneled wall. As he fumbles about, he hears a chuckle from behind him. The Colonel presses his button and the secret panel swings outward. When it closes again, the Colonel is alone and he is immured as effectively as if he were in a moated castle.

II

A right hook swung by a construction boss in the spring of 1906 has had a more subtle, if less devastating, influence on the history of Chicago than the blow which legend attributes to Mrs. O'Leary's cow. The scene was the North Shore Channel of the Sanitary District, then under construction. At quitting time on a Saturday afternoon, the foreman, a hot-tempered man named Kelly, was standing on a narrow-gauge track parceling out surveying instruments to be taken care of by his laborers over the week end. One laborer refused to obey when ordered to leave a theodolite at a near-by grocery store for safekeeping and pick it up again on Monday. He called the foreman a slave driver and added a more insulting epithet. The foreman looped a punch to the laborer's jaw and toppled him down a dirt embankment.

He regretted striking the blow before his victim had stopped rolling. Kelly was a Democrat. The workman was

the son-in-law of a Republican politician and was a friend of Fred A. (Unser Fritz) Busse, a G. O. P. leader who a year later was powerful enough to be elected mayor. The president of the Sanitary District, a young bluestocking alderman named Robert R. McCormick, was also a Republican and a protégé of Busse. Ergo, Kelly argued to himself over a blue Sunday, by the logic of politics his number was up.

On Monday, when Kelly reported for work, McCormick happened to be there making an inspection. McCormick a few months earlier had elevated Kelly from surveyor's rodman to construction boss, and Kelly hoped that the president might take a lenient view of the episode and perhaps only reduce him in rank. He apologized for his folly.

To his amazement, McCormick laughed and replied, "I'm glad someone around here has got some guts. I'll see that you get more money."

Kelly, who was earning three hundred dollars a month, was raised to five hundred. Thereafter, McCormick handed him other promotions. After McCormick had left the Sanitary District, Kelly became one of two outstanding candidates for the job of chief engineer, which had fallen vacant. McCormick put in a good word for him and he got it.

Kelly, who kept on rising after that, was the same Kelly who is now serving his third term as mayor of Chicago. Edward J. Kelly is still a Democrat and he is a strong New Dealer. McCormick, who is now the publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, is still a Republican and is anti-New Deal to an exquisite degree. Antithetical as they are politically, the Kelly administration and the *Tribune*, which are the two strongest elements at work in Chicago, get along together with a baffling cordiality. Except for some minor sharpshooting by the *Tribune*, Mayor Kelly enjoyed its full approval until 1939, when the paper, with obvious reluctance, expressed a belief editorially that it might be a good idea if the voters turned him out of office. The *Tribune's* reason was not that Kelly was bad, but that the President of the United States was, and that a defeat for Kelly would help pave the way for the ousting of Roosevelt in 1940.

There are Chicagoans who, in trying to explain the apparent mismating, insist that both the *Tribune* and Kelly are agents of the devil and hence find it expedient to work together. Others profess to see in the *Tribune's* blessing upon Democratic iniquity a selfish reaching for the many favors which a newspaper, by staying on friendly terms with its city administration, is able to obtain. A more credible explanation can be found embedded in the personal character of the publisher. Colonel McCormick is, above all things, an admirer of People Who Get Things Done and, as he is a driver himself, the trait may possibly have in it an element of self-admiration. A capable amateur engineer himself, with several color-printing patents to his credit, McCormick is particularly entranced by the achievements of men who excel in the profession of engineering. Kelly is one of these, self-educated, but undeniably able. It was precisely Kelly's talent for getting things done by direct action that caught the eye of the young McCormick who was head of the Sanitary District. Moreover, although there has never been a close friendship between the pair, the ex-rodman's ascent to the top political berth in Chicago must subconsciously gratify the publisher as confirmation of his own instinctive talent for spotting leaders in embryo. In a real sense, McCormick is the author of Kelly's public career and is thereby identified with it. It is difficult for a creator to reject one of his creatures.

In contrast to its usual policy of demanding high ideals of public servants, the *Tribune's* attitude toward the Kelly regime, and the Kelly-Nash *panzer* army which it supports, is uncomfortably European. For some time now the rival *Daily News* has been harassing the police to close the handbooks and has been crusading for installation of the city-manager system. Privately, men on the *Tribune* poke fun at the *News'* fervor as naïveté carried to a ludicrous extreme. In an overgrown boom town like Chicago, they say, handbooks are more a necessity than an evil. Appointing a city manager, they add, would be as futile as putting a monitor in charge of a workhouse or a proctor at the head of a tough reform

school. The *Tribune* doesn't come out editorially and talk this way, because one of its tenets is that Chicago is a center of culture and a city of homes.

Actually, back of a beautiful rim along the lake front stretches a drab collection of racial and nationalistic buffer states dominated by local politicians. Two thirds of Chicago's residents are either of foreign birth or foreign parentage. Most of the aristocrats, including Colonel McCormick, are unable to endure the city outside the working hours and have long since fled to the suburbs. A *Tribune* executive, talking off the cuff recently, summed up the *Tribune*-Kelly situation as follows: "A politician mayor is what a city like Chicago needs. Try to make a refined city of Chicago and what happens? You run up against three fourths of the population who don't want it that way. The town is full of aliens, and some of the native-born can be pretty apathetic. My idea is that if measurably good government is provided in a city like this, and it is, a sensible person ought to be satisfied. Kelly is as good a mayor as Chicago deserves to have."

Kelly was the son of a city fireman, and his hard fists, winning personality and lack of formal education plainly destined him for politics. In considering careers like Kelly's and comparing them with his own, Colonel McCormick often thinks that being born to wealth is a distinct handicap. There is a temptation to loaf and, if one succeeds in overcoming that, he points out, one's whole career, regardless of specialized talents, is likely to be handcuffed to whatever property the family's fortune is built upon. In retrospect, he is glad that his family's bonanza was the Chicago *Tribune* and not a patent-medicine factory or the harvester interests of his McCormick cousins. But for a long time after getting out of college, young Bertie McCormick shied away from the *Tribune*. He wanted most to be a naval officer, but bad eyesight kept him from getting into Annapolis. He was never a reporter or an advertising solicitor, and he took a hand in running the *Tribune* only after an extended fling at the law and politics. Circumstances finally forced him into the *Tribune*.

McCormick's boyhood was somewhat barren of family companionship. In 1889, when he was nine years old, his father, Robert Sanderson McCormick, went to London as secretary of the American legation. For a period after that the boy saw comparatively little of his parents. They were kept on the move as the elder McCormick was made ambassador, successively, to Austria-Hungary, Russia and France. The youngster accompanied his parents some of the time, and briefly attended a preparatory school in England. Then he returned to the United States and finished off his preparatory schooling at Groton. When he was graduated from Yale in 1903 his family was living in Petrograd and he went to Chicago and took a bachelor's apartment in the Union Club. The solitariness of McCormick's younger days is sometimes cited, rightly or wrongly, as helping to account for an intense lone-wolf psychology.

There is a Chicago tradition, which has been embalmed in a local history book, that McCormick's career got its original direction toward politics from a visit he paid one day to the office of George E. Cole, a reformer who was engaged in a fight to oust the boodlers from the City Council. "Mr. Cole," the caller is quoted as saying, "I have graduated from Yale University, am not busy and can afford to do my bit politically." Cole, so the story relates, said, "Run for alderman." McCormick's own recollection differs. He had enrolled in the Northwestern University Law School and, besides attending classes there, was holding down a clerkship in a law office, getting to the office at 8:30 and leaving when the oldest member of the firm picked up his umbrella and departed. This was a cold plunge for a rich youth fresh from Yale, where, at the time he had been a student, grueling study was commonly held to conflict with the more important goal of fashioning gentlemen. McCormick's long hours were cutting into his polo and hunt riding, too, and in 1904 he leaped at a suggestion that he sidetrack law for the relatively soft field of politics.

The suggestion, according to his memory, came from Fred Busse, the mayor-to-be, then boss of the Twenty-first Ward.

Busse, in addition to his labors in behalf of democratic government, sold coal, and one of his best accounts was that of the *Tribune*. Not one to forget a good customer, Busse made an offer to Robert W. Patterson, the editor of the *Tribune*, who was McCormick's uncle. If young McCormick would run for alderman, Busse said, he would guarantee that the Twenty-first, which was a seesaw district, would go Republican.

Considering the candidate's background and his personality, which even then was rather unbending, he made a fair showing at campaigning. He tossed out acceptably gaseous promises and, with no previous experience in the sweaty business of ward vote getting, forced himself to ring doorbells and solicit householders' ballots. Putting aside an instinctive distaste, he made appearances in low saloons, where he planked down ten-dollar bills and told the bartender to set up the electors who happened to be lounging about. He could never force himself to stand at the bar and discuss issues with the loungers, but the gesture, as far as it went, was appreciated. At the age of twenty-four, McCormick, Yale '03, was elected alderman from the Twenty-first.

Old Chicago citizens who remember Alderman McCormick's early appearances in the City Council still reminisce about them. Pole-tall, erect and perfectly tailored, he stood out among his colleagues like Anthony Eden at a longshoremen's clambake. When he spoke, his Groton accent at first brought guffaws. Oblivious of jeers, the new alderman orated every time he felt so moved. There was a steely quality about him that ultimately confounded the roughneck legislators, and during his first year in the Council they put him on the steering and local-transportation committees. McCormick dutifully spent dull mornings listening to his constituents complain that their garbage had not been collected or that their sons were in trouble with the police and needed help.

Never one to bleed for the masses, McCormick, in 1905, welcomed an opportunity to run for president of the board of trustees of the Sanitary District. The Sanitary District was

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a \$60,000,000 enterprise for creating an outlet for the city's sewage by digging a system of canals from Wilmette, on the North Shore, to Joliet, some forty miles to the south, where it would empty into the Des Plaines River. McCormick was elected. He stepped into a civic undertaking which had bogged down in political favoritism and was being utilized by business interests to increase their water-transportation facilities at public expense.

A campaign charge that had been leveled at him was that his candidacy was secretly sponsored by his harvester relatives, who wanted special concessions for a lease of land they held along the canal. Instead of getting favors, the cousins were nicked for a round sum when President McCormick resurrected a neglected clause in their canal-front lease and forced them to build an expensive dock. Another of McCormick's early discoveries was that the mileage of the canal was divided jurisdictionally into nine parcels, one for each of the trustees of the Sanitary District, and that each one had loaded his pay roll with incompetent henchmen. The president appeared before the trustees and, in a burst of oratory that must have been eloquent, persuaded them to surrender their appointive powers to him, to be exercised subject to their veto. Then, ruthlessly, he fired laborers and foremen by the hundreds, hiring back only those who could prove their ability and willingness to work. The technical staff, which was excellent, was left untouched.

With the political drones removed from the pay rolls, the work began to proceed on schedule for the first time in years.

In love with his job, McCormick prowled the widely separated construction sections by day, wearing hipboots, and after dark went on sleuthing expeditions. On at least one occasion, clambering over piles of rock and dirt, the president surprised a night foreman at a game of cards with his laborers, and fired him on the spot. He rode horseback through the Des Plaines valley, soothing aroused farmers by selling them on a pretty Chicago fable that the damage caused by its open sewer would be more than compensated for by an upswing in water-borne transportation.

Before his term expired, in 1910, McCormick had advanced construction beyond the highest hopes of district enthusiasts. He had saved thousands of dollars by taking contracts away from slow contractors and giving them to more active ones, and by negotiating a raise of from three to ten cents a cubic yard in the price which the district was getting for fill dirt. He had further boosted the district's revenue by pushing rental of canal facilities to manufacturing companies. As a byproduct of the district, he had built an electric-power-generating plant at Lockport over the protests of private-utility companies. During this fight, some of McCormick's lines were short-circuited and his transformers sabotaged, but he went through with it, and Lockport still sells current to a sizable patch of Chicago, including the City Hall. The *Chicago Journal* was moved to deliver a tribute to this member of the family which owned a competing newspaper: "Mr. McCormick took office with the prediction of his opponents that he would be a failure, principally on account of his youth and alleged inexperience. Instead of realizing this prediction, the president has proved the American idea that young men of proper character, training and ambition generally make excellent public officials." The cities as far south as St. Louis might have felt indignant at falling heir to Chicago's off-scourings, as indeed they did, but Chicago itself was delighted.

During the Sanitary District phase of his career, McCormick had kept his hand in the law, organizing a firm in 1908 which today, as Kirkland, Fleming, Green, Martin & Ellis, is one of the most influential in Chicago and is the *Tribune's* good right arm. But the law was not to hold McCormick. Early in 1910 Robert W. Patterson died unexpectedly and the editorship of the *Tribune* fell vacant. Joseph Medill, who had brought the paper along since buying into it in 1855, had been dead eleven years. McCormick's elder brother, Medill McCormick, had been assisting Patterson, but his health was delicate and he was more interested in becoming a United States senator, which he ultimately did, than in operating a newspaper.

Unrest stirred among the minority stockholders. The

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Tribune, instead of being the giant it is today, had only 188,000 readers. Among the eight Chicago papers then operating, it ranked third in circulation, and the competition for both readers and advertising was savage.

Seeing an opportunity to eliminate a competitor, a syndicate led by Herman Kohlsaat, of the morning *Record-Herald*, hurriedly put in an offer of \$10,000,000 for the *Tribune*. The minority stockholders, in a rather panicky state, met in the editor's sanctum to consider it. Also present were the trustees of the Medill Trust, a depository of the majority stock which old Medill had established for the benefit of his descendants.

The sale would almost certainly have gone through had not twenty-nine-year-old Bertie McCormick, who was a grandson of Medill, received a tip from a *Tribune* telephone operator that the paper was on the block. Not a trustee or even a small stockholder, McCormick toggged himself out in a morning coat and striped trousers and dramatically crashed the meeting. Backed up by James Keeley, the managing editor, McCormick argued that the *Tribune* was potentially worth much more than the syndicate was offering and promised to plunge in and help develop it himself if the bid was rejected. He also guaranteed to bring in his cousin, Joseph Medill Patterson, the son of the late editor, who was then writing successful plays on Broadway, and thus to continue a strong family control.

Young Patterson's name aroused little enthusiasm among the minority stockholders. Although admittedly a brilliant writer, he had been a discouraging nonconformist lad. He had held a public office in the Immediate Municipal Ownership administration of Mayor Edward F. Dunne, and had subsequently espoused Socialism. As a playwright and social pamphleteer, Patterson was a minor but growing scourge of his class.

Nevertheless, the stockholders and trustees yielded to McCormick's oratory and turned down the Kohlsaat syndicate's offer, and McCormick and Patterson became co-editors. That was a turning point in *Tribune* history and, according to

Tribune tradition, the cutaway is still worn by McCormick for sentiment's sake at his annual New Year's reception for his employees.

For four years after McCormick's forensic victory the *Tribune* was more heavily influenced by Keeley than by the combination of the young cousins, who were novices. Keeley, a noted managing editor, had already begun to liven up the *Tribune*, which, since the turn of the century, had lapsed into respectable dullness. He had hired Lillian Russell to write a beauty column and Laura Jean Libbey to advise the lovelorn, and had imported the Marquess of Queensberry to write about sports. He had instituted a legal-aid column called "The Friend of the People," a "How to Keep Well" department and other journalistic gadgets designed to snare mass interest. With the approval of the cousins, Keeley waged spectacular war against fake patent medicines, loan sharks, fraudulent venereal-disease specialists and other untasty civic evils, and through the paper collected trusses and abdominal belts for distribution among the impoverished sick. The *Tribune* also brought a charge of office buying against United States Senator William Lorimer, Republican boss of Illinois. In March, 1911, the Senate voted to clear Lorimer of the charge, and the boss exultantly sent a brass band to stand outside the Tribune Building and serenade the staff. Fifteen months later the laugh was on Lorimer. Following through on its charges, the *Tribune*, aided by the *Record-Herald*, got the Senate to reopen the case. This time Lorimer was ousted.

On August 29, 1911, the *Tribune* lifted the boastful phrase, The World's Greatest Newspaper, which it had been using in institutional advertising, and put it in the first-page masthead, where it has remained ever since. By outsiders the phrase has never been prized for objectivity, but as an organization morale builder it was invaluable.

Under the two-fisted driving of the late Max Annenberg, whom the cousins had lured from Hearst, circulation began to boom. It was a tough era, in which some *Tribune* reporters carried revolvers, and whose bloody fights among rival circula-

tion crews are believed by some historians to have given starts to the thugs who later became Chicago's prohibition-era gangsters.

Under dual control, the editorial page presented an anomaly. Patterson, who subsequently was to retreat from Socialism, was still a radical. McCormick was for reform, but reform accomplished through the established system. To avoid having the *Tribune's* editorials screaming at one another on the same day, the cousins alternated at monthly intervals in supervising the editorial page. As a result, the tone of the page changed noticeably every thirty days. If the *Tribune* in May called for better street cleaning and closer supervision of elections, its emphasis in June was upon the iniquities of large fortunes and the virtues of municipal ownership. The public didn't seem to mind. On some major issues the cousins were in agreement. One such issue was the 1912 presidential contest. McCormick, angered at what he considered fraudulent manipulations in national Republican circles, went along with Patterson in insisting that the G. O. P. nominate Theodore Roosevelt. Illinois had no presidential primary at the time and it was obvious that Roosevelt had no chance of securing the state's convention support under the system which existed. The *Tribune* brought pressure upon Governor Deneen to call a special session of the legislature and a presidential-primary law was passed. Largely because of the sentiment stirred up by the *Tribune*, the Illinois delegation went to Roosevelt. After T. R.'s defeat on the Bull Moose ticket, McCormick returned to Republicanism and he hasn't jumped the fence since in a national election.

Despite their lack of experience, the cousins, aided by veteran executives, had a great deal to do with the expansion of the *Tribune*. Patterson had a knack for conceiving and developing newspaper features. Continuing along the trail blazed by Keeley, he invented dozens of columns and departments which titillated the reading tastes of the elevated riders. He began experimenting with comics, and some of the leading strips of today, including Andy Gump, Moon Mullins and Little Orphan Annie, came out of his laboratory. He ran

beauty contests and cashed in on the growing motion-picture craze by tying up printed versions of thrillers like "The Adventures of Kathlyn" with their exhibition in nickelodeons. Prizes were offered for the best solutions to the celluloid mysteries, and circulation zoomed. McCormick's contributions to the *Tribune's* physical well-being were mostly on the business side, his most important being the leasing of Canadian forest lands and the building of paper mills in Quebec and Ontario. By producing its own paper, the *Tribune* eliminated the manufacturer's profit and competed on a more favorable footing with Hearst, who had an arrangement for getting a reduction of five dollars a ton from the usual paper price.

Had not McCormick come through with this solution, the Hearst price differential might have set the *Tribune* back irreparably.

Meanwhile, within the *Tribune* management group a struggle for leadership was coming to a head. Keeley, who had a Napoleonic complex, had come to think of himself as the *Tribune's* sole ruler. Testifying before a Senate committee in the Lorimer matter, in 1911, he stated flatly that his authority at the *Tribune* was "absolute."

The cousins accepted the challenge and worked together to recapture control for the family. After numerous showdowns, the cousins won out in May, 1914, when Keeley resigned and took over as publisher of the *Herald*, a merger of the *Record-Herald* and the *Inter Ocean*. Backed by Samuel Insull, Julius Rosenwald, Ogden Armour and other wealthy citizens, the *Herald* under Keeley undertook to set the *Tribune* back on its heels.

It was indicative of the lusty new strength brought to the *Tribune* by McCormick and Patterson that in 1918, exactly four years later, the *Herald* had shattered its lance and was merged with Hearst's *Examiner*, which thereby became the *Herald-Examiner*. Even with the addition of the *Herald's* circulation, the *Herald-Examiner's* readers totaled only 289,000, and it, too, was to die in mortal combat with the *Tribune* twenty-one years afterward.

By 1918, Chicago's newspapers had been worn down from

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eight to six, chiefly from being rubbed by the *Tribune*. The *Tribune*, with its circulation up to 410,000, had punched its way from third to first place, and it has never been headed since then. Today Chicago supports only four papers.* The *Tribune*, with more than 1,000,000 readers, is the largest full-sized paper in the land. It has no morning competitor.

During the World War period, Cousin Bertie and Cousin Joe spent much time away from their paper, leaving older heads in command. The trips they took were good for the atmosphere of the organization, as the cousins were getting in each other's hair.

In 1914 Patterson went to Mexico to cover the trouble at Vera Cruz as a *Tribune* war correspondent, and when that was over he sailed for Belgium to observe the German invasion. McCormick, in 1915, went abroad as a war correspondent on the Eastern Front, less to write about the war than to test his courage under fire, a passion which he has always shared with his cousin. In contrast to the self-effacing Patterson, who shrank from accepting special privileges not available to ordinary correspondents, McCormick went in style.

On the way he lunched in London with Prime Minister Asquith and visited First Lord of the Admiralty Churchill, Foreign Minister Sir Edward Grey and Lord Northcliffe. After a similar social round in Paris, he moved on to Russia, where he had an interview, clad in white tie and tails, with the Czar at Tsarskoe Selo. McCormick then hired a movie cameraman and together they moved into the war zone. When he got back to Chicago he wrote a book about his travels, and the *Tribune's* prestige was enhanced when his war newsreels were shown in theaters.

Both cousins brought home from abroad a respect for German military efficiency and an intense distrust of England. They were plugging for preparedness and for keeping America out of the European war when the Mexican-border skirmish arose in 1916. Calling editorially for invasion of Mexico, the cousins entered the affair personally. Characteristically,

* Note: Since this article was written the Chicago *Sun* has been established.

Patterson turned down an offer of a commission from his old friend, Dunne, now governor, and enlisted in a National Guard artillery unit as a buck private. McCormick, with a like fidelity to form, went in as a major of cavalry. The border mess turned out to be a fiasco, and while Patterson was sweating and currying horses, his cousin was entertaining generals in a hacienda which he had leased.

Once the cousins met in a hotel in San Antonio, and on the way up in an elevator they encountered General Funston. With a mild amazement that has never faded, McCormick still tells how Funston, on being introduced to Patterson, democratically shook his hand. "He did it without the slightest loss of dignity," McCormick relates, "and Joe, you must remember, was only a private soldier."

When the United States entered the World War in 1917, Cousin Joe crossed over to France as a second lieutenant, a rating which he had won the hard way. After seeing service in five major engagements, and being gassed and wounded, he was promoted to captain. Cousin Bertie went to Paris as a member of Pershing's staff, saw some service at the front with an artillery unit, and at the end of the war was commandant at Fort Sheridan.

During their stay in France the cousins had plenty of time to reflect upon their bickering and the possibilities for disaster which it held.

One night in 1918, under unusual circumstances, they held a chat about it. McCormick, sporting a colonel's eagles which had just been awarded to him, had himself driven to the village of Mareuil-en-Dôle. As McCormick tells of the meeting, Patterson was summoned from his battery, which was stationed a mile or so away, and the pair tried to talk in a farmhouse near the Ourcq River, temporarily in use as a field headquarters.

The place was noisy, so, for privacy's sake, the cousins climbed out a window and sat on a manure pile in the back yard, from where they could hear the rumble of the guns and see shells bursting. In this pungent setting the tabloid *New York News* was conceived.

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Patterson, during a furlough in London, had talked to Northcliffe about his tabloid, the London *Daily Mirror*, which then had a circulation of 800,000. He had been impressed with an opinion which Northcliffe gave that New York was ready for a similar publishing venture, and McCormick was impressed, too, when his cousin told him the story of the London interview.

Standing up on the manure pile, they shook hands on an agreement that when the war was ended they would launch a tabloid in New York; if it turned out well, Patterson would assume command of it and leave the *Tribune* to McCormick. This would solve the personal-friction problem, and the tabloid, even if it should be a failure, would do no worse than lose *Tribune* profits which would otherwise be going to the Government for taxes.

As things turned out, the New York tabloid experiment proved to be the most profitable single enterprise in American journalism. In a sentimental gesture, the cousins gave the name of Mareuilendole to one of the vessels used in their Canadian paper-pulp activities.

By 1923 the *News* had the largest circulation in the country and the money came in so fast that the cousins, without serious inconvenience, were able to drop \$14,000,000 on *Liberty* magazine, which they afterward traded off to Bernarr Macfadden for a dying Detroit tabloid, and lost \$3,000,000 more on the tabloid. In 1925 Patterson moved to New York to be close to the *News* and has never returned to Chicago except for visits.

With Colonel McCormick at the helm, the *Tribune* in the postwar years resumed its old pattern—flamboyant, belligerent, positive and never dull. Resisting the dry sentiment of the Midwest, it belabored prohibition, day in and day out, as a constitutional monstrosity. Its pugnacity was always getting it into hot water and in one notable legal brawl which had great publicity value for the *Tribune*, it paid six cents in damages to Henry Ford, who had sued for \$1,000,000, charging that his patriotism had been impugned in an editorial. It won dismissal of a similar action, for \$1,350,000, brought by Mayor Thompson. The Thompson regime, in the name of

the city, then sued the *Tribune* for \$10,000,000, alleging that the municipal credit had been impaired by a series of articles on corruption. The suit was thrown out. The *Tribune* came back with a suit of its own, filed in the role of a taxpayer, which resulted in a court order commanding Thompson and other officials to restore to the city treasury \$1,500,000 in experts' fees which had been paid out in connection with public improvements.

The decision was reversed on appeal, but the *Tribune* was temporarily a public hero. In between trials, the litigious *Tribune* found time to conduct an offensive against Gov. Len Small and get him indicted while he was still in office.

The impact of the *Tribune* on life in Chicago was strident and constant. The daily routine of business firms was almost wrecked for a time in 1921 while the *Tribune* fought the *Herald-Examiner* in a historic circulation Donnybrook, this time a bloodless one. The *Herald-Examiner* started it by distributing numbered slips it called Smile Coupons, each of which entitled the bearer to a chance in a \$500 daily lottery.

McCormick, after failing in an attempt to get the authorities to stop the promotion, countered with slips called Cheer Checks and raised the ante to \$20,000 a day in prizes. Millions of Cheer Checks were dumped on the populace. *Tribune* delivery trucks carrying them were swamped in the Loop and overturned by money-mad citizens. Proprietors of cigar stores, confectioneries and groceries stormed the *Tribune*, begging for bundles of checks. Bakeries delivered Cheer Checks with wrapped bread, and banks enclosed them in depositors' pass-books. Large firms pleaded for extra checks to keep their employees contented; there was an epidemic of feigned sickness among office workers who were spending their larcenously gained holidays roaming the city, collecting the coupons.

After eight days of disorder and riot calls, Chicago's non-participating publishers protested to Washington that the Federal lottery laws were being flouted. Postmaster General Hays, at a parley with McCormick and a Hearst representative, delivered an ultimatum. This was just what McCormick had set out to accomplish. His *Tribune* held a comfortable

lead over its rival and he didn't intend losing it through a cheap circulation stunt. The *Tribune* gained 250,000 readers in the battle that it hadn't wanted.

All in all, the postwar decade was a triumphant one for the *Tribune*, but harsh days were around the corner. The next decade was ushered in inauspiciously by the mysterious assassination in June, 1930, of Alfred (Jake) Lingle, a *Tribune* reporter. The murder was the most humiliating blow ever suffered by the World's Greatest Newspaper.

Lingle, who covered the police beat, was the type of reporter who was on intimate terms with gangsters and public officials and could always tell the city desk in what Turkish bath or fishing club they could be located. As later became known, he knew some of them too well.

The *Tribune's* reaction to the murder was typical. McCormick put up a \$25,000 reward for the apprehension of the killer and declared editorially that Lingle had been erased because he was on the verge of publishing all that he knew about gangdom. Lingle was a martyr, and the crime, the *Tribune* asserted, was a challenge to all law-abiding citizens who believed in the *Tribune's* crusades for civic decency.

St. Louis newspapers printed dispatches from staff correspondents hinting strongly that Lingle had been hand in glove with the underworld and had been slain for double-crossing someone. The correspondents were denounced in the *Tribune* as coyotes. At an emergency meeting of the Chicago Newspaper Publishers Association, Colonel McCormick exhorted his colleagues to join with the *Tribune* in a united front and pick up the gage of battle which, he said, the underworld had hurled at the press. The other publishers couldn't see it that way. One of them remarked that it was common knowledge in newspaper circles that Lingle was a racketeer and a fixer. He added a remark to the effect that it was strange that this should be unknown only to officials of the *Tribune*. These observations precipitated a fiery quarrel, which ended with the Colonel stalking indignantly from the room. He has not attended a meeting of the publishers' organization since that episode.

In its own way, the *Tribune* got its man for the Lingle murder. State's Attorney Swanson obligingly appointed a member of the *Tribune* law firm as a special assistant, and the indictment of Leo Brothers, an obscure St. Louis punk, was voted. Brothers went to prison, officially tagged as the Lingle slayer, months after the *Tribune* itself, faced with convincing evidence, had conceded that its late reporter had been considerably less than a gentleman journalist. Assistant State's Attorney Brooks, who conducted the prosecution, basked thereafter in the *Tribune's* favor and is now a United States senator. The *Tribune* forgets neither a friend nor an enemy.

In defense of Colonel McCormick, friends say that he hadn't been aware of Lingle's racketeering activities, despite the reporter's presence on his news staff for eighteen years. The Colonel, they point out, is as remote from his reporters as the Dalai Lama and it took a cataclysm like the Lingle affair to force him to a gesture of familiarity. He had a special office fitted out for his use off the city room, on the fourth floor, and for a while sallied forth from it to mingle with the reporters and desk men. Because the Colonel is essentially an aristocrat, the hail-fellow gesture never quite came off and he gave it up.

Ever since then the *Tribune* has been fighting with its back to the wall for one reason or another. After Lingle, came the malevolent New Deal. Possibly as an emotional compensation, the Colonel bore down testily on his European correspondents and began lopping off his veterans one by one. William L. Shirer, long in the service, came in for a major share of the baiting. McCormick was particularly sensitive to anything smacking of British propaganda, and when Shirer once cabled the text of a London speech by Charles G. Dawes, with a routine lead paragraph written by himself, McCormick rebuked him with this message: "What are you trying to do, win a tablet for yourself in Westminster Abbey?" Later Shirer was transferred to Vienna.

Mayor Cermak visited Vienna in the summer of 1932, and while there was taken on a tour of the city by Shirer and John Gunther, the *Chicago Daily News* correspondent. Captivated by the slum housing which the Social Democrats had put up,

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Cermak twitted the pair for not having given the details of financing and construction to their readers back home, whose slums rank with the worst in America. That night Shirer wrote and mailed a story on the housing centers. After it had reached Chicago, he received a cablegram from McCormick with the warning, "Don't ruin yourself by associating with those pink correspondents of the New York newspapers." Shirer cabled in reply: "No New York pinks here. New York *Times* represented by a Britisher, *Herald Tribune* by an Austrian. Gunther and I both Americans, both Chicagoans." When copies of the *Tribune* arrived in Vienna later, Shirer had to do some explaining to his fellow reporters. The *Tribune* carried an advertisement bragging that it was the only American morning paper which maintained an American as correspondent in the Austrian capital.

Shirer realized that his days as a *Tribune* man were numbered. There were squabbles with the auditor over expense-account items, such as some mosquito netting and bedding which Shirer had bought in Afghanistan and tossed into the Suez Canal to lighten his baggage. And one day when Shirer was absent from Vienna, his office boy cabled an item about a Chinese Hollywood actress who had been injured in a motor accident. He got her identity mixed up with that of another Chinese actress and the latter got a sizable cash settlement out of the *Tribune* because of certain circumstances surrounding the mishap. For the office boy's blunder, Shirer was fired summarily by cablegram.

Edmond Taylor, the head of the Paris bureau, fell victim to a slightly different version of the axing process. In December, 1939, after talking with diplomatic officials in Paris, Taylor concluded that German-Russian collaboration would probably go much farther and cabled a dispatch in which he predicted that the pair would strike Rumania and that Russia would get Bessarabia and Northern Bucovina in the whack-up. With Russia playing a passive role, the allies would coordinate their propaganda and work together to drive the British out of the Near East, the dispatch forecast.

"What do you mean, sending bedtime stories by cable?" was

the message Taylor got from his employer. The message suggested that Taylor had fallen under the malign influence of Edgar Mowrer, H. R. Knickerbocker and other foreign correspondents. Taylor sent a reply, defending his dispatch, and received this cablegram in response: "Your fantastic Rumanian story, hysterical tone of your recent cables and other vagaries indicate you, along with Knickerbocker, Mowrer and others, are victims of mass psychosis and are hysterically trying to drag U. S. into war. Suggest you join Foreign Legion or else take rest cure in sanitarium in neutral country until you regain control of nerves and recover confidence in yourself. Until then, file no more."

Another *Tribune* man was sent from Brussels to take over the Paris bureau and Taylor was left on tenterhooks. His salary was being deposited in the United States and he had a drawing account for living and traveling expenses with the *Tribune's* Paris office, on which he was about \$1000 in the red. If he quit flatly, he would have to pay the \$1000 out of his salary savings. If, instead, the Colonel were to fire him, he would have three months' salary coming, under the French law. Several weeks went by with no word from Chicago, and Taylor, unable to stand the suspense any longer, mailed in his resignation, hopefully giving three months' notice. McCormick, who is often at his most considerate when cutting an employee adrift, accepted the resignation on that basis. With the three months' pay Taylor got, he was enabled to retire his drawing-account deficit and retain a comfortable nest egg.

Attending the 1940 Republican national convention as an Illinois delegate and a Dewey man, McCormick cast the lone holdout vote for Dewey, out of the state's fifty-eight, on the last tabulated ballot. By the time a motion was being offered to make the nomination of Willkie unanimous, the Colonel, in disgust, was en route to his hotel in a taxicab. During the campaign the *Tribune* supported Willkie with restrained enthusiasm, and half a dozen times the Colonel flew to the Republican candidate's side, wherever he happened to be, and spent hours trying to swing him over to isolationism. It was a test of wills between two stubborn men and Willkie held

his ground. In the days since the election, with Willkie backing up the President's foreign policy, the *Tribune* has castigated him as a political fraud.

The *Tribune* became more and more apocalyptic as 1941 dawned. Once, in replying to a shaft from the opposition *Times*, it snapped back with an editorial which bore the lordly title, THESE JACKALS GROW TOO BOLD. This was a flash of the old-time spirit. But *Tribune* subscribers were disconcerted last March eleventh when they read over their coffee cups a wistful but stern editorial stating that because of the Lend-Lease Bill "The *Tribune's* Platform for Illinois and Chicago" would be sidetracked for a more appropriate one. The platform, a familiar feature of the editorial masthead for many years, had called in a repetitive chant for eight reforms, such as improved transportation, an end to parole abuses and a motor ferry to Michigan. By contrast, the new platform read simply, "Save Our Republic." As if to high-light the slogan by a display of unconcern, the *Tribune* relegated the President's signing of the "dictator bill" to a one-column headline on page one, while the eight-column streamer shouted, ENGINEER SLAIN; QUIZ WOMAN.

The irrelevance of the streamer headline in a world racked by wars and threats of wars alarmed some *Tribune* well-wishers. Their fears might have been quieted had they known of a penchant the Colonel has for irrelevance in times of stress. One of his former foreign correspondents tells of having received a cablegram during a British cabinet crisis taking him to task for using a split infinitive in a dispatch. Another, during a visit by the publisher to Paris, was ordered to charter an airplane and accompany him on a flight to London. There were, the Colonel said, a lot of pressing things he wanted to discuss during the jaunt.

The trip to London was made in silence and, whatever the pressing matters were, they were not mentioned during an overnight stay there. Next day, after McCormick had transacted some private business, they took off for Paris in threatening weather. Over the Channel a storm came up. Caught in the worst part of it, the plane bucked and yawed, and light-

ning flickered around the wing tips. The bureau man gripped his arm rests, closed his eyes and resigned himself to the worst. He had just about given up hope of surviving when the Colonel calmly tapped him on the elbow. Opening his eyes a slit, the reporter tried to steel himself for the awaited business discussion.

"When you translate an editorial from a French paper," the publisher said, yelling to make himself heard, "you oughtn't to follow the grammatical structure of the original. Break it up into smaller sentences."

Subsequently, in brooding over the experience, the reporter decided that he was in the employ of an exceptional man. After all, he reflected, the great soldier is not the one who goes into battle bursting with murderous intentions, but the man who at zero hour meditates quietly upon his geraniums back home. Such a soldier is Colonel McCormick. Today, in the midst of alarums, his pet project is a weekly program broadcast by his radio station, WGN, and carried by the Mutual network, in which he personally participates as a speaker.

Historical in tone, the program usually "salutes" one of the forty-eight states, thus spreading the prestige of the *Chicago Tribune* far beyond its circulation area.

THE GREAT MACFADDEN

By ALVA JOHNSTON

I

WHEN Bernarr Macfadden added *Photoplay* to his string of magazines and newspapers, a cocktail party was held in his honor. A tense moment occurred when a waiter tried to interest him in a Martini. The publisher recoiled. He was perhaps a little taken aback to learn that anybody was ignorant of his lifelong crusade against alcohol. Macfadden has ranked alcohol beside medicine as one of the great curses of mankind. His list of giant evils includes corsets, prudishness, medicine, alcohol, white bread, overeating, muscular inactivity and tobacco.

When the discovery was belatedly made that the guest of honor was a teetotaler, the hostess sought to make amends by preparing for him a glass of water filled with ice until there was hardly any room for water. Macfadden shifted the glass rapidly from one hand to another and looked about with the expression of a man in distress. Then it became known that the publisher, although an ardent lover of water at about sixty degrees Fahrenheit, was a resolute enemy of ice. This matter was set right, and then everything proceeded happily. Macfadden proved to be a genial old reformer and was well liked. After his departure, the question was raised whether the publisher was not something of a faddist. This led to the further question whether a fad is a fad if a man makes a fortune at it.

Macfadden has made his fads pay. Perhaps no other man has ever had such lucrative foibles. He made his start in life with a scheme for curing all afflictions, including stupid-

[Note: These articles appeared June 21 and 28, 1941.]

ity, by exercising and fasting. Back in the mauve decade he delivered his first message to the world in the form of a four-page pamphlet, and has continued to deliver them in increasing quantities throughout the mulberry, vermilion, aquamarine and smoky-topaz decades. At the height of his form he was selling the Macfadden way of life to nearly 15,000,000 people through ten newspapers, twenty magazines and fifty books, including the eight-volume Macfadden health encyclopedia.

His instinct for self-revelation has resulted in the founding of two great national resources—the nudity industry and the confessions industry. The nudist colonies, anatomical magazines and night-club shows can be traced to Macfadden's pioneer work in using prize-winning physiques to illustrate his propaganda for health and strength. His first Physical Culture Show in Madison Square Garden in 1904 was the forerunner of all bathing-beauty contests. The Misses America, Oklahoma, North and South Dakota and all the other outdoor pageant queens are the spiritual descendants of Macfadden. Ann Toebe did not invent the strip act and Carrie Finnell did not add the tease feature until fifteen years after Macfadden had suffered a conviction and suspended sentence in the cause of nudity. The modern confessions industry came into being in 1919 with Macfadden's founding of *True Story*. Dozens of imitators of *True Story* have sprung up since, and the \$10,000,000-a-year, I'm-Ruined! I'm-Ruined! school of belles-lettres owes everything to Macfadden.

The publisher has the King Midas touch. Only a business genius of the highest order could have so many profitable eccentricities and income-paying follies. But he is not a money lover. He lives today on a comparatively small income. He has taken most of the fortune he made by commercializing his whims and has placed it in a trust fund to endow his whims in perpetuity. After his death, the Macfadden Foundation will go on fighting his antimedicine and antiprudishness battles and preaching his message of physical culture and fasting. His death may be a long way off. Not yet seventy-three years old, he is barely in mid-career now,

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if his calculations are correct. He has committed himself editorially to the position that, under right conditions, the span of human life should be somewhere between 125 and 150 years.

Macfadden's face, like his body, is all brawn and sinew; a network, not of wrinkles, but of fine muscular detail. The Macfadden system of physical culture calls for regular cultivation of the flexors and extensors of the countenance. The enthusiast places himself before a mirror and makes a series of fearful grimaces at a rapid tempo. This furnishes a rich blood supply to every nerve and fiber of the visage and is supposed to improve the looks, but may after fifty years leave the face slightly muscle-bound. Macfadden is literally an athlete to the eyelids; he recommends strengthening them by holding the lashes between the thumb and forefinger and having a gentle tug of war with them daily. To exercise the scalp muscles he advises seizing the hair with both hands and pulling it lustily. He even cultivates the muscles of the eyeballs by ogling in all directions and by opening and shutting his eyes under water. His eyes are so good for distant vision that he was able to pass his annual examination for his aviator's license a few months ago, but they are not very good for close work. To read a newspaper he has to hold it at arm's length, but he will not wear glasses, since that would be a betrayal of the Macfadden system for the care and strengthening of the eyes.

Macfadden is a testimonial to the merits of his own health system in every respect except dentistry. Although he has written a few treatises on the care of the teeth, he has not been successful with his own. He went direct to Nature for his methods of making sick men well, but he found Nature obscure in her teachings on the subject of molars and incisors. His idea of treating disease by fasting came to him when he noticed that ailing dogs and cats cured themselves by not eating, but he was unable to find any animal that practiced dentistry. Receiving no light on the subject from the animal kingdom, Macfadden had to shift for himself in writing books and articles on teeth. Eventually he abandoned his own

teaching and went to dentists, who, as he expressed it, "massacred me."

From the beginning of his career he has been a combined religious fanatic and supersalesman, a mixture of Habakkuk Mucklewrath and Diamond Jim Brady. He has been an old-fashioned revivalist with a gospel of building knobby muscles through the use of home exercising machines, of sleeping on the floor and walking barefoot, of nudity, raw cracked wheat, nuts and raisins, and contemplating the body beautiful. He is the prophet of the religion of going hatless the year around, champing every mouthful of food 120 times, and subduing the passions with filberts and pecans, sixty-pound barbells and deep breathing.

Macfadden was born at Mill Springs, Missouri, on August 16, 1868. At eight he was left an orphan, his father having died of delirium tremens and his mother of tuberculosis. At least that is his story. Perhaps he was too young to know much about it. It used to be the standard performance of the professional strong man to paint a lurid picture of his awful heredity and environment and of his hacking cough during his puny childhood; then he would lift a pony over his head or pull a spike from a railroad tie with his teeth in order to show the change that had been made in him by the regular daily use of the patent exerciser which he was giving away for the sake of humanity at \$2.50 a set.

After two or three years as a chore boy on a farm, Macfadden became a chore boy at a country hotel, then a messenger, then a dentist's assistant. On the farm he had thrived on whole-wheat bread. In small towns he grew ill on white bread. This led to one of Macfadden's crusades which came to an end only at the beginning of 1941. He has written millions of words charging that white flour is lacking in minerals necessary to health, and modern vitamin research has corroborated him. His fifty years' war against the milling industry ended last winter when the millers announced that they were putting the vitamins back in the white bread. After boycotting Macfadden for years, they began to advertise the "enriched" flour in his magazines. This, Macfadden said, was

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"the dream of my life come true." But while he hit upon the vitamin value of whole-wheat flour, he missed it in the case of cod-liver oil. The only value of cod-liver oil, he asserted, was the exercise it caused the facial muscles through the grimaces made in swallowing it.

When Macfadden was fifteen, a friend took him to a *Turnverein* in St. Louis. Young Bernarr went mad over it. He could hardly wait to finish his daily work, so he could get to the gymnasium. He became a weight lifter, a professional wrestler and a "professor," or physical director.

Macfadden was twenty-five when the next great change came into his life. He went to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 and came under the influence of the great showman, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., who was then glorifying Sandow, the Strongest Man in the World during good behavior; from time to time Ziegfeld had to demote him for insubordination. What fascinated Macfadden was Ziggy's lighting effects; the showman doubled the size of Sandow's muscles by high lights and black shadows.

Though only a welterweight himself, Macfadden began to imitate Sandow's poses as Hercules, Atlas, Ajax and Samson. In 1893, F. W. Guerin, a St. Louis photographer, made a series of studies of "Prof. B. McFadden in Classical Poses." Macfadden first used these photos in a pamphlet advertising a patent elastic exercises of his own invention. He used them again in another pamphlet advertising a gymnasium which he opened just off Broadway in New York. He used them again for another pamphlet in England, where he gave his imitations of Sandow and sold his patent exercisers.

As one advertising pamphlet succeeded another, Macfadden discovered that he was getting out a magazine without knowing it. So he charged five cents a copy for it and called it *Physical Culture*. The first issue was March, 1899.

Macfadden started the magazine on a shoestring. His original plant consisted of desk room at ten dollars a month. He wrote all his articles in longhand, signing several names. He illustrated the front covers with the old photos of "Prof. B. McFadden in Classical Poses." On one cover is "The Editor

as David; the Academy, Florence"; on another, "The Editor as The Boxer; the Vatican, Rome." On one he is a 145-pound Hercules with club; on another he is a welterweight Samson tearing to pieces a welterweight lion.

Editor Macfadden maintained that exercise was good for the mind as well as the body. In his first issue of *Physical Culture* he wrote an essay under the title "Can a Weak Mind be Made Strong?" Regular daily exercise, he reported, strengthens the mental faculties.

The first of Macfadden's innumerable journalistic controversies started when Arthur Brisbane wrote an editorial entitled "Muscle is Bad for the Brain." Brisbane did not assert that all physical exercise was injurious, but that an excess of brawn impaired the gray matter. The poetry of Alexander Pope was one of the exhibits of Brisbane, who wrote:

Pope, wonderful pygmy. He had a maid to dress and to lace him up in his canvas jacket. Weak as a shrimp—but what persistent, ceaseless brain power—all his strength went there.

Macfadden was furious. He took the field with an array of mental and physical giants which included Washington, Lincoln, Gladstone, William Cullen Bryant, William Jennings Bryan and Tom Reed, of Maine. Following up the onslaught on Brisbane, Macfadden printed article after article describing men who became geniuses through exercise. The editor was not always fortunate in his selection of exhibits; one of his examples of athletic statesmanship was Boies Penrose, notoriously the biggest eater and drinker in Washington; another was Chauncey M. Depew, author of the statement that "I get my exercise by acting as pallbearer for my friends who exercise."

On the whole, Macfadden demonstrated that he was a persuasive writer. His cause suffered, however, from the illustrations in *Physical Culture*. He printed a series of poses by other "professors" and professional strong men. They are shown swelling their muscles and straining their lungs to the utmost, with the wild stare of an educated horse doing arith-

metic. It seemed clear that exercise had not caused them to forge ahead intellectually.

Macfadden demonstrated his business genius by throwing open the columns of *Physical Culture* to his rivals. Instead of being a Macfadden advertising pamphlet, it became the mouthpiece of the physical-culture-and-nature-cure movement. Any good health prophet could have his day in court in *Physical Culture*. Although himself a champion of distilled water at room temperature, he allowed an opposing teacher to assert that distilled water was "dead" water, and that it would quickly kill fish which tried to live in it; he allowed another to testify to the good effects of drinking no water at all, and obtaining moisture only in the form of fruit and vegetable juices. He devoted one illustrated article to E. W. Darling, Southern California's unspoiled child of nature, who cultivated perfection by going without clothes and shelter, eating raw food and never cutting or combing his hair or beard; another to a Persian health builder who walked over his patients with his bare feet and kneaded them with his toes. He printed a series on Eusebio Santos, the grass eater, with notes on the types of grass which had the sweetest flavor and the least tendency to choke the swallower. These articles were illustrated by photographs taken in a meadow showing Santos in a silk hat and opera cape eating grass with a herd of cattle.

With rare generosity, Macfadden in 1903 gave the title of "the greatest leader and most remarkable reformer in a century" to John Alexander Dowie, founder of Zion City, who healed by prayer, banished all doctors and druggists from his community and taught that the world was flat. Three years later Dowie was banished from his own community for polygamy and larceny, but *Physical Culture* continued to champion him. It turned against him savagely, however, on discovering that he had become ill through overeating.

Macfadden's first conflict with prudishness took place when *Physical Culture* was barely a year old. In March, 1900, he received a petition signed by ninety-two persons, headed by William J. Cromie, physical director of the Y. M. C. A., of Easton, Pennsylvania, praising the general purposes of the magazine,

but asserting that it was "open to criticism because of the nude figures."

Macfadden replied that he was grateful for the courteous tone of the petition, but that he could not comply without compromising the cause of perfect manhood.

"We cannot serve this glorious purpose," he wrote, "if our liberty is to be curtailed. Let us go on in our simple way—doing good according to our understanding."

In the issue for June, 1900, Macfadden printed an article entitled "Nudity and Purity," which argued that the one was impossible without the other. The author of this essay was John Russell Coryell, who wrote detective stories under the name of Nick Carter.

"Nudity" was a technical term at that time. Its meaning was entirely different from its meaning today. The criticisms were aimed at *Physical Culture's* policy of printing pictures of muscular giants dressed in the garb of wrestlers or prize fighters—"naked bruisers," as the late Mayor Gaynor called them. *Physical Culture* was almost exclusively a magazine for men. Years elapsed before Macfadden discovered the pictorial possibilities of the other sex, except in the form of reproductions of famous paintings of angels and goddesses and in photographs of Zulu and Papuan maidens.

The trials of a pioneer are indicated by some of the illustrations in *Physical Culture* in 1900. In the issue of April, 1900, is a photo of a bulky and stuffily clad young woman, with the explanatory title, "Showing close-fitting union suit, over which is worn a muslin union suit." The fact of wearing two union suits at once was not the oddity of the picture; Macfadden was a strong two-union-suit advocate, a linen one to be worn next the skin and a light woollen one to be worn over it for warmth. The oddity of the picture is the fact that the young woman has no head. She had been guillotined at her own request. A typical heroine of the turn of the century, she objected to appearing in print wearing less than the customary seven strata of clothing; she finally yielded, as far as limbs and torso were concerned, but refused to lend her head to the enterprise.

In the following month Macfadden dropped the beheading policy and merely concealed the features of the lady athlete behind a mask. She is nude only from the fingertips to the wrists, and otherwise bundled up like an Eskimo in the gym suit of the period. In a footnote, Macfadden explains the mask as follows:

"As she is well known in New York City among the 'Swell' social set, she desires that her identity should not be disclosed."

The year 1904 was the great year in which Macfadden founded the bathing-beauty contest, although he did not know it at the time. In that year the editor hired Madison Square Garden and held the first mammoth physical culture show. A prize of \$1000 was awarded to Al Treloar, as the most perfectly developed man in the world. The contestants appeared in the usual poses as classic sculpture in stone, and it was remarked that nothing looked so petrified as the heads. The show did little to benefit Macfadden in his controversy with Brisbane. At this show a few lady athletes discarded their masks and appeared on the platform. It was the period of Lillian Russell's prime. Any woman with the deputy-sheriff figure was dynamite. Macfadden's Dianas and Venuses were not only naturally bulky but were swollen to excessive proportions by layers of union suits. Nevertheless, they were the surprise hit of the show. Macfadden at once saw the possibilities of the newly discovered sex. Bathing and weight-lifting beauties became the headliners of his future physical-culture shows.

The year 1905 is another landmark. In that year Bernarr Macfadden and George Bernard Shaw were both bagged by Anthony Comstock. The famous old antvice crusader raided the theater and arrested the actors in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*; he raided the offices of *Physical Culture* and arrested Macfadden. The Shaw drama was vindicated in court, but Macfadden was condemned. His offense was that of circulating pictures of the Madison Square Garden lady athletes stripped to their last two or three union suits; Macfadden contended that the purpose was to inspire reverence for perfect womanhood; Comstock alleged that the purpose was to tor-

ture the eyeballs of combustible moujiks. Two judges sided with Comstock, one with Macfadden. Because the verdict was not unanimous, sentence was suspended. The case gave Macfadden his first taste of the joys and rewards of martyrdom. His arrest came on the eve of his second mammoth physical culture show, and Madison Square Garden turned them away by the thousands. He has been persecuted from time to time since that period, and it has always acted as a spur to his genius.

Macfadden's next martyrdom in the cause of antiprudishness occurred in 1907, when he was sentenced to a year in jail and a fine of \$2000 for printing a serial novel in *Physical Culture* entitled *Growing to Manhood in Civilized (?) Society*. He was pardoned by President Taft on the recommendation of Attorney General Wickersham, who held that the purpose of the novel was wholesome, although certain passages were objectionable. Although avoiding jail, Macfadden had to pay the fine. Recently Senator Reynolds, of North Carolina, introduced a bill to pay back the \$2000 to Macfadden. He contended that it was high time that the United States made restitution to a man whose only offense was that of being thirty years ahead of his time in frankness of speech.

The publisher's antiprudishness campaign caused him some minor trouble with the authorities of Scranton, Pennsylvania, as late as 1937. Macfadden was leading one of his health pilgrimages, or cracked-wheat derbies, to his physical culture resort at Dansville, New York. Two of his pilgrims were arrested for wearing nothing but shorts. The prosecutor did not charge that the pilgrims were guilty of bad morals, but of bad economics. He asserted that the law condemned shorts as prejudicial to the business of tailors, clothiers and haberdashers. Macfadden succeeded in rescuing his pilgrims, and the hike for Dansville continued. One of the publisher's bitterest controversies arose over another phase of the nudity problem. Atlantic City, taking a leaf from Macfadden's book, held a bathing-beauty contest in 1924 under the management of Earl Carroll. Macfadden denounced it so bitterly that Earl Carroll and the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce sued him

for a couple of million dollars. The suit died in the court files, but the war of words went on for years between Macfadden and Carroll, the two nudity kings. Macfadden's New York tabloid, the *Graphic*, complained bitterly of Carroll's revues. This led the New York *Morning Telegraph* to inquire why nudes were "art" in Macfadden's publications but "orgy women" in Carroll's shows.

Macfadden was right so often at an early age that he acquired an unbounded trust in himself. As a physical director he had changed pasty-faced, pimply, gangling youths into strong, healthy young men. It was natural that he should believe himself the master of the golden secret of the cure of disease. It was impossible for him to make a regular study of medicine. He had had only about three years of schooling, and he could not spare seven or eight years from his life to learn a science which he considered unnecessary anyway, in view of his understanding of exercise and diet. He was confirmed in his ideas by early association with other physical-culture professors and natural-cure wizards. They had not found it necessary to spend seven or eight years of severe toil in learning a profession; they relied on strokes of genius and illuminating thoughts which came to them out of the air.

Young Bernarr was particularly impatient with the medical fraternity's claim that there were something like 100,000 diseases. He had made the discovery that there was only one real disease—overeating—and only one treatment—dieting or fasting, plus exercise. The young healer named his system Physcultopathy, conferred on himself the title of professor and embarked on his half century of warfare against the regular medical profession. But while relentless in his attack on the legal practitioners, Macfadden was broad-minded and generous in his treatment of his rivals among the unorthodox and irregular benefactors of suffering humanity. There was a common bond between Professor Macfadden and the other miracle men. They all insisted that disease had only one cause and only one cure. They differed among themselves as to what that cause was and what that cure was, but this did not deprive them of the support of Macfadden. He gave his

countenance to electrical professors, who said that all disease is electrical and that the cure is to make the current flow better; to early osteopaths, who held that all disease comes from pinched nerves and that the entire healing racket consists of unpinching the nerves; to spiritualistic professors, who taught that all ailments are kinks in the soul and that the whole trick is that of unkinking. Macfadden printed a fine tribute to a long-bearded prophet who taught that disease is a matter of devils getting into the system, and the remedy a matter of tossing them out.

With his profound belief in himself, Macfadden did not hesitate to treat every known disease without fee. His practice was conducted through his Question Department in *Physical Culture*. The sufferer merely wrote a letter to the editor telling of his ailment, and Macfadden personally prescribed for it. Almost without variation, his prescription was diet or fasting and exercise. At first sight it would seem that the editor was gullible in always accepting the writer's diagnosis of his own case, as everybody knows that a man is seldom accurate in guessing what ails him. However, if there is only one disease and only one remedy, the diagnosis is immaterial.

The treatment was fundamentally the same for oily skin, locomotor ataxia, fits, weak eyes, weak mind, creaking knees, heart disease, writer's cramp, telegrapher's wrist, baseball player's glass arm, lover's broken heart, tapeworm, red nose, general debility, neuralgia, blood poisoning, apoplexy and acne. On rare occasions Macfadden deviated from this formula, some of his specific recommendations being:

Asthma? "Fast one day out of three; take long walks and deep-breathing exercises."

Protruding ears? "Tape them back against the head."

Toothache? "Bite the teeth together hard, or chew hard upon a piece of wood with the aching teeth, thereby practically giving them a vigorous form of massage."

Hydrophobia? "Fasting and water cure."

Bowleggedness? "Ride horseback."

Inflammatory rheumatism? "Wet cloths and fasting."

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General stupidity? "Develop every muscle until you are thrilled with the strength and vigor that comes to every athlete."

The germ theory was an awkward development. It seemingly contradicted Macfadden's one-disease-one-cure idea. The editor did not wholly deny the existence of germs. He developed a clever countertheory to the effect that germs were usually innocent bystanders. "Poison in the system," generally resulting from overeating, caused the trouble; the germs were to be considered present, but not voting. Concerning smallpox, for example, Macfadden wrote that it "is only possible to those who clothe heavily, bathe infrequently, eat very heavily and exercise rarely." Asserting that a physical-culture man like himself had nothing to fear from germs, he repeatedly challenged the medical profession to bring on their test tubes and try to inoculate him with typhoid, smallpox or other disease of their choice. His challenge was never accepted.

One of Macfadden's discoveries was the secret of a flourishing head of hair. He wrote a book on the subject which he offered to the public at the fairly stiff price of five dollars a copy. There is some doubt as to whether the book was worth it, in view of a humorous story which Macfadden later told on himself. A few years after writing the five-dollar book, his own hair began to fall out at a rate that threatened early baldness. This would have been a heavy blow to Macfadden, as there is very little public demand for bald-headed Greek gods. In violation of his most sacred principles, he bought a bottle of hair tonic, but as he was just about to make use of it he caught sight of his honest face in the mirror, exclaimed, "Macfadden, don't be a fool!" and threw the bottle out the window. Almost immediately thereafter his hair stopped falling.

Another of Macfadden's early discoveries was the secret of sex determination. He turned an honest penny by offering for sale in the early issues of *Physical Culture* a booklet entitled *Predetermine Your Baby's Sex*, with full instructions

for insuring that a contemplated descendant should be a boy or a girl.

Macfadden himself had six daughters in a row, although, according to his official biography, he ardently desired sons.

He attacked corsets with cartoons showing Satan inventing them. He attacked cigarettes, alleging that they caused "a yellow crust" to form around the nerves and quoting John L. Sullivan's statement that they caused a man "to dry up inside."

Macfadden knew all the answers in those days. His sensational success as a publisher would have turned the head of any illiterate Missouri plowboy. But, in addition to the proverbial opinionatedness of the self-made man, there were other reasons for his encyclopedic cocksureness. He obtained a mystic light on things through fasting. One of the explanations which he has given for his success in life is that, after fasting a few days, he can arrive at the correct solution of any problem. He has claimed that through fasting he has discovered how the ancient prophets foresaw the future. The first issue of *Physical Culture* throws additional light on Macfadden's positive opinions about so many things. In his article entitled "Can a Weak Mind be Made Strong?" he advises clamorous wrong-headedness as a mental discipline. He writes:

Form your opinion upon a given subject and stick to it, argue it out, fight it out, and this opinion you take up will bring in its trend a wonderful flow of thought, of ideas. Whether these be right or wrong, it does not matter a jot.

Macfadden is one of the few health teachers to vindicate his own doctrine by living to a hale and hearty old age. Most of the preachers of longevity have failed to practice it. The most strenuous of the recent crusaders for health through pure food was Alfred W. McCann, who gamely continued to broadcast for long life up to within a few minutes of his death at the early age of fifty-two years. Sylvester Graham, after whom graham bread is named, had a system of

exercise and natural living closely resembling Macfadden's, but he discouraged an army of devoted followers when his end came at fifty-seven years. Walter Camp, who had a large part of the nation doing the Daily Dozen, died at sixty-five; a good age, but not one to inspire confidence in the millions who hoped to become nonagenarians or centenarians through setting-up exercises. Horace Fletcher, who taught people to Fletcherize, and Émile Coué, who taught them to get better every day in every way, both failed to crack seventy. But Macfadden teaches by example as well as by precept; he demonstrates his system. He is one of the first professional longevity men to show the courage of his convictions by becoming a septuagenarian.

He has been a crusader for and against patent medicines and panaceas. From the first he wielded a fearless pen against the electric belt which purported to cure disease by putting electricity into patients, but he printed advertisements for spun-glass inner soles which cured disease by preventing electricity from leaking out. He advertised Isham's California Waters of Life, which "dissolved and washed away" cancer; also curing paralysis, baldness, dyspepsia, tartar, diabetes, bunions and the cigarette, liquor and drug habits. The reader of *Physical Culture* could get himself a profession for twenty-five dollars; all he had to do was to send that amount to a magnetic college for six easy lessons in magnetic healing.

After the first year, however, Macfadden quit advertising most patent medicines and consistently attacked them, although he continued to print the full-page ads of "nature doctors" with Vandyke beards.

During the first few issues, Macfadden supported his infant magazine by delivering men-only lectures with classic poses. But the success of *Physical Culture* was astonishing almost from the start. Nothing on the newsstands caught the eye like the front cover of *Physical Culture* with its muscle-bound demigod and its arresting slogan, "Weakness a Crime—Don't be a Criminal."

The editor soon had an enormous following of disciples

who regulated their lives by his doctrine. The demand for his views was so great that he was forced to write book after book, and he reports having sold nearly a million copies of his eight-volume encyclopedia of physical culture.

Tens of thousands, finding his eloquent exhortations irresistible, devoted hours to exercise and went on the no-breakfast regime; lunch and dinner were marathons of mastication, with 120 crunches or more to each mouthful of insipid nutriment. The great proof of Macfadden's sincerity is the harsh doctrine which he preached. He was the fierce evangelist of a hellfire-and-damnation theology of health; he called on his flock to make life a horrid grind at the exercising machines and through painful periods of fasting. No scheming popularity seeker would have shown his followers such a steep and thorny way to the physical-culture heaven.

Macfadden has been completely triumphant in many of his crusades and a total failure in others. His greatest disappointment has been his battle against medicine. The powerful anti-vaccination forces, of which he was the leader, have been reduced to a tattered remnant. To some extent, Macfadden has admitted that he was on the wrong track. He has staffs of regular physicians at his physical-culture sanitariums.

In a burst of good will, his *Physical Culture* said editorially in 1937 that the regular physicians "represent the finest body of men in any profession."

Macfadden's lifelong batting average for all his crusades would be something like this:

Against prudishness	1.000
Against medicine000
Against corsets890
Against muscular inactivity333
Against alcohol250
Against cigarettes000
Against white bread	1.000

This gives him a grand batting average of .496, a mark seldom equaled by any crusader.

Macfadden's showmanship in words, or his instinct for the

"manipulation of symbols," as the psychologists call it, appeared early in his career. He didn't call himself a gymnasium teacher; he called himself a kinistherapist, later a physcultopathist. He didn't call his gymnasium a "gym" but a physical-culture studio. As a newspaper proprietor, he objected to the word "morgue," which is generally used to describe the clipping department; he insisted on calling it "the archives." Early in his life he became dissatisfied with the ordinarieness of his own name, which was Bernard Adolphus McFadden. He experimented with it for several years in order to give it more distinction. B. A. McFadden was too common. B. Adolphus McFadden didn't suggest the kind of man who tears lions to pieces. For a while he called himself Prof. B. McFadden in his classic photos and in advertisements. For a while it was just plain Professor McFadden. About a year after he had founded *Physical Culture* he settled finally on Bernarr Macfadden. He has endowed one of his daughters with the name of Braunda and one with the name of Byrnece.

II

A new Bernarr Macfadden magazine called *True Story* made its appearance in March, 1919, and was soon breaking records. By 1926 it had a sale of nearly 2,000,000 copies a month.

Always a rebel, Macfadden made a success of *True Story* by violating most of the laws of literature. One of the first of these laws is that nursemaids are interested in duchesses; Macfadden proved that nursemaids are interested in nursemaids. Another law is that professional writers are better than amateurs; Macfadden barred all professionals from *True Story*. He would not employ even a subeditor or manuscript reader who had the slightest literary taint.

True Story consisted mainly of plain tales written by ordinary people about their own experiences. Macfadden confounded the author of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" by proving that the annals of the poor are long and complicated, and full of sex angles.

Macfadden's prize contests brought in as many as 50,000 homespun chronicles a year. These were read and sifted by a corps of editors consisting of cooks, housemaids, office boys, chauffeurs, janitors, filing clerks, housewives, night-club hostesses, stenographers, elevator men and typewriter repairers. An editor was fired for attending classes at the Pulitzer School of Journalism, another, for taking a correspondence course in short-story writing.

One of the greatest monthly fiction magazines ever published was piled high on the newsstands when *True Story* made its first appearance. This magazine had contracts with many literary stars, and \$5000 for a story was about par. Its stack on the newsstands shrank from year to year as that of *True Story* grew. Macfadden's anonymous amateur illiterates were mowing down Lardner, Maugham, Ferber, Fitzgerald, Cobb and other famous writers.

A leading editor of that period hired one of Macfadden's lieutenants.

"Give me a list of Macfadden's great writers," said the editor. "I'll hire 'em all away from him."

But Macfadden didn't have a great writer or even a second-rate writer. He had nothing but a few industrious literary cobblers who patched up his folk tales.

True Story was produced so cheaply that it could have been sold for ten cents a copy; one of Macfadden's many strokes of business genius was that of charging twenty cents for it. This price produced a profit on each sale, and the revenue from advertising was all velvet. *True Story* cleared between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 a year in its greatest period, according to Macfadden.

Celebrities were allowed to confess in *True Story*, but the confessions of John Doe and Jane Citizen were preferred. A death-house inmate told how he let daylight through his soul mate for entertaining seafaring men. A schoolmistress who had resigned amid great newspaper uproar sounded a warning against seniors. An obscure retailer told how the affections of his wife had been alienated by a famous wholesaler. But the bulk of the magazine consisted of the roman-

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tic escapes or surrenders of shrinking violets and modest gillyflowers. A Park Avenue cotillion leader might turn state's evidence against an upstairs maid, or a Ph.D. might explain why he put horse poison in the loving cup at the Phi Beta Kappa reunion, but the smart set and the intelligentsia were not generally encouraged to unburden their consciences in *True Story*.

A Macfadden executive has described his first day at the Macfadden offices. Late in the afternoon he asked an old employee what time it was.

"It's always sex o'clock here," replied the veteran.

When Macfadden was publishing his first magazine, *Physical Culture*, he was twice convicted for publishing sex stories and pictures. In publishing *True Story* he took out insurance against the prosecuting authorities by establishing his own board of censorship—a group of clergymen who acted as moral editors, blue-penciling broad words and calming down exciting scenes. These literary laundrymen make Macfadden prosecution-proof. Even the vigilant John S. Sumner, successor to Anthony Comstock, has never made a complaint against *True Story*. Macfadden is a master of what Frederick Lewis Allen calls "the gentle art of arousing the reader without arousing the censor." He claims that *True Story* improves the reader "morally, mentally, spiritually" by teaching him how to recognize snares and pitfalls.

Macfadden had trouble keeping *True Story* amateurish. No literary game has ever been invented that a professional writer can't beat. It is no more difficult to fake confessions than to create any other form of literature. One embarrassing moment for *True Story* occurred when the magazine was repudiated by a Boston lady who had won a \$500 prize by describing how she had been sinned against on an unparalleled scale. She threatened to sue the magazine for advertising "her harrowing experiences." Her character had been blackened, she said, by identifying her with an unfortunate figment of her imagination.

But the greatest trial of the confessions magazines is plagi-

arism. Manuscripts offered as originals are sometimes found to have been copied or translated from old books or magazines. *True Story* prints warnings every month of its intention to prosecute the light-fingered literati. Everybody who writes a confession for *True Story* has to guarantee it with an affidavit.

John Brennan, the first editor of *True Story*, started dramatizing some of the confessions, using his relatives as actors. Their photographs became the illustrations for the magazine. When an artist's drawing was placed before Macfadden, he could seldom make up his mind whether he liked it or not, but when a camera shot was placed before him, he knew instantly whether he liked it or not. He decided to employ the medium which he understood. Though the use of photographs to illustrate fiction was not unknown before, Macfadden gave it a new vogue. In their pre-Hollywood days many stars posed for Macfadden magazine illustrations, among them Norma Shearer, Jean Arthur, Anita Louise, Madge Evans, Fredric March and Frances Howard, now Mrs. Sam Goldwyn.

True Story was followed by other successful Macfadden magazines. There seemed to be something almost supernatural about his ability to locate unsuspected masses of readers. He was the dowser, or divining-rod man, of the publishing field; he appeared to have a magic method of discovering millions of people hungering for new types of reading matter. The suggestion that he was a seer was no novelty to Macfadden; he had long believed that his habit of fasting for three, five or seven days at a time had given him second sight.

There is a touch of genius in Macfadden. Added to that, he had a unique life experience which helps to explain how he came to be the founder of modern confession literature. Confession was the element he had lived in since childhood. As a physical-culture professor, nature doctor and men-only lecturer, he had cultivated the confidence of thousands. The old physical-culture movement had a camp-meeting quality. It was part of the ritual for the physical culturist to rise and

confess a youth of vice, crime and complicated maladies, and then to unveil his torso of a Hercules, the result of systematic exercise.

Macfadden's first magazine, *Physical Culture*, specialized in the exhibition of his own physique. Through his magazine and his physical-culture shows he pioneered the way for the nudist industry. It was a short step from the nudist industry to the confessions industry. It was only the difference between body and soul, the confessions literature consisting largely of poses of the mind in the nude.

No man has ever caused himself to be so much looked at as Macfadden. The king of exhibitionists, he kept the public gazing at front-cover vistas of the celebrated Macfadden muscles, at double-page spreads of Macfadden, at trick shots of Macfadden, at panoramas, cycloramas and art galleries of Macfadden. Arriving at the psalmist's three score and ten, the veteran physique was trotted out before the camera again for a new series of Macfaddenscapes, entitled *The Editor at Seventy*.

After applying the tape measure with his own hands to thousands of beauties on both sides of the Atlantic, Macfadden in 1912 pronounced Mary Williamson "the most perfect specimen of English womanhood," gave her a prize of a hundred pounds and married her, and the magazines were then filled with Mrs. Macfaddenscapes. By 1924 there were six young specimens of physical culture—all girls—and the proud father unveiled six small Macfaddenscapes to the public at a rally in Madison Square Garden. The death of an eleven-month-old son furnished an example of Macfadden's passion for taking the public into his bosom; he published an editorial criticizing himself for his failure to give sufficient time to the infant's exercises and for his failure to protest sufficiently against "overfeeding" it. The confessions habit was so ingrained in Macfadden that, when he went asleep at the wheel of his automobile and had a crash, he immediately wrote an article on the subject in *Liberty*. When Macfadden introduced the Walter Winchell column to America, he was puzzled by the cry of "keyhole journalism"; to the publisher

there is something un-American or antisocial about any man who doesn't care to let the public in on the details of his private life.

In his first publication, Macfadden established a profound intimacy with his readers. Starting with discussions of their health problems, he gradually took up domestic problems in general. The *Physical Culture* magazine became a public clearinghouse for secrets. The personal note, the sympathetic touch, in Macfadden's writing caused thousands to choose him for their confidant, and the editor became convinced that letters which came from the hearts of distracted people were better reading than the made-up stories of literary artists. This personal correspondence became the nucleus of the great modern confessions literature.

The publisher has never been too busy to write editorials for his various magazines. The Macfadden editorial is commonly a sex pep talk. As Horace Greeley's message was "Go West," Macfadden's is "Find your mate." A rapid-fire dictator, he rattles off as many as six literary love philters at a sitting. He often puts in a good word for marriage, sometimes for divorce.

Macfadden was not always a specialist in sex. He was a Victorian of Victorians in his younger days. In his first novel, *An Athlete's Conquest*, he speaks of "superbly formed limbs," meaning "legs." Harry Moore, Macfadden's first hero, never addressed the heroine as other than "Miss Edith" until they were betrothed. There was not a buss or a clinch until they were betrothed. Miss Edith was an athlete, and if Mr. Moore had availed himself of the slightest liberty, she might have marked him for life. The early Macfadden heroines generally thrashed their own curs. In one of the first *Physical Culture* stories a city man named Marston made an offer of love to a Western girl, but failed to add an offer of marriage; he bears the scars on his face to this day. The only problem in the heroine's mind was whether to let him have it with a riding crop or a Colt; the problem in the mind of the Macfadden confessions heroine of today would be: "Shall I string along with this sucker on speculation or frame him

for heart balm? Shall I carve this melon all by myself or call in Screaming Amy?"

Most of the early Macfadden heroines were qualified to be strong ladies in sideshows. A few of them, however, had not been under the Macfadden influence long enough to apply an effective headlock or scissors to an annoyer. In such cases a Macfadden hero was sure to be near at hand. In one *Physical Culture* tale a Macfadden girl was being molested on top of an apartment house; the hero was on the roof of the building across the street; he leaped over the intervening distance, breaking the world's running-broad-jump record by at least twenty feet, and rescued her. He would accept no thanks, saying he couldn't help doing what he did.

Not every *Physical Culture* hero is an athlete in the first chapter. He may be a living skeleton with a hacking cough; exercise changes him into a demigod. There is a submerged revenge motive in some of the early Bernarr masterpieces. The readers of *Physical Culture* at that time were young white-collar men who were usually worsted in encounters with two-fisted manual workers. After vainly relying on apologies, police whistles and bicycles for their safety, they tried the Macfadden system of becoming bruisers themselves. The formula for a *Physical Culture* story was:

Bully No. 1 bumps ordinary people off sidewalk. Knocks wizened little man down. Wizened little man takes exercise. Becomes bully himself. Knocks ordinary people off the sidewalk. Flattens Bully No. 1. Marries most perfect specimen of womanhood in America.

In one of these novels a bully named Morgan puts the shriveled little grasshopper of a hero across his knee and spansks him. The pathetic little creature takes the Macfadden system of exercise, slaps Morgan's ears in and steals his girl. There is a subplot about a numskull who becomes brilliant by fasting and exercise.

Macfadden's first novel is of importance in the history of his evolution. Harry Moore, the hero, is Bernarr Macfadden—a puritanical, sex-scared Bernarr Macfadden. Harry has

all of Bernarr's manias, especially a frantic hostility toward corsets.

In the first chapter Harry goes through the sickly-little-shrimp phase and by exercising on the Macfadden plan becomes a Man Mountain. The action starts on Broadway, New York, when Harry sees a young woman catching a street-car. From her magnificent carriage he infers that she wears no structural steel and whalebones. He rushes to get a closer view. According to the good custom of Macfadden heroes, he doesn't look where he is going and bumps a bystander; bystander protests; Harry knocks him down.

"I must, I will know her, at any cost," mused he, "but how can I? I don't frequent the realms of society; nor do I believe she does. She don't in any way resemble my ideas of a society woman. But hold! The first thing to do is to secure her name and address."

Harry secures these data and scrapes an acquaintance. Nothing else happens except the knocking down of occasional strangers, but Macfadden makes a book-length novel out of it.

Not all of Macfadden's publishing ventures were successful. One of his failures was a magazine called *Brain Power*. This was launched in the early 20's when there was a great wave of self-improvement in America. Everybody wanted to get educated in ten minutes. A considerable part of the magazine advertising of the period came from organizations which offered to make you learned with small daily shots of erudition in the arm. The trouble with *Brain Power* was the title. No man wanted to be seen with *Brain Power*; it subjected him to ridicule, because it was a confession that he needed to do something about his brain. Another failure was *Beautiful Womanhood*, and for the same reason; it was useful only to the homely and it subjected them to ridicule. Another failure was *Babies—Just Babies*. This was got out in 1932 by Macfadden and Eleanor Roosevelt. Great things were expected from the union of those two well-meaning minds, but the results were disappointing. The title caused amusement. Macfadden was accustomed to horselaughs and

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thrived on them, but they were disconcerting to the First Lady. She retired from the magazine, and it was discontinued.

To his string of magazines Macfadden added *Liberty*, with a 2,000,000 plus ready-made circulation in 1931; he bought *Photoplay* in 1934. Other Macfadden magazines were *Midnight*—discontinued on the complaint of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice—*True Romances*, *True Experiences*, *Love and Romance*, *Movie Mirror*, *Radio Mirror*, *Love Mirror*, *True Detective Mysteries*, *Famous Detective Cases*, *Master Detective*, *Modern Marriage*, *Dance Lovers*, *Fiction Lovers*, *Movie Weekly*, *Sportlife*, *Muscle Builder*, *Your Car*, *Dream World* and *Metropolitan*. He has sold magazines at the rate of nearly 15,000,000 a month. In addition to the *Graphic*, his dailies—all now sold or discontinued—included the *New York Daily Investment News*, the *New Haven Times-Union*, the *Philadelphia Daily News*, the *Automotive Daily News*, of New York, and a string of papers in Michigan.

In 1924, Macfadden started his New York tabloid, the *Graphic*. His success as a magazine publisher had given him the idea that he could become another Northcliffe or Hearst. The trouble with the existing newspapers, according to Macfadden, was that they were "too cold." He promised to introduce human warmth into daily journalism. All through his magazine career he had been writing editorials charging that the newspapermen were a backward race. His contempt for them originated in the 90's, when they failed to publish his letters to the editor. He saved copies of these communications and later used them as editorials or articles in his own magazine; he calculated that he received a return from them of about two dollars a word, and he naturally despised the editors who had thrown big money into the wastebasket.

Macfadden has had more respect for newspapers since his disastrous experience with the *Graphic*, but that experience still flatters his vanity. He loves to top the world, and he crows exultantly that the *Graphic* was the world's greatest money-loser.

When someone suggested that he had sunk a couple of million dollars on the *Graphic*, he exclaimed indignantly, "The *Graphic* lost between seven and eight million dollars."

Macfadden carried his distrust of literacy into the newspaper world. He had originally won fame and fortune by backing the ignoramuses against the experts in the field of medicine. His success with *True Story* confirmed his theory that amateurs are better than professionals. He seemed to be on the verge of proving that illiteracy was the highest culture and that blank minds should rule the world. But he compromised with his principles. Had he hired flea trainers, rain makers, pretzel weavers or Airedale airers to get out the *Graphic*, his theory would have received a fair test. However, he took the halfway measure of merely hiring rustic journalists instead of metropolitan ones.

Instead of bringing the fresh, unspoiled viewpoint which Macfadden sought, his bumpkins immediately became cabaret-struck. They met Texas Guinan and Helen Morgan, and considered themselves men about town. They made the acquaintance of Chowderhead Cohen and Cokey Flo, and considered themselves in the vortex of the social whirl. Spending much of their time in what Richard Maney calls "sordid muzhik traps," they introduced a scent of sheep dip and new-mown hay into Manhattan night life. In those surroundings they came to the conclusion that New York City's population consisted of 7,000,000 underworld characters; 12,000,000, if you count the suburbs. Naturally, the paper they published was a sort of house organ for the rogues' gallery.

Macfadden was puzzled by the unfavorable comment on the *Graphic*, or the Pornographic, as it was called. Unfortunately, at this period he was scattering his energies over a series of new magazines and other enterprises. Had he concentrated on his tabloid, he might have become a great newspaperman. Macfadden showed promise in the early days of *Physical Culture*, when he printed a stirring series of articles exposing patent medicines. He established a still flourishing national institution by publishing the first exposé of professionalism in college athletics. In 1904 he uncovered the de-

bauchery at Yale, printing an article by Carrie Nation, the Kansas hatchet woman, who had obtained evidence that undergraduates indulged in sago pudding with sherry-wine sauce, apple dumpling with brandy sauce and roast ham with champagne sauce.

A monthly-magazine man for twenty-five years, Macfadden was perpetually taken by surprise by the fact that a daily paper is printed once every twenty-four hours. He was like a chess player in a hockey game. Macfadden was always a few days late, and his editors were always a few years late. The *Graphic* went wild over passé celebrities like Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Aimee Semple McPherson. It revived an ancient fake type of illustration, a mixture of drawings and photos, called "composographs." According to one *Graphic* executive, Macfadden held that the people "are really interested in only two things, sex and money—and in that order." The *Graphic* succeeded in taking the class out of both themes.

While the *Graphic* was being published, four book-length biographies of Macfadden came out within the space of a little more than a year. Three of them were written by employees, one by an ex-employee. No man could possibly be as good as the employees painted him; no man could possibly be as bad as the ex-employee painted him. The biographer who was no longer on the pay roll asserted that Bernarr was as objectionable as the *Graphic*, or even more so. The three who were still on the pay roll asserted that he was a saint whose real purpose was to publish a daily textbook of moral philosophy; he wanted his journalists, after telling the story of "Socialite's Head Found in Barrel" or "Seven Strangers in a Love Nest," to point out impressively that the pay-off of sin is croaking. Macfadden's error, it was asserted, lay in his thinking that every reporter was a Socrates or an Epictetus. The *Graphic* went out of business in 1932. The only value ever claimed for it was that it educated readers up to a point where they were able to understand the other tabloids.

As the money rolled in from his magazines, Macfadden accumulated his quota of yes-men, parasites, public-relations counselors and other leg-pullers. They convinced him that

America needed giant brains in high offices. Tammany Hall began to take an interest in Macfadden's idle and lonesome millions; there were conversations to the effect that the metropolis needed a genius at City Hall, or that New York State could use a superman in the gubernatorial chair. One curious politico-literary development was that variegated Tammany mugs blossomed out as men of letters in Macfadden publications. But Tammy was shot out from under Bernarr by La Guardia, Seabury, Dewey and others. In 1932 an organization was formed to put Macfadden in the White House, but he declined the offer. He was ready to accept in 1936.

"If the lightning strikes, it will find me a willing victim," said he; but America missed the bus. It was charged in a stockholders' suit that the President makers had trimmed Macfadden for approximately a quarter of a million dollars. The publisher said the figure was exaggerated. Last year Macfadden sought to become United States senator from Florida. He proved astonishingly popular with the voters. Some assert that he won by a substantial margin, but was counted out.

Macfadden's enthusiasm for flying was a by-product of politics. For many years he had disapproved of aviation and war as being inimical to radiant health. But in 1928 he flew from the Democratic convention in order to be the first person from the convention to shake the hand of Al Smith; and then flew from the Republican convention to be the first to shake the hand of Hoover. A little later he got a plane of his own and flew everywhere. After 300,000 miles with a pilot, he took the examination and became his own pilot. At seventy-two years he still makes nonstop solo flights from Miami to New York and elsewhere. Since he flies regardless of weather or landing conditions, he has had five minor crack-ups, but these have not bothered him in the least. He claims to be the oldest active pilot in America.

Macfadden's last two years have been complicated by stockholder trouble. He was originally the sole owner of *Physical Culture* and *True Story*. In 1924 he incorporated Mac-

fadden Publications, Inc., and sold stock to the public. In 1931, he gave stock valued at \$5,000,000 to Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., to run his sanitariums, schools, penny restaurants, health resorts and other philanthropies.

Always an autocrat and a complete I-do-as-I-please man, Macfadden ran his enterprises without regard to some of the niceties of corporation law. His magazines devoted much free space to the advertisement of his health projects and other promotions. He caused his publications to pay for his stable of airplanes and press agents. These little mannerisms caused no complaint in the days of prosperity. But loss of revenue from the depression and increasing competition produced a more critical attitude. Suits were started, demanding that Macfadden pay back large sums to Macfadden Publications, Inc. Stockholders asked for \$2,900,000 of the money lost on the *Graphic* and between three and four million alleged to have been used in financing Macfadden's philanthropic and personal activities.

The publisher admitted his quest of the White House had been partly paid for by his magazines, but insisted that the publicity was worth it to them. However, in order to avoid litigation, he agreed to pay \$300,000 in cash and 22,000 shares of Macfadden preferred stock to satisfy the claims of stockholders. Last February he sold his common stock, according to a plan said to be of several years standing, to a group composed of O. J. Elder, Fulton Oursler and others of his associates. His connection with his magazines today is that of a contributor of articles and ideas.

Some time after the new management took control last February it notified advertisers that the circulation of *True Story* had fallen below the guaranteed 2,000,000 copies a month and that refunds would be made accordingly. More than 2,000,000 copies a month had been sold to news dealers, but fewer than that had been purchased by readers. The reason was that graduated bonuses had been paid to dealers in proportion to the numbers of copies sold. The bonuses were so generous that dealers found it profitable to destroy copies of *True Story*, and to report that they had sold them.

The new management notified advertisers that it had not been responsible for this curious sales-promotion technique.

A lifelong rebel, Macfadden's most recent uprising is against the theory that age is a period of decline. In making this point, he picked up a thirty-pound bar bell on his seventieth birthday and exercised with it until he had a heart collapse—a condition which he corrected, he says, by taking long walks. Striking at other superstitions about age, Macfadden asserts that romance increases with the years, and that December is a more inflammable month than May.

He has constantly been in rebellion against dictators of men's wear. Macfadden, in his early youth, delivered groceries in a silk hat and Prince Albert coat. In later life he disconcerted the fashion czars by going hatless in the open air and wearing a derby indoors. He appears with his hat on in the house in a series of photographs in *Physical Culture* demonstrating how to blow soap bubbles; ever in favor of uniting physical culture with entertainment, Macfadden was urging his followers to assemble in bubble-blowing parties at which they could combine exercise of the lungs with the pleasures of society. He wore a cutaway, or what in New York is called a Court of Appeals suit, in demonstrating how to exercise infants under one year of age by pulling them about with his little finger. He confused New York politicians by wearing an opera cloak to noonday conferences. When he consents to dress at all, he dresses to please Macfadden. He wore his hoeing suit with fresh traces of garden mold one day when he went house hunting in Florida.

"You wouldn't be interested," he was told when he asked permission to inspect a mansion. "This place is for millionaires."

"I'm a millionaire, lady," said Macfadden, and proved it by taking the house.

Even during the days of his greatest prosperity, Macfadden did not relax his stern self-discipline. The cruel grind of the physical-culture life which he inflicts on himself caused something of a scandal near Hyannis, Massachusetts, where the publisher was a house guest one summer. Another guest was

Mary Pickford. Because of a rumored plot to kidnap her, a policeman was called in to guard the premises. In making his rounds, he found Macfadden sleeping on the floor—he did not know Macfadden or that Macfadden sleeps on the floor to strengthen the spine. At dinnertime he found Macfadden sitting outside in an automobile—he did not know that the publisher was on one of his periodical fasts and would not expose himself to the smell of cookery. The next day he saw Macfadden start off, with a suitcase in either hand, on a seven-mile hike to the airfield—he did not know that the publisher insisted on doing this for exercise. The policeman spread the report that the host was the most inhospitable man in Massachusetts; that he made his elderly guest sleep on the floor, stay outside at mealtimes and walk seven miles with his luggage.

Miscellaneous enterprises and political ambitions may have caused Macfadden to forget now and then that he is primarily a crusader and world fixer, but his idealism usually prevails in the long run. His fundamental character—that of the physical-culture messiah—is always breaking out. The newspaper sellers of New York once tendered a dinner to him in honor of the exceptional profit which he allowed them on each sale of the *Graphic*. A gathering of newsstand people is usually the signal for maudlin condescension and gush. Macfadden looked from one table to another and saw that his hosts and hostesses were fat. He grew incensed at their multiple chins and globular torsos. Instead of calling them the Corinthian pillars of society and aristocrats of creation, he denounced them as disgusting weaklings, slackers, loafers, traitors to the Body Beautiful; he demanded that they starve themselves forthwith until they recovered some semblance of the human form, and then maintain it by diet and exercise. The corpulent newsboys and newsgirls were first hurt and then pleased. They cheered tumultuously. They felt that Macfadden really cared.

On one of his trips abroad Macfadden had an audience with Mussolini. The publisher would ordinarily have been greatly impressed by the fact that Bernarr, the illiterate Mis-

souri farm hand, was bandying civilities with a great world figure, as Mussolini was then considered. But before the interview, Macfadden had visited an Italian army post, and he took Mussolini sharply to task for misfeeding his soldiers; he offered to show how to feed them at one half the current cost and make them twice as vigorous. The suggestion was coldly received. Macfadden then imported an assortment of Italian boys, fed them, sent them home greatly improved, and received a decoration from Italy.

A fanatic about physical culture, but a skeptic about other kinds, Macfadden distrusts bookworms. He grieved a good deal because Fulton Oursler, his able lieutenant, read Shakespeare every day. That one of the chiefs of the Macfadden organization should waste his time on poetry when he might be exercising his muscles was a sore affliction to the health prophet. Breaking young men of their weaknesses had been Macfadden's lifelong specialty, and he struggled to induce Oursler to brace up and be a man.

The argument went on for years. One theatrical season when Shakespeare was playing in many theaters on Broadway, Oursler pointed out that the Swan would be the richest man in the world, if he were living today. He would be drawing the author's percentage from the theaters in nearly every part of the globe and getting royalties from nearly every man who reads. That put the matter in a different light. Macfadden yields to nobody in respect for real success. He asked questions about Shakespeare. Finally he turned on the Shakespearean student.

"I know something about Shakespeare that you don't," he said. "To have accomplished all that, he must have kept himself in wonderful physical condition. Shakespeare was a great physical culturist."

GALLIPOLIS BOY MAKES GOOD

By J. BRYAN, III

SIXTY dressing gowns hang in the closet of O. O. McIntyre's Park Avenue apartment. Thirty pairs of day pajamas, and another thirty for sleeping, are folded in his wardrobe. Ninety-two different perfumes stand on his bureau.

Every morning he allows an hour for choosing perfume, dressing gown and pajamas to suit his mood. But since the possible combinations could not be exhausted in six lifetimes, and since he had rather face a tiger than a decision, the announcement of breakfast always finds him shilly-shallying. He snatches up the nearest garments, sprinkles himself with his wife's one favorite brand, and dashes into the dining room. There he pauses, listening. If the bedroom door is slammed behind him, he knows that Mrs. McIntyre spied him filching her perfume or that he has left a damp towel on her dressing table. In either case, another day has begun in haste, fretfulness and shame. It is fortunate that he owns a shaving brush for each day of the week. If he owned one more, or one less, he would have to grow a beard.

This 10:30 breakfast is his big meal; he has no lunch and little dinner. His worries vanish as he eats. By the time he finishes the morning paper he feels "chirky" again. The perfume tingles pleasantly. The crimson pajamas with ocher stripes seem "pretty peart"; they match the green-and-orange dressing gown rather nicely. Maybe the omens don't point to a molasses column, after all; they may point to a champagne column, even.

The room where he writes it reflects the column itself—

[Note: This article appeared November 20, 1937. Mr. McIntyre died February 14, 1938.]

heterogeneous, tight-packed, glittering. He calls it "a cozy higgledy-piggledy." Around the walls are caricatures by Billy De Beck and James Montgomery Flagg, signed photographs of celebrities and pictures of his dogs. Magazines cover a chromium-and-glass table. Glass bookshelves are gaudily packed with light fiction and gewgaw presents from his readers: A miniature Mexican saddle; an owl made of pine cones; a cask of date wine; a glass pistol full of candy; a toy flatboat, "Souvenir of the 1937 Flood." His desk is a huge sheet of glass on chromium legs. Behind his portable typewriter are ranked erasers, paper, pencils, envelopes, inkwells, pens and clips. His dictionary has a special stand beside his chromium chair.

When he starts work after breakfast, the blinds are already drawn and the lamps are lit; he hates the glare of sunlight. He taps awhile, then wanders about the room, drinks a glass of water, taps some more, whistles, take a fresh stick of gum, skips through a magazine and taps again.

The column usually follows a loose design. Monday begins with "Diary," and has a paragraph of "Bagatelles" next to the last. On Thursday, "Bagatelles" becomes "Thingumbobs." Friday begins with "Thoughts while strolling." His smaller pigeon-holes include "Add remembrances; One-word description of —; Purely personal piffle; Look-alikes; Memories; Personal nomination for —" and so on.

Similarly the first of his seven or eight paragraphs may be a catalogue of similarities: Deaf newspapermen, pipe-smoking actors, men who wear beards. Then a paragraph of lament for vanished youth—vaudeville artists now forgotten, or the joys of licking the dasher of the ice-cream freezer. An intimate glimpse of some celebrity, restaurant or hotspot. Something about his dog. A handful of small-change items. And finally a *faux pas* of his, an embarrassing episode, a wisecrack with himself the butt.

His job is done by five or half past. He reads his copy once, pencils in a few changes, and it is ready for the McNaught Syndicate to release. Two weeks later it appears simultaneously in 508 newspapers—newspapers in every one of the states

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and in Canada and Mexico, newspapers whose combined circulations reach the tremendous total of 15,000,000.

To be sure, not all these people read McIntyre. A survey conducted by *Fortune* indicates that he can claim only a quarter of them. On the other hand, syndicates like to believe that the average newspaper is seen by at least four people. If this were so, the number of McIntyre's devotees would rise to 15,000,000 again. The correct figure lies somewhere between; call it 7,000,000.

The daily column runs to about 800 words, and his monthly article for *Cosmopolitan* is about the same length, so McIntyre's annual output is close to 300,000 words. Where do they come from? What grain does he mill that leaves so much chaff? How does a man squeeze out of his brain 300,000 words a year that are interesting enough to hold the attention of 7,000,000 people, year after year?

He draws his material from four sources—his memory, his reading, his observation and his mail. The first two contribute least, though other columnists may disagree. His memory gives him the nostalgic items, reminiscences of boyhood in Gallipolis and early days in New York. It is a bank which pays small but regular interest on the deposited capital of an impressionable youth. His reading covers three newspapers a day and a couple of magazines. It keeps him abreast of the news, suggests timely topics, and supplies information that he can rewrite when the original has been forgotten. Yet he has never kept a scrapbook of his own stuff, for fear that he might come to borrow from it too heavily.

Observation furnished most of his column in the years when he skipped from restaurant to theater to party, but McIntyre doesn't dine out more than once a week now, and rarely goes to theaters and night clubs. Even so, he always carries a pad and pencil to jot down an anecdote told him or an incident seen. Most such notes are gathered on the nightly automobile ride that has come to be almost his only regular entertainment.

His town car calls for him and Mrs. McIntyre promptly at eight. He changes into street clothes around six o'clock.

Their trip never lasts less than three hours, and they never go faster than twenty-five miles an hour. He doesn't talk much when he's riding; he sits in the left corner, whistling idly and watching the streets. A reserve pad and pencil are in a compartment at his side. If something catches his attention, he switches on the dome light and makes a note, but it is a fruitful night that yields three items.

These rides are utterly aimless; the chauffeur is allowed to follow his fancy, although he doesn't share McIntyre's fondness for tough parts of town, where urchins shout "Home, James!" at the Rolls. He's liked them even less since the night the McIntyres dined at Moneta's on Mulberry Street, and he parked the car next door, in front of Bacigalupo's funeral parlor. The crowd around the entrance was so great that he asked who was dead. A hard-faced man told him, "A guy who couldn't mind his own business."

But even if McIntyre's memory failed, and he were blind and bedridden, he could still turn out a makeshift column simply by listening to his daily mail. His own estimate is that a good half of his material comes from it now.

An actor or an author thanks him for a friendly mention and passes along a little item. A casual reader happens on a curiosity and sends it in. A recent column reminds someone of a parallel instance or a similar experience. A paragraph about dogs or food brings the greatest response of all, McIntyre has found. When he lamented the death of one of his Boston terriers, extracts from sympathetic letters filled both sides of the pages of a thick scrapbook. And four months after the recollection of blackberry jelly had made his mouth water for a line or two, jars of it were still being sent him; the twelve-hundredth jar came from Tahiti.

A sheaf of letters from a sample day runs something like this: George Primrose's widow reminisces about old minstrel men. Major Bowes warns him to listen for his name in next Thursday's program. A letter from Flagstaff, Arizona: "For a long time now I've been wanting to tell you—" An invitation to speak at the National Press Club in Washington. A letter from Canada addressed "O. O., U. S. A." An elderly

lady writes that she is sending him a book on mental hygiene. A London reader reports seeing *Ye Olde Doughnut Dunkery*, and relays the story that the jigsaw puzzle was invented by a Scotch butcher who had dropped a pound note in a mincing machine. President John F. O'Hara, of Notre Dame, writes that McIntyre's initials take him back to the Boer War. A letter from Valdosta, Georgia: "The wife and I are planning a little trip to New York, and what we want to know is—" A tourist writes from Hawaii that the captain of her interisland ship was named O. O. McIntyre; when she asked him about it, he said, "Yeah, I hear there's another guy calling himself that back in New York." Joe Cook sends in a gag from his country place, Sleepless Hollow. A ragbag letter from a lady in Salina, Kansas, about cigarettes and telephones and what-all.

In addition, McIntyre has perhaps a dozen correspondents who regularly send him everything interesting and amusing that they come across—Frank Case, of the Algonquin Hotel, Dick Berlin, Meredith Nicholson, Gelett Burgess, Brock Pemberton, and others. They are valuable property and he treats them as such—mentions them from time to time, and keeps them primed with mildly salacious stories scribbled on post cards.

An average week brings him about 3000 letters. Those from friends and big names he answers himself. A few others he turns over to his secretary. All letters from celebrities he sends to Gallipolis, where they are indexed for the public library.

McIntyre says that he has never had a letter from Idaho, for some mysterious reason, and not more than two or three of the go-soak-your-head kind from anywhere. The strangest letter he ever received was this one:

"I am no spiritualist and I ain't much of a believer in dreams. Several times there has come to me a vision. It generally comes at night. You used to know a boy named H——. He went away on a bote. He has red hair and teeth like Rosfelt. He is in danger and lible to be kilt any day now. I am just a factory girl so you don't need to pay no attention unless you want to."

Despite the faintly specious odor of this revelation, McIntyre says that such a friend of his died six weeks later in England—his house collapsed on him.

This, then, is the raw foodstuff of the dish set before so many million avid readers every day of the year. Before they get it, however, it must be prepared according to McIntyre's personal recipe. He washes away all traces of dirt, cooks it on a slow fire of melodrama, pours over it a gravy of sentiment, and garnishes it with dabs of chopped English and curlicues of French.

The only trouble with the process is that two weeks elapse between cooking and serving, and many dishes can get not only cold but spoiled in two weeks. It is common for McIntyre to describe meeting a movie actress in Central Park on the day that she is making a personal appearance in San Francisco. Once he wrote a sketch of an actor who dropped dead in the Lambs Club the night before the column was released. It cost \$150 in telegrams to kill the paragraph and rush in a substitute. McIntyre feels that he has now developed a sixth sense about such things, and only rarely risks subjects which may be void by the time of publication. Further, he believes that his readers have become educated to the common practice of advance writing and condone the mistakes that it entails.

So they may. There are, however, other mistakes which his more critical readers do not condone. A random dozen columns will reveal such spellings as "dumbell," "leprachaun" and "biege," and such solecisms as "most unique," "an hilarious letter" and "torturous streets." On Dale Carnegie's authority, the sweetest sound in the language is a person's own name. Presumably the sight of it in print is also sweet. But all too often it becomes an eyesore when McIntyre is the printer. As witnesses, call Katharine ("Katherine") Cornell, Margalo Gillmore ("Margola Gilmore") and the former Mrs. Fal de Saint Phalle ("Mrs. Phil de St. Paul").

When he uses French, as he is prone to, he is unseated at every curvet and caracole. *Marche des Puces*, *cafés intime*, *pourbous*, a *decollete* woman—a steady income might be made from a standing bet that whatever expression he employs will

be either wrongly spelled, diacritical marks aside, or wrongly chosen.

It is not as if he had learned his French from menus at the Colony Restaurant. He has been to France a dozen times. Characteristically, he chose one of his recent trips there to write a London letter. He described strolling down Birdcage Walk and lounging through Trafalgar Square, but the high spot of his day, he said, was sipping tea in a window seat and watching the cheery green busses trundle by.

Weeks later, in New York, Dean Cornwell confronted him with it. "What about those 'green' busses, Odd? They're red, like the pillar boxes."

"My God," said McIntyre, "so they are! I haven't been in London for ten years and I forgot."

These mistakes are, after all, merely careless, and neither deliberate nor harmful. But there are times when he spins fancies out of thin air, and then, however innocent his purpose, he is frequently embarrassing in effect. McIntyre to the contrary, Corey Ford does not compose his best—or any—stories while clad in shorts, and Libby Holman does not wear "thin glasses that fit over her eyeballs under the lids." They haven't even an idea where the reports originated, unless, of course, they weren't reports at all.

Walter Winchell seized on a particularly elaborate counterfeit and challenged it phrase by phrase. Under the heading OH! OH! MCINTYRE, he wrote:

Whenever I make mistakes in this pillar, I will refer my critics to this item clipped from O. O. McIntyre:

"Harlem's reigning sheik is Cab Calloway, a saddle-colored Negro out of a small town in Missouri. He has been leading an orchestra in cabaret and vaudeville. His dicty [flashy] clothes in zebra patterns set the style pace for ebony swells along Lenox Avenue."

Cab is not saddle-colored. He was not born in a small town in Missouri. He does not wear dicty clothes in zebra patterns. He does not set the style pace for Harlem swells. He is not a sheik, but spends most of his time at home with his wife. Other than that, O. O. McIntyre is correct.

Winchell is McIntyre's most persistent gadfly, but nearly every columnist in New York has stung him at one time or another. Long before F. P. A. left the *Herald Tribune*, he had abandoned as hopeless the attempt to correct McIntyre's grammar and factual inaccuracies; his final note was: "Mr. O. O. McIntyre said: 'George S. Kauffman just stuck in the S. for swank,' which is untrue, S. being not for swank but for Simon, nor do I know why Mr. McIntyre stuck the extra 'j' in George's surname." John Farrar devoted two articles in the *Bookman* to a feud arising from a paragraph of McIntyre's in which "the only word of truth was that I had been in Lancaster, Pa." And the last piece Ring Lardner wrote was a parody of McIntyre's column; it was titled "Odd's Bodkins" and appeared in the *New Yorker*:

Thingumbobs: If they did not wear identical hats, Jack Dempsey and Connie Bennett could easily pass for sisters. . . . One-word description of Franklin Delano Roosevelt—President. . . . There is something about the name Babe Ruth that suggests rare old Dresden filigree work. . . . Few ladies with as little money can act as grampous as Bernie Baruch. . . . Theodore Dreiser often arises at 2 A.M. and walks for two hours steadily. I once knew a fellow in Gallipolis who often arose at 6 P.M., and at 2 A.M. walked for two hours unsteadily. . . .

Such jabs wound McIntyre not at all; he ignores them blithely. But a jab of Christopher Morley's—a bombardment, rather—he could not ignore. Morley's own column, "The Bowling Green," appears in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. For the most part, he has kept it elegantly aloof from intramural brawlings, but two years ago he jumped into the fight feet-foremost, swinging his typewriter like a mace.

The occasion was the publication of *The Big Town*, a selection of columns from "New York Day by Day." Morley's opening gun was the flat statement that McIntyre had pilfered from him for fifteen years. He went on:

I don't want to seem selfish if he needs to divot the Green now and then for his newspaper syndicate. . . . But when he gets into the bookshops, then I feel a certain sense of trade honor is involved. . . . I work hard over

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my stuff, and if people are going to read it, I'd prefer them to get it in the *Saturday Review* . . . under my own name than in the Hearst papers under his.

Examples followed:

Morley's original: ". . . floats an instant in the mind like a smoke ring, then spreads and thins and sifts apart." McIntyre's adaptation: ". . . floating for an instant in the public eye like a smoke ring and sifting apart."

Morley: ". . . A sweet and dangerous opiate is Memory . . . the bliss of anxious thought." McIntyre: ". . . No opiate is so deadening as Memory . . . the despair of anxious thought."

Morley: ". . . her hand flying merrily over the keys like a white hen picking up corn." McIntyre: ". . . watch my fingers fly over the keyboard like a hen pecking up corn."

In all, Morley cited thirty parallels.

The manager of McIntyre's syndicate issued a statement to the bedeviling press: "Why should the most successful columnist in the business take the copy of the most unsuccessful? . . . Mr. Morley, whose Bowling Green column is perhaps the least read in the history of journalism, is capitalizing on Mr. McIntyre's popularity."

Winchell took a gleeful pot shot from the side line:

In a current mag there is a photo of a columnist toiling at his chores. . . . The reason you know he is working, and not posing, is that his scissors and paste are within easy reach.

McIntyre himself said only, "If it did happen, it happened unintentionally."

Such an exposure would have crushed any other columnist, but McIntyre was genuinely bewildered by it. He had no consciousness of guilt. Once a phrase or paragraph has been given print, he considers it in the public domain. His only desire is to write entertainingly, and on this desire no nonsense about "journalistic integrity" is ever allowed to intrude.

Morley, Winchell, F. P. A., Lardner, Farrar—the list of McIntyre's prosecutors is not called even yet. Westbrook Peg-

ler's indictment was the broadest, bitterest and most widely read of them all. A few sentences make his point:

Sinister shadows slithering sibilantly through the threadable mews of Chinatown always remind me of the Nick Carter stories I used to read with Butch Klutch in the haymow of his father's livery stable. A nostalgic patina permeates the poignant metier which broods over the pervading mouchoir. Last night in Pell St. a faint silent shriek attracted my attention and an opium eater fell dead at my feet, shot with a platinum bullet set with Oriental sapphires. . . . Charles M. Schwab, Fannie Hurst and Irvin S. Cobb often go down to Chinatown to see the murders, sometimes accompanied by Irvin S. Cobb and Will Hays. . . .

Pegler spoke for every McIntyre reader who was a resident of Manhattan or had ever been there. He spotlighted a grudge they had always held against McIntyre, but perhaps had never identified—not his swirling, confettilike jargon, as cleverly as Pegler has mocked it, but his arrant misrepresentation of the city on which he pretends to be the foremost authority.

As every New Yorker eventually comes to recognize, the place that McIntyre reports bears no closer relation to reality than, say, the Suwanee River of song bears to the Suwanee River of Florida. It is not to be found on Manhattan Island, but in some Cloud-Cuckoo Land on the other side of the Looking Glass. It is a land which denies the insistence of taximeters, calendars and clocks. Here Harlem adjoins Chinatown, and Greenwich Village is across the street from Hell's Kitchen. Here Lizzie Borden is arrested by squad car, and Diamond Jim Brady dines at the Stork Club. And here there is neither noon nor midnight; dusk succeeds dawn, dawn succeeds dusk again, and both shed the same lurid and distorting light.

What New Yorkers resent is that this is the only light by which so many million people see New York. Few of McIntyre's readers have visited New York or ever will. Yet fewer still are not convinced that, thanks to him, they know the city intimately and picture it vividly. The newsreels, the rotogra-

vures and the press services have supplied a vaguely factual backdrop, but the rest of the production is all McIntyre's. He designed the sets and wrote the dialogue. And McIntyre's creation, not the backdrop, is what his audience remembers.

Yet in whatever derision Fifth Avenue, State Street and Sunset Boulevard may hold him, his word is gospel on a dozen Railroad Avenues, Main Streets and R. F. D. No. 3's. Make no mistake about it, there his word is gospel. That it is a gospel according to formula detracts nothing from its sanctity. Basically, the formula is a variation of Einstein's: the doctor relates time to space, but McIntyre relates Times Square to the open spaces. From the top of his column you can see Beowawe, Nevada, on a clear day; and Kingstree, South Carolina, is only forty-five minutes from Broadway.

Other columnists use a similar formula, but where they exploit the rural readers' latent malevolence toward New Yorkers ("What blueblood playboy was tossed out of Tony's yesterday for making a passeroo at the check girl?") McIntyre exploits a far richer and wider field—their latent snobbishness. ("To the St. Regis and found Vincent Astor vis-à-vis; I could have dunked my crumpet in his Oolong.") This is the essence of McIntyre's attitude, the dominant theme in his serenade to celebrity, the unwritten line in his every paragraph: "I could have reached out and touched him."

The result is that mention by McIntyre constitutes an automatic warrant of worth in the provinces. Winchell may award you an orchid, but your name is written in water as far as they are concerned. If they remember you at all, it may be with a vague mistrust. But let McIntyre mention that you and he "paused a tick in chitchat," and your check is good in the local bank. The president may even offer you a cigar and ask what you think of the European situation.

Exaggerated? Precisely this happened to Frank Case in a small Florida town. And a sweltering train ride through Louisiana was made more bearable for Lucius Beebe because the conductor associated the tag on his suitcase with an item of McIntyre's in that morning's *Times-Picayune*. In both cases the same question was asked: "Do you really know Odd?"

And then, when the first rapturous realization had passed, "What's he like?"

Clear your mind of the gaping, gangling young rustic with a forelock like a corn tassel. McIntyre has lived in New York since 1911, and ten of those years he lived at the Ritz. From his manner, this slender, courteous, white-haired man might have been born in the royal suite.

True, his clothes are not entirely in the Ritz's sedate tradition. Veteran members of the staff wince to recall the awning-striped shirts and fretwork shoes, but McIntyre would be pleased to know this. It means that his clothes fulfilled their purpose, which is the same as a circus poster's—to attract attention. They are one of the few outward signs of his innate egotism.

Another is his fondness for red. He says that his favorite color is purple—Rupert Hughes calls it "McIntyrian purple"—but most of his haberdashery leans toward red, and all his correspondence is written in red ink on paper with a red monogram. The initials on his china and table linen are "O O M," not his wife's. The license number of his car is 0-5. And psychologists say that a preoccupation with words—foreign words, curious words, obscure words—is also evidence of egotism.

Yet McIntyre is socially the most modest of men. On one of Joan Crawford's trips to New York, she announced that he was the only person she wanted to meet. With great difficulty, McIntyre was prevailed on to appear. Although they sat side by side, he never addressed a remark to her, and answered hers only in monosyllables. He is genuinely shy. His conversation ignores himself; his voice and laughter are subdued; he is embarrassed by fulsome admiration in public places. He never makes use of the passes and free tickets constantly offered him. If a restaurant proprietor demurs about presenting his check, McIntyre will insist until it is brought. And should a night-club impresario send him a complimentary case of wine, it is always handed on to a hospital. The cakes and jellies and pickles that his readers constantly mail him go the same way. Many beneficiaries know that McIntyre is

generous; few of them know that he is also afraid of being poisoned.

This is one of his minor phobias. Along with his dislike of telephones and daylight, it is never confessed in his column.

Two other dislikes it takes a careful reader to discern: Bankers and blackmailing women. The first goes back to 1929, when mismanagement cost him a good part of his savings. The second goes back to a friend of his who was blackmailed into suicide.

Broadway speaks of McIntyre as a "sweetheart" and a "leveler." By this it means that he is always ready to help a friend, either with money or publicity. Because many of the items in his earliest columns were given him by acrobats and ventriloquists lounging in front of the Palace Theater between acts, he makes a point of plugging them still. He doesn't form friendships easily, but he forms them firmly.

He loves practical jokes. Once he lured a friend's wife into a Broadway drugstore and suddenly plunged into a loud tirade: "A pretty girl like you never brushed her teeth in her life? I can't believe it! It'll have to stop! . . . Here, give me this—and this—and some of these right away, please." In front of the gathering crowd he bought four toothbrushes and a pound of powder, and forced them into her embarrassed hands.

His humor is quieter now. Recent illnesses have banned cigarettes and alcohol, kept him close to home, and generally restrained him. More than ever he leaves his decisions to his wife. It is she who shelters him from the intrusions of society and business alike. She sees that his diet is balanced, that he is warmly, rather than loudly, dressed, that he does not over-tire himself. She arranges the terms of all his contracts. She takes his telephone messages. She is even the go-between for his secretary at the syndicate, whom he has never seen nor spoken to.

Without her adoring supervision, McIntyre would worry himself into hysteria overnight. He is naturally high-strung and impatient, but she tries to convince him that this is only pretense; that he is essentially placid, gentle and serene.

It makes him mildly mad to hear her say so. "Snooker, I'm not gentle. I'm a tough, mean old rooster."

"Lover, you are. All men raised by their grandmothers are gentle. I don't know why, but it's so."

He was born in Plattsburg, Missouri, in 1884. Two pronunciations must be established at the start. The "Odd" in his name is "Ud"; Oscar Odd Young was his mother's favorite brother. And Gallipolis, Ohio, is "Gall'po-leece"; he moved there to live with his grandmother when he was still a child. A wrought-iron sign marks the house; it shows a man tapping on a typewriter. Below is a bronze tablet: "Boyhood home of O. O. McIntyre, famous newspaperman and now writer of *New York Day by Day*."

He bought a house of his own there a few years ago, but he hasn't seen it since the deed was signed. All the restoring, furnishing and decorating have been done by mail. McIntyre says he doesn't need to see it; he has a model of it in his apartment, and tourists are constantly sending him post-card views. He doesn't need even these; he knows the house of old, and intimately. Its name is Gatewood, and it is where he met and courted Maybelle Small. Some day soon, he says, they're going to pull out and spend the rest of their lives there. Gallipolis likes to believe so. Fifty of its leading citizens recently petitioned the McIntyres to come home, and Gatewood has already been assigned the telephone number 00.

Meeting Maybelle Small was one of three important things that happened to Odd during his youth in Gallipolis. The second was his single triumph in the world of sports; he won a medal given by the League of American Wheelmen for fancy bicycle riding. "I ought to have been good," he says. "I didn't do anything else all day long."

And the third was his first job—cub reporter on the Gallipolis *Daily News*. The salary was five dollars a week. When the opposition paper, the *Daily Journal*, lured him away, it wasn't with a raise; he still got five dollars, but he also got his name on the masthead as city editor. The raise came when he moved to the East Liverpool *Morning Tribune* as police reporter. Odd has forgotten how much it was, but he thinks

it must have been considerable, because he saved enough in seven months for a trip to the St. Louis Exposition. Where, in a few minutes, a pickpocket touched him for all but \$1.95.

His pride was touched far worse. The return to East Liverpool began to assume some of the aspects of Cornwallis' return after Yorktown. The better to consider them, Odd—ever the dandy—went to a barbershop and had a haircut and manicure. By home standards, the bill should have been sixty cents. By St. Louis standards, it was \$1.60. Odd made a sudden resolve. He cashed his return ticket and bought one to Plattsburg, where his father still lived.

In Plattsburg, he did nothing at all for exactly a year. At the end of it, his father handed him twenty dollars, along with a few suggestive remarks about the broadening effects of travel. In desperation Odd chose ten editors at random and wired them for a job. When the *Dayton Herald* answered, offering him twelve dollars a week, he was too dismayed to do anything but accept. His year's delicious loafing was over. Who could have guessed that an editor, of all people, would hire you on the strength of a telegram, especially when you'd had the forethought to send it collect?

He never recovered from his original terror of this unnatural man. Meeting him in a corridor, Odd would break into a panicky gallop and rush past. The editor became curious. "Who's that fast-stepping youngster?" he asked.

Someone said, "Why, that's the fellow who wired you collect from some tank town in Missouri and you hired him."

"Did I? Well, he looks full of beans. Make him city editor."

Another week and Odd had become assistant managing editor. Presently the Cincinnati *Post* made him an offer, and this time he took a demotion in title—to telegraph editor—for an increase in salary. On the strength of it, he and Maybelle Small were married on February 18, 1908. It was Odd's twenty-fourth birthday.

The managing editor of the *Post* was Ray Long. One of its cartoonists was Harold T. Webster. Another was Robert M. Brinkerhoff, who draws Little Mary Mixup. Presently, Long

left for New York to become editor of *Hampton's Magazine*. He had hardly reached there when his persuasive letters began urging his friends to join him. Within a few years they did so.

The McIntyres went first, in 1911. With furniture that Brinkerhoff sent on ahead, they took a small apartment on West 148th Street. When Webster arrived, he found them settled in—the McIntyres, Mrs. McIntyre's mother, Mrs. Small, and Ray Rohn, an artist. Brinkerhoff, following a few months later, made six.

Fortunately, Brink and Mrs. Small were excellent cooks and Mrs. McIntyre was an expert housekeeper. Then, as now, Odd and Webbie were utterly incapable of doing the simplest service for themselves. It was a standing joke that, left alone, they would starve in a delicatessen store. Left alone in the apartment, they argued interminably about religion. They even carried their arguments to bed, which was Brink's by ownership, but theirs by seizure. Brink slept on a couch in the living room. Mrs. McIntyre and her mother slept in the other bedroom. Rohn seems not to have slept at all.

Odd's first job, as Long's associate on *Hampton's*, was short-lived, but just as the magazine dissolved under his feet, he managed to step aboard the *Evening Mail* as dramatic editor at forty dollars a week. Brink came along as cartoonist. Drunk with sudden prosperity, the household hired a colored maid. Webbie still remembers her affectionately: "I liked her because she was so honest. She never stole anything but food and clothing."

It was gay for a while in the apartment, but a few months of it were, understandably, enough for Mrs. Small. She went back to Gallipolis, and the McIntyres moved to one room at a hotel—a quiet room of their own. In quick succession, Odd was fired from the *Mail*, had a nervous breakdown and inherited \$4000.

The combination was ideal. Ever since his first weeks in New York, he had made desultory attempts to write a column. The idea had first been planted by a feature called "New York Day by Day" which Herbert Corey wrote for the Cincinnati *Times-Star* but discontinued when he went to war. Now that

illness prevented Odd's holding a regular job, a column was his only resort. There was trouble though. The breakdown had aggravated his natural shyness into what was virtually agoraphobia. Faced with the necessity of circulating around town in search of printable items, it was anguishing for him to leave the sanctuary of his room. Brinkerhoff and Webster would spend hours inducing him to come for a short stroll.

Two blocks from the hotel he would break away from them and sprint home, arriving breathless and shattered. He has never completely recovered; his present aversion to crowds derives from this illness.

Yet the column was written somehow, for Mrs. McIntyre to mimeograph messily and send out to country newspapers. First offered at five dollars a month, it found no takers. A few accepted when it was offered for nothing. Presently the Bridgeport *Post* volunteered to pay eight dollars a year. At the end of two years there were twenty-six subscribers, paying a total of \$600 a year.

Originally, the column was called "O. O. McIntyre's New York Letter," and Odd still speaks of it as "the letter." Most papers now carry it as "New York Day by Day," but some have chosen their own titles. These early columns were much the same as they are now—a hodgepodge of chatter and reminiscence. But there was this difference: In those days they were written less for pure entertainment than as camouflage for the names of potential publicity clients.

Odd would select a minor celebrity, puff him in the column, and send him all twenty-six clippings. Not infrequently they would be acknowledged by a small check. Two of his clients signed up for a regular service; the income from their accounts added another \$600 a year.

Then came a windfall. In 1915, a personality sketch of Copeland Townsend, manager of the Majestic Hotel, brought a check for fifty dollars and an invitation to become the hotel's press agent. Odd would receive no salary, but his rooms, board, telephone and entertainment would be free. He jumped at it.

His system was as simple as it was effective. It consisted

of ingratiating himself with newspapermen. If he picked up an amusing story from one of his vaudeville friends, he would publish it with some such introduction as "George Buchanan Fyfe, of the *World*, is telling this one on himself—" and he took care that Fyfe received the clippings. Next day another story would be credited to Heywood Broun, of the *Tribune*, or Frank Ward O'Malley, of the *Sun*. They read his stuff, they liked the publicity, and they remembered it.

Again, Odd used to give poker parties for the press, furnishing food and drinks. He arranged a free suite for George Kaufman's honeymoon, when Kaufman was a reporter on the *Times*. Learning that reporters assigned to cover the Lou Tellegen-Geraldine Farrar wedding were being kept outside in the snow, Odd sent word that free coffee, eggs and sandwiches were waiting near by at the Majestic. The result of these tactics was that when he notified the papers that Sarah Bernhardt or Bud Fisher or Pavlowa had just registered, they were glad to give the Majestic a prominent mention.

Odd also used to work up little publicity stunts that were usually good for a paragraph or two. On Washington's Birthday he sent out a story about a child who had taken her toy hatchet and chopped down an expensive palm tree in the lobby. When skipping rope became a fad, he hired a dozen pretty girls, dressed them in attractive costumes, and had them photographed skipping on the Majestic's roof garden. Not all his stunts were so happy. There was the time he summoned photographers to snap the pet leopard a guest kept in her rooms. The leopard became terrified by the flashlights, lunged at its owner with open claws, and nearly killed her.

The Majestic contract gave Odd the momentum he needed. During his five years as its press agent, he built up his column to a position where fifty subscribers were paying him some \$200 a week. More important, he was able to divorce the column from his publicity work and handle selected clients on the side.

Among them were Henry L. Doherty, the oil magnate, the Leo Feist Music Co., the Louis Chalif School of Dancing, and Al Shean, of Gallagher & Shean. To this motley roster was

presently added a still more astonishing name: Florenz Ziegfeld. Gene Buck, Ziegfeld's major domo, recalls the circumstances: "When Broadway began to get saturated with phony sophistication in '19, I told Ziegfeld the smart trick was to switch to simple stuff. He wouldn't believe me, so I had to jam Will Rogers down his throat to prove it. The public came to the New Amsterdam and the Century Roof to see a bunch of gorgeous dolls in ermine and satin, and we sprung Will on 'em with his chewing gum and bad grammar. They ate him up! Well, Odd had a lot in common with Will—a sort of folk quality, a sort of homey earthiness. Just as Will was a good contrast to the dolls, I knew Odd would be a good contrast to Ziegfeld. Ziegfeld kicked, but he gave him the job."

Odd wakes up at night and shudders at the recollection now, but then he couldn't believe his luck. Any press agent in New York would have given a lien to the devil for the privilege of working for Ziegfeld. The salary was high—\$125 a week—the prestige was tremendous, and neither cunning nor diligence was needed to induce editors to publish Alfred Cheney Johnston's luscious photographs of the glorified girls.

Odd knew that Ziegfeld was a slave driver, an eccentric and an egomaniac, but he didn't know that he had an ungovernable passion for communication. If Ziegfeld spied a phone, he had to call someone—anyone; if he saw a sheet of notepaper, he had to write a letter; if he saw a telegraph blank, he had to send a message. Forty telegrams a day was his usual quota, and his bill was never less than \$1000 a month. It was nothing for him to meet Odd at an evening performance of the Follies, issue elaborate instructions for a piece of publicity, and then go directly to the box office and send him a 200-word telegram changing them. Odd would find the telegram when he got home and be plotting a new campaign when Ziegfeld would call up with a fresh set of orders. Four in the morning was his favorite time for telephoning, and the later the hour, it seemed, the more insane his errands.

After two years of unabated frenzy, Odd was getting up his

nerve to resign (Buck says, "He was taking a terrible thumping; he was going through the wringer") when Ziegfeld announced a sudden trip to Europe. Seeing a respite just ahead, Odd arranged a double fanfare of publicity for the embarkation. Reporters and photographers were notified, a score of celebrities were in attendance, and a battalion of hand-picked showgirls waved farewells. Unhappily, Ziegfeld had chosen his sailing date with something less than his usual clairvoyance. It was February 21, 1922, and his ship was hardly 100 miles at sea when the Army dirigible *Roma* exploded at Hampton, Virginia, killing thirty-four men.

In course of time, the next day's papers reached Ziegfeld in Paris. He scanned one front page after another. Nothing in them but this disaster. He grabbed a cable blank. This is what Odd received: "Thanks for sneaking me out of town." Then and there Odd quit.

Brief as was his association with Ziegfeld, it was largely responsible for one permanent effect on Odd's life—a terror of telephones. It had begun in Cincinnati, where his newspaper job required batteries of phones in office and home—phones that seemed to ring incessantly with tidings of no importance: Pastors protesting that accounts of their sermons were inadequate, policemen complaining that their names had been misspelled, subscribers announcing that a pet kitten could not be lured down from a tree.

But Ziegfeld changed this mere dislike into a definite phobia. At first Odd tried to overcome it. Remembering the simple numbers of the telephone's infancy had been hard enough for him, and New York's combination of four digits with an exchange was virtually impossible to retain, but he did not give up the struggle until Wickersham 1234, say, became WI 2-1234. Even then he made one last effort. By this time a resident of the Ritz Hotel, he wrote down half a dozen numbers—his syndicate's, his mother-in-law's, and a few others—on the marble top of his bed table, warning the chambermaid never to touch them. Two weeks later, a new maid took over. Her first act was to wipe the table. Odd has never

used a telephone since. If you're a very close friend, Mrs. McIntyre may take your call, but Odd flatly declares that the next one he answers will be Gabriel's.

The McIntyres had moved to the Ritz in 1920. Odd pretends it was because the Ritz was more central. Further, its reputation as headquarters for cosmopolitan aristocracy promised fresh material for his column—an occasional titbit of *foie gras* as a change from Broadway's crullers. So Odd pretends. Mrs. McIntyre is honest; she admits they moved there because the Ritz agreed to let their dog ride in the regular passenger elevators.

Odd's first two dogs—Major, a St. Bernard, and Clay, a water spaniel—belong to his childhood. This one, Oscar Odd McIntyre, Jr., was a Boston bull terrier. Odd bought him on first sight in the window of a pet shop; there was something irresistible about the way he walked sideways. Every morning, Odd took Junior to the roof of the Majestic and let him tug at a towel—Brinkerhoff thinks they must have ruined 4000 towels between them—and every afternoon at five, Junior brought his rubber ball for an hour's play. Then fell calamity. While another guest was away, her dog ripped up all the linen and upholstery in the room. To Odd's pained surprise, the management adopted a definitely inhospitable attitude toward all pets. Odd is a militant exponent of "Love me, love my dog." He snatched up Junior and departed forever.

Junior became as well known as Odd himself. His antics were constantly reported in the column. During the war, every reader learned how Odd would feed him bits of bread with "This is from President Wilson. . . . This is from Marshal Foch. . . . This is from King Albert. . . . This is from Lord Kitchener." But when he came to "This is from the Kaiser," Junior would refuse to eat.

An automobile killed Junior one night in 1923. It swerved toward them just as Odd gave the word for him to cross the street. He is buried in the dog cemetery at Hartsdale, with the inscription "Faithful to the End."

The McIntyres have had three dogs since then—Rainbow,

a Sealyham, given them by a California reader; and two other Bostons, Billy, given them by Mrs. McIntyre's mother, and Nimble, by Ben Ali Haggin. Odd prefers Bostons because they are small, playful, neat and ideally suited to apartment life. Nimble has outlived the others, but Billy will always be Odd's favorite, even over Junior. His full name was Billy Hogg McIntyre, after their friend, the son of a former governor of Texas. Billy died a year ago, deaf and crippled with age, but Odd still keeps his harness and still writes about him forlornly.

One such column brought a note from Richmond, Virginia. It said, "I have read your letter to Billy through a mist of sympathy. You have said what I felt for my Jeremy, a Sealyham, just eight years and four months old when he died. But do not say 'To Billy in Dog Heaven.' Rather, 'To Billy in the Heaven of Loyal Hearts,' which, like the heaven of Jurgen's grandmother, must smell, I fancy, of mignonette, and, perhaps, of spring in the woods." The signature was "Ellen Glasgow." The same column brought other letters from Alice Brady, Tony Wons and Nanette Guilford. And W. C. Fields wired brusquely, "Your tear-jerker regarding your pooch was a pip."

For thirteen years, Billy was Odd's constant companion in cabarets, on trains, aboard ship. They went to France together eleven times, but never once to England. The McIntyres had taken Junior on their first trip, unaware of the English law requiring imported dogs to be kept in quarantine for six months, and the separation was so grievous that they never went back.

This first trip to Europe, in 1922, grew out of a trip to Cincinnati. Ray Long, then editor of *Cosmopolitan*, was stopping off there for a few days, and Mrs. McIntyre sent Odd out to join him, in the hope that revisiting an old scene with an old friend would jar him out of a temporary depression. The papers mentioned their arrival, and hardly had they taken rooms together when the phone started ringing. Long jumped for it. It was for Odd.

So was the next call, a moment later. And the next, and

the next, and the next—fans asking how long he expected to stay, what they could do for him, and when he was coming downstairs. Presently the hotel had to hire an extra operator.

Long was first chagrined, then astonished, then astute. He told Odd, "If that many people read your stuff in Cincinnati alone, there must be millions of others elsewhere. And if they read you in the newspapers, they'll read you in *Cosmopolitan*. How'd you like to do articles for us?" Odd thought he would like it so much that nothing less than a trip abroad would celebrate the contract appropriately.

It is a mystery why he goes on these trips. He has no particular affection for France, yet this is the only country he visits. Even there his orbit is so small that friends could cover it for him with half a dozen post cards. He takes an occasional short automobile ride from Paris, but most of the time he stays in his suite at the Ritz there. Despite his lurid reports of encounters with Apaches lurking in "torturous" alleys, virtually his only excursion is an afternoon patrol of the fashionable Rue de Castiglione. Odd has convinced himself that this is solely for airing the dog. He would be astonished at a reminder that he has never returned from one of these patrols without at least a hundred dollars' worth of expensive new shirts, pajamas and bathrobes.

His single experience with a French tailor was unfortunate. Learning that Lanvin designed for men as a side line, Odd snatched at the chance to acquire a genuine masterpiece, a garment so ineffably transcendent that the rest of his wardrobe would seem mere sackcloth. Lanvin produced an overcoat trimmed with civet cat. In an ecstasy of admiration, Odd wrote an article about it, but when the crass editor titled it "A Woman Makes His Clothes," Odd came in for such a ribbing that he never wore the coat again.

Irvin Cobb described Odd as "the kind who will pick out something suitable for a fancy vest and have a whole suit made off of it," and writes of "the conventional red, white, blue, green, yellow and heliotrope of a typical McIntyryish morning suit." But the picture is incomplete. Sketch in

spats, cane and monocle—although Odd seldom flaunts one now—block out a white felt hat, its brim cocked à l'Anzac, and visualize the result as combining the flamboyance of a Negro jockey with the streamlines of an Argentine dancing man. There stands McIntyre.

All his accessories he buys in pairs—one for himself, the other for some friend or casual caller. Even so, the harvest of a few weeks in Paris added to the accumulation at home makes an impressive total. Odd's best estimate is 200 neckties, 200 canes, 200 bathrobes, 100 pairs of socks, 100 shirts, fifty suits of Japanese-silk underwear, sixty pairs of pajamas (he once paid eighty dollars for a single pair), sixty suits, fifty pairs of shoes, three dozen hats, and handkerchiefs past counting. Back in 1920, it took twenty-six trunks to move his clothes from the Majestic to the Ritz. When he moved from the Ritz to his apartment ten years later, it probably took twenty-six trucks. Still, Odd's innocent attitude is that of the English nobleman whose extravagance had brought him from wealth to bankruptcy. When his lawyers complained that he was maintaining four pastry cooks in addition to his regular staff of chefs, he replied, "Can't a man have a biscuit if he wants one?"

Odd could have a good many biscuits before his lawyers complained. The 508 newspapers that subscribe to his column pay him some \$150,000 a year, and *Cosmopolitan* pays him some \$5000. He is approaching that eminence where another columnist, Calvin Coolidge, once received a round dollar for a flat word.

To be sure, McIntyre has only to say a word equally flat for as many thousands more to come pouring in. Almost every mail brings him an invitation to endorse—for a fee, of course—some handkerchief or muffler or cigarette. He recently refused \$5000 a week for a fifteen-minute broadcast. And Warner Brothers offered to let him name his own salary to act as master of ceremonies for their Show of Shows.

But he doesn't want any more money. Particularly he doesn't want any more obligations. He has been writing his

column since 1913, never missing a day, never taking a vacation. Now fifty-three, he feels that he is entitled, if not to rest, at least to haul no heavier load.

Conceivably he looks forward with increasing eagerness to the quiet house in Gallipolis, secluded from Christopher Morley and swank bistros and the corpses of opium eaters. There he will balance his practice against one of his preachments—to young men entering the newspaper business:

"Never use the power of the press to fight an enemy who hasn't the power to fight back. Do not write a line you would be ashamed to have your mother read. Betray no confidences. Pay no attention or reply to unworthy critics."

He will balance them and he will see that the balance is true.

He will remember *Variety's* tribute: "McIntyre put the Broadway column on the newspaper map, making it possible for the rest to follow—which they did—long after."

He will be aware that he is the first man whose career was thought worthy of a full-length film in his own lifetime. Warners has announced its definite intentions to make the picture as soon as a suitable script is found.

He will call the long roll of those whom he has helped by presents or praise. Major Bowes' approval may bring quicker results, but McIntyre's is no less effective.

Best of all, he will reflect on the millions in whose drab hearts he has set an eternal, inspiring light—an assurance that, could they but go to New York, and did they escape the cross-fire of a tong war, they would see Vincent Astor close enough to reach out and touch him.

CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMED COLUMNIST

By DON MARQUIS

I

SO MANY people used to say to me, when I ran a column in a New York newspaper, "I don't see how you fellows can keep it up every day!" and otherwise express their curiosity concerning the columnist's job, that I am forced to the conclusion that there must be a good deal of public interest in the matter. I have been out of the game for more than three years, and I can look back upon the thirteen years when I was chained to a column—like the well-known Prisoner of Chillon—almost as if that overwhelmed and struggling journalistic captive had been someone else. I have, in fact, been encouraged to turn in evidence for the state and split on the old gang.

I never knew but two columnists who said it was easy. One was the late Frank L. Stanton of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and the other is Franklin P. Adams of the *New York World*.

One day, in 1904, Mr. Stanton told me that he had turned in a column of his verse, paragraphs, character studies and aphorisms almost every day for thirteen years. He said it had always been pretty easy for him, and was getting easier all the time. He did it every day for twenty years after that, until he died, and I understand that until the very end he continued to maintain that it was easy. Mr. Adams, whom I have known for eighteen years, has always maintained publicly and privately during that time that it is the easiest job he ever struck. It may be that I quit too soon; perhaps the first thirteen years are the hardest.

Perhaps Mr. Stanton was, and Mr. Adams is, quite on the square. It may always have been easy for them. At the same

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time, I remember that while I was at it I always told people it was easy too. For the fact is, that while it ruined me, I loved it. It sapped my vitality, made corns and bunions on my brain, wrecked my life, and I adored doing it. During the three years since I have quit it I have had four or five terrible struggles not to go back to it. I am apt to walk into any newspaper office in America at any hour of the day or night and hand in half a dozen columns if I don't watch myself, and give them away for nothing but the pleasure of seeing them in type. I loathe, hate, abhor and dread the column-writing game; I think of it as the most poisonously destructive vice to which any writer may become addicted, and the hardest work to which any human being might contract himself; and at the same time I love it and adore it and yearn for it and have to fight against it.

I was inoculated in early youth; when I was a kid I read, every day, Eugene Field's column in a Chicago paper; and later, George Ade's sketches, and I decided that I wanted to do something like that. After teaching a country school—an occupation into which I naturally drifted because I had very little education—clerking in a drug store and other haphazard makeshift jobs, I finally went into a country printing office. The owner and editor was good-natured, and before I had learned to be a really competent printer I was helping to edit the weekly paper. Besides the local news and editorials, I started a column, consisting of verse, sketches, jokes, character studies, and so forth. I didn't get paid anything extra for this work; I was more than gratified to get the opportunity of doing it. I even illustrated some of the things with sketches of local characters. These were woodcuts; I first drew the pictures on a block of white wood with a lead pencil, and then gouged away with a penknife. And to make sure that they would be recognized by our subscribers, I carefully labeled the portraits, "Uncle Peleg Higginbotham," or whoever it was supposed to be. But the proprietor of the paper discouraged this after a while; he said too many people were coming in and complaining bitterly that they had been libeled by my portraits.

It was during this earlier period of my aspirations that I developed a bad habit of inventing Lincoln stories. Lincoln was still a very lively personal memory thirty years ago to some of the older people living in that part of the Middle West, and they were forever repeating anecdotes about him or stories that were attributed to him. When I couldn't find anything better to fill up my column with, I used to invent a story and attribute it to Lincoln, and some of these, I believe, are still in circulation. I was young and irresponsible in those days, with no perception that this might contribute to the falsification of a great historical character; I thought most of the Lincoln stories were invented by somebody else and I might as well have a hand in it, too. And, indeed, I still wonder if as many as a quarter of the anecdotes attributed to Lincoln were really his. He couldn't have had much time for anything else if he told all of them.

It was during this same period that I attempted to make an important change in one of the standard forms of verse. The sonnet has always contained fourteen lines. I composed a good many sonnets, but most of what I composed at that time went right from my head into the printers' stick in my hand without having been first committed to paper. I found this method saved a good deal of labor. I don't remember whether I used to set my sonnets in minion type or in nonpareil, but, whichever it was, I do remember that the printer's stick would contain but thirteen lines of iambic-pentameter verse. So I habitually produced thirteen-line sonnets. A white mule couldn't be found dead or a three-legged calf born in that county, but that I made a sonnet about it. I even wrote sonnets in favor of W. J. Bryan. I watched for a good many months to see if other bards throughout the English-speaking world were going to follow my lead with regard to the thirteen-line sonnet, but they all resisted the temptation; the official sonnet remains today just what it was before I took it up in a serious way.

The man for whom I worked owned several country weeklies in that part of Illinois, and he transferred me to another town and put me in charge of one of them. I had to collect

all the news, write all the editorials, solicit the advertisements and write them, set about half the type myself, saw boiler plate to fit holes in the columns, make up the paper, run off part of the edition myself on the old flat-bed hand press, fold and wrap the papers and take them to the post office. But all this was incidental, in my mind, to the main thing, which was writing and printing a column; the other work was really the price I paid for the privilege of seeing my verse and sketches and paragraphs and fables in print.

It was from this country weekly that I worked myself, in a roundabout way, into daily journalism, and finally into a daily column. The way in which it happened amuses me when I think of it; for quite without knowing I was doing it, I put across a political coup. The paper I was running was a Republican paper. But I was a Democrat; I was so firm and fixed a Democrat that I used to wake up and wonder every morning that the country, lacking William Jennings Bryan for its President, had not yet gone all to pot. It chafed me to have to get out a Republican paper. I paid as little attention to politics as I could. But now and then the boss would write me that he thought I ought to pay more. There was a Mr. Jones, let us call him, a Republican congressman from that district, who had had three or four terms in the House of Representatives and who was a candidate for renomination and reelection.

So, one day, thinking that I ought to do what the boss had been urging me to do, and pay more attention to Republican politics, I wrote an editorial that began about like this: "Is the Hon. X. Y. Jones the only Republican who merits office in the umpty-umth Congressional District? He's had three or four terms and what has he ever done with them? Isn't it about time he stepped aside and made room for some younger, more progressive Republican, who is in touch with the thoughts and feelings of the plain people in this part of Illinois?" And so forth. It wasn't that I had anything against Mr. Jones; I didn't know him; I didn't care a whoop, really, whether he went to Congress again or not. I was just being as

good as gold, and obeying my boss' injunction to pay a little more attention to Republican politics.

But it soon appeared that, ignorantly, I had started something. Six or eight other little country weeklies took it up. I wrote another similar screed. And in three weeks there were the beginnings of a very lively revolt against the organization in that district. One day the Republican boss of that county asked me to come over to the county seat and have dinner with him.

I will call him Mr. Mack Clark. Mack was an old friend of my father's and of my elder brother's; they were very close friends, indeed, and had been for many years. So I was not at all surprised, nor did I think of politics, when he said to me: "Don, how would you like to go down to Washington and work in the Census Office? I can get you an appointment, if you'd like it." I immediately saw that if I got to a big town like Washington I'd have a chance to work into daily journalism. I took the job at once and went away from there. It never occurred to me at the time that I was being lifted out of the district. About three years later I lunched with Mack one day in the Great Northern Hotel in Chicago, and he said to me: "I suppose you know that as soon as you left the umpty-umth district all those other fool little papers dropped their opposition to Mr. Jones and he was renominated and reelected."

"I'd never connected the two things before," I said, beginning to think. "Was what I said as important as all that?"

"Well," he said reflectively, "it was getting pretty important—pretty important! Some people had been thinking it before you said it without thinking. I'd always thought you ought to have your chance on a daily paper, and when that thing came up it struck me that you'd put in about all the time on country weeklies that you could afford to, if you were ever going to get started on a daily paper."

As soon as I got into the Census Office I at once began to try to get onto one of the Washington dailies, but it was nearly a year before I succeeded. And then I discovered that

I was no nearer to getting a signed column of my own than ever. In addition to my straight reportorial work, they let me do any other kind of writing I wanted to, however—verse, sketches, fables, paragraphs, anything and everything—and they would sign my name to it and play it up on the editorial page and in the Sunday paper. But they only let me do it; they didn't pay me for anything but the reportorial work, and they wouldn't let me have a signed column all my own that I could do what I pleased with.

So, after a couple of years, I drifted to Philadelphia and found myself farther than ever from it, immersed in the dreary routine of editing copy and writing headlines. I can well remember the night I got into Philadelphia. I had been out of a job for a while and only had three or four dollars cash. I knew but one man in the city, and I didn't know where he lived. I didn't like to waste any of the three or four dollars going to a hotel, so I decided to sit up the rest of the night in the Broad Street station and hunt my friend up the next day. I knew what paper he worked on. Along toward morning I put my feet up on the bench and stretched out for a nap, but a policeman made me put my feet on the floor again. He did this several times. The scrubwomen were at work and the floor was covered with lye water, and I didn't like to put my feet down because there were holes in the soles of my shoes; but this cop was relentless. I got two lye-water blisters on the soles of my feet about the size of silver dollars before I could wake myself up sufficiently to get away from that floor and that cop.

From Philadelphia I went to Atlanta, Georgia, lured by a title and the persistent hope of getting a column of my own. The late John Temple Graves had just started a newspaper, the *Atlanta News*, and through an old Washington pal of mine he offered me the place of associate editor. Associate editor sounded important, and I went. All I had to do was write two columns of editorials every day, and after that I could write as many columns of my own as I wanted to. They'd let me.

Well, I actually did it. I couldn't keep it going every day,

with two columns of editorials to toss off first, but I managed it two or three days a week, sometimes oftener, and was happy. After a few months I went to the *Atlanta Journal* as an editorial writer. They let me have a column too—as often as I could manage it after two columns of editorials had been written—and if anything crowded one of these columns off the editorial page it used to enrage me. Grantland Rice was sporting editor of the *Journal* then, and he still tells gleefully of my cries of rage and grief at times when I was not permitted to write as much as I wanted to for nothing, after having done all the regular work I was paid for. Little did I know in those youthful and carefree days that one day the mere sight of a column in a newspaper would bring out a purplish rash on my very soul!

One of the great tragedies of my life occurred while I was on the *Atlanta Journal*. For nearly three years I wrote poems, which I never printed, and threw them into a wooden box under my desk. They were my best work; I was saving them up against the day when I should get a column of my own on some Northern paper, or, failing that, launch a deliberate campaign against the Northern magazines. For three long golden years I threw poems into that box, stamping them down from time to time, and there must have been, without exaggeration, two or three hundred of them. They were all about love and starlight and the red morning of the planet, and the young gods rampaging across the young umbrageous worlds, and the sudden ghosts that go whizzing through the moonlight—all the things one writes poetry about when one is twenty-five. There was a negro janitor named Henry, a flamboyant old savage, his neck and face laced and scarred with many razor slashings, who well understood that the wooden box contained poetry and not waste paper, and who deeply sympathized with poetry. Henry had a genuine taste for Shakspearean rhetoric; he had worked for many years about a theater in Memphis and had soaked in hundreds of lines from Shakspeare—bloody lines and gaudy lines and odorous lines—which he would roll forth at me with flashing eyes. A violent black man with the soul of an artist, who said

he could see ghosts—he should have been body servant to Benvenuto Cellini. He was just the genie to guard a box of poetry. But Henry suddenly disappeared—fired, or fatally carved at last, or something—and a new janitor named George came on. Before I ever heard of George or had an opportunity to lead him to that box and bump his skull against it and impress him with its sacred character, George carried all that poetry away and destroyed it. So I can always say that it was wonderful poetry and nobody can disprove it. All the serious verse I ever tried to do afterward was an echo or a memory of something that was in that box; but the genuine lyric feeling, which is so much a matter of the pulse, seldom survives the twenties, although something like it may be pumped up or faked.

The late Joel Chandler Harris—one of the world's great golden hearts—when I went to work as one of his assistants on a magazine which he founded, gave me something as near like a column as might be, to do what I pleased with—as many pages as I wanted every month, for verse, prose or any sort of writing that took my fancy. But still it wasn't daily, and what I wanted was a daily column. Some months after Mr. Harris died there was a reorganization, and it was suggested to me that I take a halftime job at half pay till the magazine got on its feet again. I couldn't make out whether I was being fired or not, so I said "Oh, hell!" and went away from there.

"Here," I said to myself, "is where I go to New York and get that column of my own I've always been wanting."

When I got to New York I had \$7.50 cash and my wife was ill in a hospital in Atlanta. To make the picture complete, I stepped out of the ferry station into a blizzard—it was Thanksgiving Day, 1909—and the blizzard cuddled up against my chest, which had grown used to the mild Georgia winters, and turned itself into the prettiest case of flu you could imagine. I was in no financial condition to indulge myself in the flu, and so I hunted up the only man I knew in New York and told him that the first thing I wanted was an awful lot of whisky, and the second was a job. I ex-

plained that it would have to be his money which we spent for the whisky, as I only had enough to buy the quinine. He was the kind of bird who never cared whose money it was; so we put in my first two days in New York curing my flu, and we really cured it. At the end of that time he said that during those two days I had got a job, and I asked him: "Where?"

"On the *Herald*," he said. He worked on the *Herald* himself, and it seemed plausible, so I sent a wire to my wife in Atlanta to cheer up, everything was all right, I'd landed a job at once, and would very soon have that daily column of my own.

When we got to the *Herald* that afternoon nobody knew anything about my having a job there; and not only that, but they told my friend he didn't have any job there himself any longer. It seems he had devoted himself to curing my flu too assiduously to please his employers, neglecting his reportorial work in this humanitarian task. Then I went to all the other papers in New York to find out just where this job was that he was so sure I had, but all the editors pretended that they'd never heard anything about it. The Sunday editor of the *Tribune* said, however, that he would pay me five dollars a column for stuff for a certain section of his paper. I went to work at once, without looking at the columns in that section.

I worked continuously for four days, and then he showed me proofs of what I had written. Those columns were wider than any other two newspaper columns I ever saw. The matter was set in five-point type, without leads. I believe you could have dropped the canonical gospels into one of those columns and still have had room for the *Apocrypha* and the *Lives of the Saints*. I was appalled. My four days' work at five dollars a column came to twelve dollars. "I came to New York looking for a column," I told the Sunday editor, "but I don't think this is the column I was looking for."

"I don't understand you," he said.

"Give me the twelve dollars," I said, "and let me go away from here. I could work twenty hours a day on this job and

still starve to death. I consider that it would be far more decent and self-respecting to jump in the river at once, while I still have bulk, rather than to wait until I get so thin I won't even make a splash. My intention in coming to New York was to make a splash of some sort."

"Lots of people," he said, "make their living off these columns."

"They must all be little people, with subnormal appetites," I said. And I went and stood in the Nassau Street slush and thought it over. It dawned upon me then for the first time that I was starting in life all over again; that no matter what I'd been, done or written in other towns was of no particular interest to New York. I perceived the essential justice of this. New York hadn't invited my presence. I was attempting to force myself upon it and it wasn't interested. But if I could get it interested, I saw, the interest might amount to something. Interest and amuse Atlanta and other such towns, and you get friends and praise. Interest and amuse New York, and you get friends, praise and money. The cynics on the one hand, and the idealists on the other, may say what they like about money, but it has been my experience that it is a pretty good thing to have a little of it kicking around now and then. I began to like New York on account of what I intended it should do for me later.

So I went and sent my wife a wire that New York was fine, and she had better pawn everything that I hadn't pawned in order to pay my railroad fare up here, and come on as soon as she got out of the hospital. I sent the wire from a telegraph office in the old Tribune Building at the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, and went out and stood in the slush again.

Diagonally across from me I perceived a building that interested me. It was wedge-shaped, situated in the triangle where Nassau Street and Park Row converge. There were swinging doors on the Nassau Street side, and high stained-glass windows. I went around to the Park Row side. There were swinging doors there too. A confused and jolly sound floated out into the foggy air. Something told me, instinc-

tively, that within this particular barroom I would find newspapermen. I am psychic at times. It was just the kind of barroom where there would be newspapermen. I don't know how I knew, but I knew. At that time, New York was a great newspaper town. The *Globe*, the *Mail*, the *Post*, the *Press*, the *Sun*, the *Evening Sun*, the *American*, the *Journal*, the *Tribune*, the *World* were all down in that neighborhood, within a few blocks of one another, to say nothing of various press associations. I went in, and at a glance saw that there were at least fifteen newspapermen present. Again I say, don't ask me how I knew what they were; I just knew.

This was Lipton's. It had two or three other names, and it had been long since anyone named Lipton had been connected with it, but the old-timers never called it anything but Lipton's. Not to have known Lipton's in the old days is never to have been a New York newspaperman. I cannot think of it yet without sighs of regret and twinges of conscience. Lipton's was the training camp in which a good many battlers left their fight; I very nearly left mine there in one of the high-backed booths under the stained-glass windows. But it is so intimately connected in my mind with my search for a column of my own in New York, and my first five or six years after I got one, that I couldn't leave it out of this exceedingly personal—perhaps too personal—narrative. Lipton's was not merely an eating and drinking place. It was a tavern, and more than a tavern; it was a club, and more than a club. It was an institution. Perhaps the Mermaid Tavern in Ben Jonson's day had more and better poets in it, more famous wits and more subtle philosophers, but there are a few of us left who would tell Ben to his face that it never had any better fellows or as much fun. There is a soda fountain there now, and—but I mustn't get bitter.

Let the grouches say what they will, New York is a friendly place to struggling strangers, if they will only take its careless, Brobdingnagian cuffs and unconscious kicks as cheerfully as they can, laugh when they get a sock in the eye, and realize there's nothing personal about it all; that the grotesque, half-human monster is just frolicking. And it was in Lipton's,

that first afternoon that my instinct led me into it, that I began to realize how helpful, friendly, comradely and kind the best type of New York newspaperman could be to the stranger struggling for a foothold. Within an hour, in Lipton's, I met two old newspaper friends who I hadn't known were in New York—Sam Small, Jr., whom I had worked with in Washington, and Wilson Burke, whom I had known in Atlanta—and within another hour I knew ten more newspapermen, and they were all eager and willing to put me wise to the game in New York—counsel which I badly needed. Before I get away from Lipton's entirely, I will—like Mr. Wegg, the literary man with a wooden leg—drop in some verses that I printed in the *Evening Sun* the day in 1919 when it closed forever. I was feeling a little old that day, and that feeling got into the rimes, along with some of my other feelings about the place:

"KING PANDION, HE IS DEAD"

King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapped in lead.
—*Shakspeare.*

Dreamers, drinkers, rebel youth
Where's the folly, free and fine,
You and I mistook for truth?
Wits and wastrels, friends of wine,
Wags and poets, friends of mine,
Gleams and glammers all are fled,
Fires and frenzies half divine!
"King Pandion, he is dead."

Time's unmannerly, uncouth!
Here's the crow's-foot for a sign!
And, upon our brows, forsooth,
Wits and wastrels, friends of wine,
Time hath set his mark malign;
Frost has touched us, heart and head,
Cooled the blood and dulled the eyne.
"King Pandion, he is dead."

Time's a tyrant without ruth;
Fancies used to bloom and twine

Round a common tavern booth,
Wits and wastrels, friends of wine,
In that youth of mine and thine!
'Tis for youth the feast is spread;
When we dine now—we but dine!
"King Pandion, he is dead."

How our dreams would glow and shine,
Wits and wastrels, friends of wine,
Ere the drab Hour came that said:
"King Pandion, he is dead."

Not that I ever saw much wine drunk at Lipton's; it was mostly beer and distilled liquids. And, in passing, let me remark that there's an awful lot of hooley about some of these people who are currently clamoring for light wine and beer. When they could drink wine legally and freely they never paid much attention to it. They drank whisky, and what they want now is whisky. And what I would like, personally, is Lipton's place back again. I may be wrong, and I may be licked, as far as prohibition is concerned, but at least I can be honest and say: What I want is an open Lipton's, openly arrived at, with Harry Stanton and Paul Thompson singing "The Flying Trapeze" by the brass rail, with Frank O'Malley and Benjamin De Casseres arguing cosmic philosophy at a table, with Kit Morley or Dana Burnet dragging me into a booth to read his latest poem, and with a boy from the *Sun* composing room sticking his frowzled head through the swinging door and bawling with one intake of breath:

"Mr. Marquis, it's only an hour before that page has gotto be locked up, and the foreman he says, where the hell's that column of yours?—he can't find the type nowheres, he says; where the hell is it?—ain't you wrote it at all yet?—and it takes a little time to set type even if you don't believe it!—and he says some of these days you're gonna look at the paper and wonder why you ain't in it!—that's what he says, Mr. Marquis, and where the hell is it?"

On such occasions one gets up a column in thirty minutes, depending largely upon contributions; at other times I have

worked twelve and fifteen hours on one of them. It was always my ambition to have the verse in my columns, whether I wrote it myself or whether it was contributed, of a better quality than that published in the current magazines. A surprising number of the best, and best-known, poets of the day used to send me stuff for nothing that they would have got well paid for if they had sent it to the magazines. They got an immediate and general response from anything in the column that was worth more to them than the money would have been, they used to tell me.

The first afternoon that my feet led me into Lipton's made me at home in New York, but it didn't get me a column or end my struggles in New York, by any means. It got me, through Wilson Burke, a job as reporter with a news service, which I didn't like, because I naturally couldn't have a signature and write what I pleased, and wasn't what I had come to New York for, at all. So I went away from there.

Sam Small got me a job on the New York *American*. For a few brief weeks I deluded myself with the belief that now that signed column of my own was really on the way. For, in addition to my regular work, which was that of rewrite man, the *American* bought from me and printed a good deal of stuff which was essentially column stuff, which they paid me very well for and played up with my signature on the back page. I began to be a little known in New York. I was making pretty good money—for me—what with my salary and this extra stuff. I sent for my wife and we began to keep house. I was doing the kind of work I wanted to do; I was getting a pat on the back almost daily from some of the important people on the paper; I thought I was one of the fair-haired boys in that shop.

From this rosy dream I awoke with a jolt, and when I came to I was in the slush and mud of a New York March, without a job. I had been fired, just like that! I never ask why I have been fired; when I get fired I just go away from there and let it go at that. The result is always, for the moment, so much more immediately interesting to me than the cause.

The result was, in this case, that my wife and I went on a starvation diet for about three months. I wish people, when they fire me, would pick out a time to do it when I have a little money. But every time I have ever been fired I have been broke at the same time. I once had a bit of money in the bank, which had accrued from a play, and I tried my darndest to get fired, for I had the thought that it would be a good idea not to do any work at all until it was spent. But I just simply couldn't get fired that time, and I was on a contract and couldn't quit. Not being able to spend the money for anything valuable and reasonable like diversion, I wasted the entire sum by putting it into real estate.

When the *American* fired me I'd been using most of the money to pay up some debts. My wife sold a story and we lived on that for a while. I couldn't sell anything; I couldn't get a job anywhere. We ate so many beef stews during that period that it was two years before I could look one in the face again. And toward the end of the period the beef stews got more watery and less beefy. We got hold of \$2.35. I don't remember how; maybe I borrowed it somewhere. I sent out three wires for jobs, one to Boston, one to Washington, and one to Cincinnati.

It took a good deal of money. But within twenty-four hours I got answers and all three of the jobs. They would send money for railroad fare.

"I don't like leaving New York," I said.

"If we leave this way we're defeated," said my wife.

"Licked," I rejoined, "to a frazzle. And licked for the rest of my life, so far as the big time is concerned. I came here to make good, and I haven't done it. If I'm licked here, I'll be licked everywhere. At the same time, we've got less than a dollar now; we owe a month's rent; we've got no credit; we don't know anybody we can borrow from; we haven't got the stuff we pawned out of hock yet; nobody wants what I write; our food hasn't been all that heart might wish lately, in the way of quantity or variety—in short, I think maybe we'd better be licked than starved."

"I think we'd better stay in New York," said my wife, with

a gentle decisiveness which was characteristic of her. I never had any backbone of my own; at times when I've acted as if I might have, it has been due to someone else in the background whose opinion I valued. I started for the *Herald* office, and on the way there I thought up an idea for a serial feature for the Sunday editor.

He liked it and he wanted four installments of five thousand words each—twenty thousand words in all—for which he would pay me two hundred dollars on delivery if the stuff held up to the idea. But he wanted to syndicate it and to get it illustrated before he sent it out, and could I have it in his hands by Monday noon, so he could start his art department right to work on it? This was on a Saturday afternoon, but, like a fool, I promised. I thought if he didn't get it then, he wouldn't take it.

I sat down Sunday morning to knock out the twenty thousand words, and I wrote all day. It was specifically understood that it was to be funny stuff. Gay, you know. Humorous; light, easy reading. I worked all day Sunday and all night Sunday night, and about six o'clock Monday morning I collapsed across my typewriter in a kind of stupor, variegated with delirium; for in my mind I was still writing that story, although everything else about me had quit. My wife, who was the gamest person that ever lived, man or woman—and women are usually gamer than men when it comes down to brass tacks—got the janitor up and they lifted me into bed.

Then she sat down at the typewriter and wrote the last three thousand words of the story herself. I had talked it over with her. I can't tell to this day where my work stops on that stuff and hers begins. She took it to the *Herald* office and came back with a check. It was afternoon before I came out of whatever darned thing I was in, and the first thing I did was make for the typewriter. I didn't know how long I'd been out, nor how she'd been working over me.

"I finished the story and delivered it," said my wife.

"Did you keep it gay—the way he wanted it?" I asked her quite seriously.

"Yes, it's gay right to the end," she said; and she broke

down a minute for one of the only half dozen times I ever saw her cry in the fourteen years we were married; and then we went down to the old Brevoort and had a swell dinner, and I worked my way outside a bottle of sparkling Burgundy.

This wasn't getting me any nearer that column, however. It was two or three years before I got it, although I never ceased to try for it. I worked at a variety of things and was usually busted. Not to go over that lean period in detail, I found myself one spring editing a magazine page in the New York *Evening Sun*. It was probably, in some respects, the worst magazine page ever published in New York City. I couldn't get hold of enough money from the proprietors to buy what I wanted. It blew up, as it deserved to do, and they set me to writing editorials for the *Evening Sun*. Then they gave me the short editorial paragraphs to do, as well as occasional longer editorials.

I saw my chance at last, and—I don't know how else to describe it—I stole that column when they weren't looking.

The editorial paragraphs in the *Evening Sun* had from time immemorial followed the editorials under a small separate headline: "Notes and Comment." I deliberately wrote more "Notes and Comment" every day than they had ever had before and, after a few weeks, suggested that the "Notes and Comment" department be lifted to another part of the page. Nobody kicked. When I had got the thing settled over on the right-hand corner of the page, under the cartoon, I wrote still more of them. Then I gradually began to run in more and more verse, more and more comment and features of an entirely different character. Before the editor and proprietors were aware of what was going on I had a column of my own.

But still it wasn't what I wanted. It was set in nonpareil type. It had this deadly dull headline over it, "Notes and Comment." It had no signature. I ran it for ten months in that fashion and as far as I could make out nobody ever paid any attention to it. It didn't catch on at all. It was too solid looking, too unattractive typographically; I was not permitted to do stunts with it; I was obliged to make it con-

form more or less closely to the editorial policy of the paper itself. What I wanted was my own editorial policy.

One day the late George M. Smith became managing editor of the paper, and almost the first thing he did was give me the column I had been after so long, with a fixed spot on the editorial page every day, with an attractive heading, "The Sun Dial," with a signature, and with permission to go as far as I liked in the way of personal expression—within the limits of good sense, of course. For several years he stood like a rock in protecting me in all my idiosyncrasies and experiments.

Whenever a writer makes a hit on some publication it will usually be found that there is some canny and forceful executive in the background encouraging him, supporting him, guiding him without his being altogether aware of it. George Smith knew exactly how to handle me; he always left me the feeling of perfect liberty. At the same time I was well aware that I couldn't put anything over on him, even if I had ever wanted to; he would have brought me up with a jolt that would have made my teeth rattle. In my professional career I have always had alternating periods of humility and vanity, self-depreciation and outrageous egotism. Sometimes I need encouragement badly; at other times I get so stuck on myself that I need—roughly speaking—a wallop on the nut to restore my sense of values; and I have always got plenty of both.

One of the dangers inherent in column writing is that a man, through the constant overpraise of friends and acquaintances, some of whom are sincere enough and not always judicious, and some of whom have axes of their own to grind, may get a terribly swelled head. The late Edward P. Mitchell, editor of the *Sun*—the morning paper, the old, real *Sun* of glorious memory, for which I never worked—perfectly understood this about columns and column writers. Although he was never one of my bosses, I knew him quite well and he was very kind to me. He thought I had some ability, but he thought it should have been directed toward editorial writing, and, beyond that, to the production of fiction. The easy praise a columnist gets, he used to tell me quite frankly, was

bad for me; facile praise and facile production, he was afraid, were going to be my ruin. He wanted to see me doing better stuff and more serious stuff. It was his prediction that I would burn myself out doing ephemeral fluff, and then, when I finally wanted to do the more serious work which he was kind enough to think I might have in me, find that it was too late. Several times he offered me a job writing editorials on the morning paper, in an effort to reclaim me. Never, so long as he was the chief editorial authority on the *Sun*, would he have a signed personal column in that paper; he didn't like the idea of signatures in his paper; he didn't like the effect of the signature on the man. But I clung to my vanity and my signature; it took me years of column writing before I saw that Mr. Mitchell was absolutely right about it, at least where I was concerned, and that I should have been putting into fiction the same sort of energy and invention I was putting into newspaper columns.

He was a grand man—Mr. Mitchell—an editor to admire and a gentleman to revere; one of the elder school, with its finer traditions of journalism. But I always knew it would not do for me to work for him; he would, as my boss, speedily have become tired of the native flamboyance which is one of my most marketable assets as a popular writer—for, though he approved it in fiction, he thought it out of place in a newspaper—and I would have had to go away from there.

When I first got the signed column I had so long been struggling for, I was ready for it. As I saw it coming nearer, I had written and saved up for it some of the best general stuff I could do; and the day I got it, I began slamming into it the stuff I had saved. "The Sun Dial"—that was George Smith's name and not my invention—caught on with the town almost from the first week. Before it had been running two months I began to get kindly letters about it from generous professional workers in New York with whom I was not personally acquainted—I remember, offhand, William Winter, the veteran dramatic editor of the *Tribune*; Robert Underwood Johnson, the editor of the *Century*; that versatile all-around genius, James Huneker; Bob Davis, the editor of

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Munsey's, and many others—men whose work and opinions I had admired and respected.

Within six months I was overwhelmed with requests for work from every magazine in New York, and I was foolish not to have done more of it. But I had been after that column for a long time, and now I had it and I was putting all my time and energy into it. When the tide finally does turn in New York it turns swiftly and with a rush. And whatever success I have had, I owe a great deal of it to the extraordinary generosity of other writers; they were always trying to help me. Here is one little incident: One day I met Harry Leon Wilson, the creator of Bunker Bean, Merton of the Movies, Ruggles of Red Gap, and other immortal characters, at the Players Club, and after we had played a game of pool together he said to me:

"Say, why don't you drop this newspaper column and write fiction entirely? You are wasting stuff in newspapers that should go into fiction."

"I can't stop to start," I said. "It would take me eight or ten months to get established as a fiction writer, and I need every week's salary."

"Any time," he said, "you want to stop to start, let me know. I'll always have a couple of thousand dollars at your disposal." And a couple of hours later he reiterated the offer. I should have taken him up, too; it would have saved me ten years of toil that exhausted me nervously; he was right, as Mr. Mitchell had been right.

But for sheer generosity, can you beat it? He'd known me only an hour when he made the offer. And this generosity is common to editors and publishers as a rule; I have never got into a bad hole that some editor or publisher hasn't pulled me out of. The late Joseph Conrad told me one time that, during many lean years when his books were not profitable, his American publishers had, nevertheless, carried him along financially. This generosity was eventually justified in a business way; nevertheless, the thing at the root of it was admiration for the great work of that great man.

These same publishers—Doubleday, Page and Co., the firm

was then; it is now Doubleday, Doran and Co.—once invited me to a garden party at their plant on Long Island.

I wrote them that I didn't like to ride on Long Island trains, but if they'd send me enough money to buy an automobile I'd come. They sent it at once, and later it struck me I ought to own something besides a car, so I wired them to send me enough money to buy a house, which they did the next day. They gambled on some books I was going to write as soon as I could think up what they were to be about. George Doran, who recently combined forces with the Doubledays, is equally capable of these fine gestures.

I went into his office one day and said: "Mr. Doran, Christopher Morley and I are going to write a book together."

"Finel!" said he. "I'll publish it! It's all settled but signing the contract."

"That and the advance check," I said; "as there are two of us, we'll need twice the usual advance royalties." And within an hour, Mr. Morley and I went happily shopping together.

Considering how many editors and publishers are always advancing money to me, it remains the strangest and most unaccountable thing in the world to me that I should be broke so often, and I am being gradually forced to the conclusion that there must be something about finance that I don't understand. I love money, and at times I can make it. I will think maybe I've got quite a little jag of it, and then I go and ask the bank and they tell me I haven't got any at all. Money is like time; it never seems to want to hold still and settle down and be quiet in one spot. And time is baffling; one day I was thirty-five years old, and I went down to the corner to buy a package of cigarettes, and came back, and I was nearly fifty. In fifteen or twenty minutes more, I suppose I will be seventy-five and still wondering what the world is all about and still hopefully thinking that maybe I'll write a masterpiece—next year. If I don't begin to get an inkling as to some of the things I've always wondered about by the time I'm ninety-five, I'm just simply going to give it up and quit trying. Yet I don't know whether one can let loose and quit trying; my grandfather lived to be ninety-six, and I

can remember him saying not long before he died that he was still unsettled in his mind about two things: Predestination and why the Confederacy—he was born in Virginia—hadn't won the Civil War.

Showmanship figures in everything. The difference between failure and success is frequently the difference between nonpareil type and brier. Nobody had noticed the "Notes and Comment," but "The Sun Dial"—with no better stuff in it, really—got across at once. A column must have plenty of white space, a challenging make-up, constant variation in typographical style; not only must it catch the eye but it must have points and corners and barbs that prick and stimulate the vision, a surface and a texture that intrigue and cling to and pull at the sight. Franklin P. Adams, of the *New York World*, is the master hand at this sort of thing. Heywood Broun, now on the *New York Telegram*, usually neglects it. I used to have spells when I was very careful about it, like Adams; then I would get bored with the trouble and neglect it, like Broun. But it should never be neglected. It advertises to people that here is quick and easy reading, and people like easy reading. They will even take a difficult thought if you wrap it up in easy reading for them.

I tried to get as much variety in the stuff itself as there was in its typographical presentation. So, besides the verse, paragraphs, sketches, fables and occasional serious expressions of opinion, I began to create characters through whom I might comment upon or satirize current phases of existence, or whom I might develop for the sheer pleasure of creation. A few of these characters became rather popular: Hermione, the modern Young Woman, and her little group of serious thinkers; Captain Fitzurse, a would-be duelist at ninety-two, and an extravagant liar; Aunt Prudence Hecklebury, the ancient and indubitably virgin reformer; Fothergil Finch, the boy bard, and his nut friends; Archy, the literary cockroach; Mehitabel the Cat, a member of the oldest profession on earth; and Mr. Clem Hawley, the Old Soak, with his friends Al the Bartender, Jake Smith the Bootlegger, and so forth. The Old Soak was, for me, the luckiest find; I have got two

or three books of prose and verse out of him, a dozen short stories, a play and a moving picture, and I discover even yet a certain public unwillingness to allow him to lapse into his ultimate alcoholic coma. Incidentally, he all but ruined my reputation. For a period of six years, after Lipton's closed, I never drank a drop; during that period the Old Soak was going strong in song and story, and it used to come back to me from every side that I was an old soak myself.

One thing that amuses columnists is the way they are confused with one another. If one of them says a good thing in print, it will as like as not be attributed to one of the others; I have been congratulated time and again for something that Franklin Adams has written, or Kit Morley, or Roy K. Moulton, or Heywood Broun; they, no doubt, have had the same experience with regard to one another and me. Of course, in the end, everything good that is said in New York is finally attributed to Irvin Cobb or Oliver Herford; and that is easy to understand, for they say more good things than anybody else.

This confusion of identity among columnists almost led to serious results for a nice old German woman who was cashier and manager of a barber shop which was in the Spruce Street side of the old Tribune Building. I used frequently to go there to get shaved when I was on the *Sun*. She conceived herself to be a kind of hostess and liked to converse with her guests; and often she tired one intolerably. She knew I was a columnist, but thought I was Franklin Adams—who never went in there, as far as I knew—and I let it go at that; she always called me Mr. Adams and I never corrected her.

One day Paul Thompson, the photographer, was in there when she called me Mr. Adams.

"See here," he said; "that isn't Mr. Adams. That is Mr. Roy Moulton."

So she called me Mr. Moulton for six months. One day Clive Weed, the cartoonist, was there with me and heard her call me Mr. Moulton.

"That isn't Mr. Moulton," he said. "That is Mr. Heywood Broun."

She didn't speak to me for about three weeks, but she would look at me darkly when I came in, with something unexpressed moving in her mind. And then one day she said:

"Why are you sometimes one of them and sometimes another?"

"I am always all of them," I said. "In one paper I sign myself F. P. A.; in another Heywood Broun; and in another, Roy K. Moulton."

She went and sat down and thought. Everytime I saw her for two months thereafter she was still slowly thinking. In the spring of 1916 she asked me:

"You draw pictures for the papers too? Yes?"

"For all of them," I said. "Sometimes I sign them Goldberg, and sometimes I sign them Tad, and sometimes Briggs, and sometimes Webster. I draw all of them."

"It should keep you busy—all these newspaper writings and drawings. No?"

"Yes and no," I said.

She thought that over until the autumn of 1916. And then one day she said: "And what do you think of the war now? Eh?"

I didn't want to converse that day, so I said: "What war?"

"What war?" she cried. "Gott! He asks me what war! Two years it has been going on, and he yet asks what war! Gott! Why, the war! The war! The war in the newspapers!"

"I hadn't heard of it," I said. "I have been so busy writing and drawing that I never read the news."

And then the thing took a turn that made me ashamed of myself. The poor soul said: "I wish to tell you one thing, mister: I cannot believe that you have not heard of the war—not for a minute can I believe that! And thinking about everyone you are, and all those newspapers, hurts my head in the same place where I fell off a street car on it!"

I saw then that I had been cruel, and I straightened out her mental confusion for her and we became very good friends. For months she told me twice or thrice a week all about her

head, and it was a great comfort to her to have anybody listen, and seemed to relieve her.

During 1915 and 1916 I got scores of letters from German sympathizers, who used to threaten to bump me off if I didn't quit writing against the godly Kaiser and his noble cohorts, and from not a few persons who called themselves pacifists. I lost my neutrality, early and often, in spite of President Wilson's fervid appeals for no American to take sides in thought, word or deed. The only difference I could see between the pacifists and the pro-Germans was that the former merely intimated that I ought to be suppressed, while the latter promised to call some day soon and do it with their own fair hands. After the letters that were written to me in those years, nobody can really hurt my feelings about anything. These abusive and threatening letters got to be a matter of almost daily routine; I got accustomed to them; and yet, at times, I used to think that maybe some crazy nut might take a notion to do something more than threaten. A secret-service man told me I was one of about thirty writers whom the pro-Germans were trying to intimidate into silence at that time, with no success whatever in any one instance. It was a deliberately planned policy, but a very stupid one.

It was during the war that I had the dubious distinction of losing the only bit of verse the late Theodore Roosevelt was ever known to have written. He was writing for a New York magazine at the time, and he appended the verse in his own handwriting to a dictated letter—a rather jolly little jingle chiming in with some topic that was running in the column. I didn't know whether it was for my private consumption or whether he meant for me to print it. I asked him and he said to go ahead and print it. But by that time it had got mixed with the pile of contributions on one of my desks and was lost forever.

I had two desks at the *Sun* office, one at my home, and three in a garret in Brooklyn, and they were always so piled up with letters and offerings from contributors that I couldn't write on any of them. There are, of course, favored and preferred contributors to whose work one pays immediate

attention. But for the most part it is absolutely impossible for a daily columnist to answer all his mail and at the same time do any writing. I quit trying after a year.

Too many contributions, no matter how good they are, can take the tone of a column out of the columnist's hands if he isn't careful. But they are a great temptation when one wants a day off. I used to have another device when I felt that without twenty-four hours' relief from the grind I would perish. I had a poem exactly one column long, called "Noah an' Jonah and Cap'n John Smith," which people were forever asking me to reprint. But when I wanted a day off, whether I had any current request or not, I used to put it in with the line above it: Reprinted by Request. One summer I must have taken a little more than the traffic would bear, for I got a note from George Smith, with the poem clipped and attached, as follows:

Dear Marquis: The next time you reprint this particular poem by request, won't you please be sure that the request is quite overwhelming?

G. M. S.

Mr. Smith always had my number. He really ran the *Evening Sun*; he was a managing editor who managed. He protected me from all sorts of interference. William C. Reick was the owner of the paper when Mr. Smith went on as managing editor. Mr. Reick was always a little doubtful about me; he had a feeling that I was helping to make circulation for the paper, but he never quite knew why. Every now and then he would get vaguely alarmed at some of my propensities and speak to me about it, whereupon Mr. Smith would say to him, "I think we'd better let Marquis do about what he pleases with his department."

Later Frank A. Munsey bought the paper and there was a period under Mr. Munsey's ownership during which Mr. Reick was the managing editor, Mr. Smith having gone to the *Tribune*. Mr. Munsey used to get a little uneasy also at some of the stuff which I wrote, and I remember one session where Mr. Reick repeated to Mr. Munsey the phrase which

George Smith had handed to him: "I think we've got to let Marquis do about as he pleases with his department."

I have always had a great deal of sympathy for the owners of newspapers. They seem to have so much difficulty getting into their papers exactly what they want. I never knew one who quite succeeded, and who did not at one time or another speak rather plaintively about it.

When George Smith left the *Sun*, I wanted to leave, too, but I had a contract that ran three years, and couldn't. Mr. Munsey and I had several slight divergences of opinion, and there was once or twice he really should have fired me for the sake of discipline; but as soon as he perceived that I would rather leave the paper than not we became very good friends. He used to get letters now and then demanding that I be hanged from the yardarm, and once he sent for me and said: "Well, here are some more people, Mr. Marquis, who think you should be discharged."

"They're right, too, Mr. Munsey," I said. "If we could only convince you now, I could go away from here."

It used to bother him that he could never find me about the *Sun* office at the infrequent times when he had something to say to me. I had found, after running a column about five years, that I could get more work done by not coming to the newspaper office every day, because so many persons always try to visit a columnist if they can corner him. Mr. Munsey had a theory, quite tenable from several points of view, that an employee should frequently appear at the office where he is supposed to be employed; in fact, if he could have put it over, I would have been there every day from nine in the morning until five in the evening. He sent for me one day and said:

"I've been trying to get hold of you for nearly a week."

"What for, Mr. Munsey?" I asked him. "To discuss starting a column in the morning paper?"

"In order," he said, "to find out why you are never here. Everybody else on the staff gets here in the morning and does a day's work in office hours and leaves in the evening, and I don't see why you shouldn't."

"The office hours on the *Evening Sun*," I said, "are not long enough for me to do a day's work in. I'm ashamed to have people generally know how many hours of intense labor I put in on that column of mine. There's verse, for instance. You haven't any conception how long it takes a conscientious poet such as I am to write a single sonnet."

"How long does it take?" asked Mr. Munsey seriously.

I unfolded the current copy of the *Evening Sun*, in which I was then running a humorous series entitled: "Sonnets to a Red-Haired Lady."

"That first sonnet," I told him, "has taken me ten years to bring to its present state of absolute perfection. I'd like to have you read it."

Mr. Munsey read it. He knew as much about sonnets as I did about high finance—which is nothing. He said it struck him as a pretty good sonnet.

"It is one of the world's great sonnets," I told him. "Ten years ago I wrote the first line, and it didn't suit me and I tore it up. I worked seven or eight months getting it just right. I had to rewrite the second line twenty times in twenty months to make it the absolutely perfect thing it is. After that there were two years when I made hardly any progress at all, and then five years when things went along more rapidly and swimmingly. And the last six lines came with a rush, all in one year. But if I had put in the ten years on novels and short stories that I have put in on this sonnet I would have made two hundred thousand dollars. I don't mean to say that all my sonnets take that long; some of them I can write in a week. But the point is that I couldn't put in the intense, prolonged inspirational work on my column in the few brief hours each day the *Evening Sun* allows me. I have to start at six every morning and work until midnight."

After that he never said anything more about office hours, but he would send for me from time to time and say, with every outward appearance of seriousness:

"How is your health, Mr. Marquis?"

"Very good indeed," I would tell him.

"You must be careful," he would say. "You must watch yourself; you must not overwork."

Mr. Munsey was popularly supposed not to have any sense of humor whatever, but he really had a remote, deep, quiet appreciation of little comedy sketches of this nature.

His exterior was rather expressionless and he was usually misunderstood, frequently in the most unjust way; often when he was trying to be pleasantly jocular, in a dry manner, things took a turn against him. I was going up in the elevator with him one day, at 280 Broadway, and told the man to let me off at the second floor. The man understood me to say seventh floor, and ran past the second; I had him take me back.

Mr. Munsey said, with impressive solemnity: "Mr. Marquis, it is not the elevator man's fault that he ran past the second floor; it is your own, because your utterance was so indistinct that he could not understand you. I shall have to charge you for the unnecessary wear and tear on the machinery, the unnecessary use of power, the loss of the elevator man's time and the loss of your own time away from your desk." There were five gaping fools in the car who did not have the sense to see that he was joking, and these morons repeated it as an example of petty tyranny.

Even when the poor man died, leaving I don't know how many millions to the Metropolitan Museum, parts of his will were subjected to criticism. I remember being at a large confused dinner party one evening shortly after the terms of his will were published, when the subject came up.

The lady whom I had taken in to dinner, and whose name I hadn't caught distinctly, did not join in the criticism, but spoke in warm appreciation of him. She turned to me a little later and said:

"That donation to the Metropolitan was a wonderful thing for Mr. Munsey to do. But the terms of it have been making a little difficulty for me." She explained that she was on some committee charged with the job of collecting money for the Metropolitan, but since the papers had published the news

of his magnificent gift some of the regular yearly donors felt relieved of the necessity of contributing because of it. They didn't understand that it wasn't all to come to the Metropolitan at once in a lump; that it would be some time before its full benefits would be felt.

"Leave it all to me," I said easily, for I never know what to talk about at dinner parties and grab at any subject. "I'll get the Metropolitan all the money it wants."

"I thought you were some sort of writer," she said, looking puzzled.

"Writing a column was a fad of mine for a while," I said, "but nothing more than a fad. I used to dictate a column every morning to one of my secretaries while I was shaving. My real interests are financial—oil, railroads, rubber, real estate, mines, insurance companies—all that sort of thing. I'll fix up some scheme so the Metropolitan won't have to worry or wait."

"Really?" she said.

"Surely," I rejoined. And outlined a plan—which flashed into my head just like that!—whereby the Metropolitan could get the entire benefit of Mr. Munsey's gift even before they got the gift itself.

"If you like," I said, "I'll give you an introduction to my own banker, which will get you all the credit you want."

I was just about to go on and tell the lady that she could do a good deal worse than put all her own business affairs into my hands, when I caught sight of the place card by her plate and ceased to give financial advice, perceiving that it was Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. To this day the Metropolitan Museum people have never consulted me about finance, and I don't even know how they made out with regard to Mr. Munsey's millions. I had a perfectly good plan for them too. The late President Wilson never paid any attention to me, either, when I used to write articles telling him how to run the Government. Theodore Roosevelt was the only President who ever listened to me, and even he never acted on any of the advice I gave him. These are the things that make

a columnist wonder all the time, if he ever wants to be taken seriously at all.

Mr. Munsey twice offered to make me editor of the *Evening Sun*, but I didn't want office hours or steady responsibility. After I left the paper he very generously gave me back the copyrights to all the matter I had printed in the *Evening Sun* in ten years. He was always more than liberal with me. I intended to dedicate a book to him, but he died before I got around to it. From the *Sun* I went to the *Tribune*, but before I did so I took a six weeks' vacation and wrote as much good stuff as I could, so as to start in on the *Tribune* with a smash. They syndicated my stuff to twenty papers throughout the country, eight or ten being papers of the first importance. For two years and a half, on the *Tribune*, I did better stuff than I'd ever done before.

Then I struck a spell where I couldn't go on. I told the editor and proprietors. They were very liberal; they offered me as long a rest as, and any assistance, I wanted. I was nervously ill; it became an obsession with me that I must quit or die. I got to seeing that column as a grave, twenty-three inches long, into which I buried a part of myself every day—a part that I tore, raw and bleeding from my brain. It became a nightmare. Finally Mr. Ogden Reid, the proprietor of the *Tribune*, seeing that I really couldn't go on, and was not just being stubborn about it, very kindly canceled my contract, which still had three years to run, and I went away from there.

Within two months I wanted to do a column again, and was able to, and I've had to fight against the craving ever since. But it grows less with time—and never will I yield, so help me! I shall be firm till the end comes and I go away from here forever.

CISSY IS A NEWSPAPER LADY

By STANLEY WALKER

ELEANOR PATTERSON upon occasion has been called willful, headstrong, perverse, flighty, petulant, sulky, spoiled, domineering, malicious and catty. True enough. At one time or another this redheaded woman whom they call "Cissy" has no doubt deserved each of those epithets. She also has been described as emotional, glamorous, able, lovable, amusing, generous and courageous. Very well. Those adjectives also are apt enough. This charming and exasperating little sister of the rich, contradictory and impulsive, has always been what the more purplish-prosed fictioneers might refer to as "full-blooded, vibrant." She is an everlasting problem child. Her fonts of tears and laughter lie very close together. No one knows, upon encountering her in business or social exchange, whether to expect a kiss or a dirk—or both. Almost anything may happen when this mercurial matriarch is up and about, but whatever it is, it won't be dull.

And the fireworks, it appears, have just begun. She has embarked, under full sail, upon a great adventure. Soon after the beginning of this year Mrs. Patterson announced that she had purchased from William Randolph Hearst, whose enterprises are now undergoing a sort of belt-tightening process, the *Times* and the *Herald*, of Washington, D. C. She had been running them under lease, but now they are hers—all hers, with the power and the glory and the headaches.

Both papers—now considered as one—are losing properties. In their lifetime they have been mauled and kicked about by politicians and dilettantes, sharpshooters and carpetbaggers.

[Note: This article appeared May 6, 1939.]

It is extremely difficult, for a variety of reasons, for a newspaper to make money in Washington—or rather, it is difficult for more than one or two to prosper. A Washington paper may have circulation and prestige, and may have a voice that demands respect, but the advertising revenue is hard to get. It may be a splendid show window, but a hollow shell as a business proposition.

And yet, for all this, the idea of owning and publishing a newspaper in Washington has long appealed to many diverse persons, some of whom were very odd fish indeed. For more than ten years Mrs. Patterson has wanted to have complete control of a Washington paper. Now, with the combined *Times* and *Herald*, she has an excellent chance to see what she can do. All around the clock, twenty-four hours a day, her presses can disseminate news, opinion and—this is very important in Washington—gossip of all sorts. She may be able to make them pay. Circulation is in that admirable state known as healthy. The Hearst ownership is gone, and that is an element, though how important it is cannot be appraised accurately. In any event, Mrs. Patterson now has the right to call herself the outstanding woman newspaper publisher in the United States.

And actually, for all her helter-skelter life, she is a newspaperwoman, with newspaper instincts which often compel the admiration of the craft. She is still an amateur, but she has the authentic touch. She comes by it honestly. She belongs to that family of successful newspaper publishers whose names are Patterson, Medill and McCormick.

But even if the papers continue to pile up a considerable deficit, she need not worry overmuch—and won't, except for the hurt to her professional pride. She is rich. She has always been rich in her own right. Her income from her stock holdings in the enormously prosperous *Chicago Tribune* and *New York Daily News*, added to other increment, is enough to remove her from acute worry, even worry that comes from tossing dollars into the insatiable maw of a newspaper that isn't making money. But she is still angry over the remark which she attributes to some unidentified commentator—

probably a cad with a passion for inaccuracy—who said she had an income of \$1,000,000 a year.

"Why, that's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard!" she says. "The best year I ever had I didn't get more than \$800,000."

As a full-fledged inkling, Mrs. Patterson is now in a position to express herself. What does she want? She does not want political position or, for herself, any particular political influence. She doesn't need any more social position; she has been through all that. She is no reformer with a burning message, nor is she in any sense a crackpot, although it is undoubtedly true that an all-wise Creator took great pains to see that most of the members of her family were endowed with what might be termed a touch of eccentricity. The Pattersons and the McCormicks are "different," all right. It is probable that what she chiefly has in mind is to publish good papers—and "good" in her lexicon means principally well informed, vigorous and entertaining—and to make them, if possible, stand on their own feet.

She has in her a streak of the sensationalist. She likes to crusade against what seem to her to be obvious injustices. She is not too much the spoiled rich woman to use her papers to "do good." She is willing to learn and to take advice, although the comment has been made by some of her colleagues that she often seemed to be completely convinced by the last person who had talked to her. She knows the value of the small-townish, sometimes cruel and often revealing and important gossip that goes on in Washington. When she hits upon an idea she can sometimes be very stubborn about it, hard to convince of its unsoundness. At the same time she can be rough on yes men who overdo their sycophancy. After the heat of battle has passed, or some troublesome issue has been settled, she likes to berate herself. Indeed, she is given to deprecating her own worth. Once, in an hour's conversation, she made the following remarks:

"Sometimes I think I haven't any sense. . . . I was a fool to do that; maybe I'll know better next time. . . . Don't

read those books I wrote; they are no good. . . . I was wrong about that man; I should have known he wouldn't do. . . . I don't know much. . . . What a sap I was! . . . I guess I was taken in, that time. . . . I don't know what was the matter with me, but my judgment was certainly off. . . . It was all my fault, of course."

And so on. Of course she doesn't mean it all, but it is disarming and unforced. Indeed, it is one of the charming qualities of the unpredictable Cissy that she can give herself a bawling out. She can also bawl out others, in various terms and in eloquent phraseology, sometimes upon what seems slight provocation. She can be a terror when she feels that she has been gypped, or her confidence betrayed, or that someone has imposed upon her. She, like many wealthy persons, is exceedingly wary of being taken in, and terribly wroth when it happens.

Mrs. Patterson has an affection and respect for her elder brother, Capt. Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the *New York Daily News*—he it was, when she was a little girl, who named her "Cissy"—which amounts to hero worship. She regards him as a newspaper genius, a belief held by many others, and is like him in many ways, although she does not appear to share entirely his preoccupation with the desires and aspirations of the common man. The captain doesn't care what he eats or wears, nor was he ever very fussy about how he lived; Mrs. Patterson will have champagne, of which she is very fond, and the best of everything else. However, for all his former Socialism and his close acquaintance with the proletariat, the captain is never called "Joe," even by his high-ranking executives, who may be his old friends; likewise, the name "Cissy" is not heard in the offices of the *Washington Herald* and the *Times*. It is "Mrs. Patterson" or "The Lady."

So much does Mrs. Patterson admire her brother's ability that she not only seeks his advice on the intricacies of publishing but often reprints his editorials, which are models of directness and clarity. Sometimes she has been told that not

all of these reprints could be of interest to Washington readers, but she insists, and with considerable plausibility, that she knows as well as anyone what appeals to Washington.

She has for years been an extremely close friend of William Randolph Hearst. Indeed, her first fling at journalism was when she tried her hand at a series of hunting articles from the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho for Hearst's *Chicago Herald and Examiner* in 1920. She has visited him often, both in the East and at San Simeon, in California, and they have traveled together with their retinues, ridden horseback together over mountain trails, and partaken of the same Lucullan feasts. Her liking for Mr. Hearst is so real that she undoubtedly would do him any favor within her power, and, when we come down to it, her taking the Washington papers off his hands might in all reason be counted a favor of a high order. She wanted them, to be sure, but with the contraction of his empire they were no longer of any use to him.

Mrs. Patterson can go in for simple things, rub elbows with the commoners, exchange banter with a roughneck from her pressroom, and lend an understanding ear to the woes that come to simple folk in the clutch of love, poverty and illness, but her own life is hardly Spartan. She keeps the magnificent old mansion at 15 Dupont Circle in Washington. She has an extensive estate, Dower House, over the line in Maryland. She has a large Victorian house, with wide rolling grounds, on the shore at Sands Point, Long Island. She keeps an apartment at Carlton House, New York. She used to travel in her private railroad car, *Ranger*, named for a pony she once owned, but the car is now out of order and for sale. Obeying her whims and hunches runs up her telephone bills. She lives well, but gives few parties these days. She keeps in good physical trim, mostly by swimming. She was fifty-four years old last November, and only on bad days, when worn by temper or fatigue, does she look to be fifty-four.

Although she had written special articles and was the author of two novels, it was not until 1930, when Hearst appointed her editor of the *Herald* in Washington at a salary of \$10,000 a year—including an arrangement on advertising

profits—that she felt she really had a chance to show what she could do. She wanted to increase circulation; she wanted to make herself felt. Now, it was pretty well known wherever society-political gossip was heard that there had for years been a feud existing between Mrs. Patterson and that other high-spirited Washingtonian, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth—an unimportant feud, really, but genuine enough. A story came along that Mrs. Patterson's cousin, Ruth Hanna McCormick, sought to be United States senator from Illinois. Five days after Cissy had become editor of the *Herald*, the paper came out with a first-page box, signed ELEANOR M. PATTERSON, which read:

INTERESTING, BUT NOT TRUE

The news is that Alice Longworth will not only be the confidential adviser to Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick but that she will campaign publicly for her lifelong friend. Interesting, but not true.

Mrs. McCormick takes no advice, political or otherwise, from Mrs. Longworth.

Mrs. Longworth gives no interviews to the press.

Mrs. Longworth cannot utter in public.

Her assistance, therefore, will resolve itself, as usual, into posing for photographs.

There was some gasping over this forthright blast, circulation began to go up, and the ancient feud was kept alive, probably to continue for the rest of the lives of these two dynamic women.

From time to time she follows the custom of setting forth her own views, sometimes very sharply. When the newspapers were carrying the story of the litigation over the custody of little Gloria Vanderbilt, in which Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney was attempting to take over the rearing and education of the child—Mrs. Whitney's niece—from the hands of the child's mother, Mrs. Patterson came out with the following:

With that amazing chameleon-like gift of the American snob, the Vanderbilt clan took unto themselves the distinguishing characteristics of Old World aristocracy.

They acquired a sense of special privilege. They became saturated with a thorough-going belief in the supremacy of their own particular class and kind. Now Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, great-granddaughter of ferryman Vanderbilt, is convinced that it is not only her duty but her right to take little Gloria unto herself and away from her mother. For, you see, little Gloria is a Vanderbilt child. To cut short: The odd thing about the whole affair is that Mrs. Whitney and her clan appear to have lost sight of the fact that Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt is the mother of this child. Flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood, bone of her bone. Born of her loins in anguish and fear. If old ferryman Vanderbilt were alive today, would he not feel pretty disgusted over the whole sorry spectacle? Don't you think he would say, along with the rest of plain honest-to-God men and women, "A Child Belongs to its Mother"?

On many occasions Mrs. Patterson has spoken bitterly of the less admirable and dependable qualities of her own sex. She once proclaimed that she would have no women on her paper, because they were "difficult to manage." She has said that when a woman brags, "she brags ferociously." She has confessed that she herself has had to play upon the fact that she was a woman to get certain things done around her own paper. And yet she came around to employing a considerable sprinkling of women—"hard to manage" or not. But consistency, except in being pretty uniformly inconsistent, is hardly one of her more notable traits.

Her acid comments were not always reserved for the so-called human-interest affairs. In April, 1938, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, on a visit she made to the White House, asked her somewhat tauntingly to tell him what could be done to end the timidity of business and, possibly, the depression itself. She accepted the challenge and wrote: "You should let administrative silence 'like a poultice come to heal the blows of sound' and permit industry to go to work in an atmosphere of peace and security." She further recommended an end to "disturbing speeches, sudden and new proposals to Congress, and attacks on groups and individuals who happen to disagree with or criticize you." She asked him to "reduce

your blacklist to real, intentional enemies of the common welfare." She concluded: "The chief thing is to eliminate fear and thus restore confidence. You alone can do that. But you must do it thoroughly, forsaking hate and vanity and resuming that patience with which you so nobly and courageously conquered an illness that would have broken the spirit of most of us. You have been a great leader, and a great man you can be again." The foregoing advice ended completely the relationship which had existed between the President and Mrs. Patterson.

As time passed, Mrs. Patterson began to have doubts about the wisdom of signing her name to expressions of opinion, and even to going out as a reporter herself. She wonders whether it isn't better that she merely direct and edit and suggest. And yet she is a shrewd and competent reporter, and writes clearly. In 1931 she disguised herself as "Maude Martin," a maid out of work, and explored the relief shelters and other charitable and official spots which are maintained in Washington for the forlorn and the hopeless. She wrote a lively series about what she saw. She made a personal investigation of the public schools "to see for myself whether the children in Washington were cold and hungry." Her reports brought about better conditions, including free lunches. She once dropped in on Al Capone in Florida and got an interview.

In 1936, accompanied by the vigorous and highly competent Miss "Jackie" Martin, the photographer who is now head of the art department of her papers, Mrs. Patterson made a tour of the poorer sections of several Southern states and wrote a series of six articles, signed, describing what she had seen. These articles were lively, sympathetic, and showed excellent selection and dramatization of incident. She called the series "Dixie's Dead End." The first one began:

Now I know a little more about *Pilgrim's Progress*.

For I have seen a hundred Hills Difficult, and as many Sloughs of Despond, each with its quota of good Americans whose constitutional rights have somehow failed to put shoes on their feet and hope in their hearts.

But she is by no means preoccupied with such journalistic material. She has a great weakness for animals and animal stories. One day she heard that N'Gi, the gorilla in the National Zoological Park in Washington, was seriously ill of pneumonia; she was deeply moved. She paid for the best medical care. She learned that an oxygen tent was necessary if poor N'Gi was to have the slightest chance of survival. Now, another person, observing the plight of the gorilla, might have thought an oxygen tent from Washington, or Baltimore, or Philadelphia, would be good enough. But no, Mrs. Patterson had one flown, at her expense, from New York. The tent was the property of a psychoanalyst who was delighted to try it out on the uninhibited anthropoid. However, N'Gi, much to the regret of everyone, died. Then there was the sad day when a circus in Washington, operated by Tim McCoy, got into financial difficulties and had to be sold at auction. Mrs. Patterson bought old War Cloud, the magnificent stallion that McCoy rode, and took him out to the stables and pastures of Dower House.

By 1936 the circulation of the *Herald*, under her editorship, had almost doubled its 60,000 circulation of 1930. But, during the Roosevelt-Landon campaign she came to realize more clearly than ever that her arrangement was not perfect. The *Herald* still was a Hearst newspaper. Now, Mrs. Patterson never has been violently pro-Roosevelt or pro-New Deal, but she has been in favor of some of the objectives of the Administration; thus, in 1936, she had to print certain articles and editorials from the Hearst organization with which she did not see eye to eye. Finally, in the spring of 1937, she leased the paper for a term of years, a move which gave her vastly more power. Further negotiations enabled her to take over the *Times* under a lease arrangement in August, 1937. The *Herald* (morning) and the *Times* (evening) were published in the same building—a circumstance which led to still more confusion. Mrs. Patterson's lease agreement with Hearst in 1937 carried provisions for her eventual purchase of the properties, which finally has been announced. Thus the two newspapers now are actually, as

the telephone operators until recently were instructed to announce upon receiving each incoming call, "The Patterson Newspapers."

In the Washington newspaper field there are today, besides Mrs. Patterson's *Times-Herald*, the long-established and profitable *Star*, published afternoons and Sundays; the afternoon *News*, a Scripps-Howard afternoon tabloid of attractive make-up, and Mr. Eugene Meyer's morning paper, the *Post*.

It is slim pickings, but Mrs. Patterson, as even the most cynical of observers of newspaper properties agree, has a chance. Between her and the rich Mr. Meyer there has been a running fight ever since Mr. Meyer took over the *Post* in 1933. They hired away each other's reporters, special writers and features, sometimes at fancy prices. They had been friends, but their relations have been strained for some time.

The brushes between the two were many. One skirmish was fought over which one had the right to publish, among other comics, *The Gumps*—once the most profitable comic feature in the country. When Mr. Meyer won this squabble with an injunction, Mrs. Patterson did a characteristic thing. She sent Mr. Meyer a pound of raw meat, neatly wrapped, with the implied message that he could have his "pound of flesh." It was an impulsive gesture—one of those spur-of-the-moment flashes of which she says later, "I guess I made a mistake that time."

The story of the fortune of the Lady Cissy, together with her newspaper tradition, really goes back at least as far as 1856, when her grandfather, Joseph Medill, moved from Cleveland to Chicago and became a power in the conduct of the *Chicago Tribune*. From that date until his death in 1899 he laid the basis of the enormous family investment which has since, of course, vastly increased. Medill had two daughters who grew to maturity, Elinor and Katharine. Katharine married Robert S. McCormick, of the harvester family, and they had two sons, the late United States senator, Medill McCormick, who died in 1925, and Col. Robert R. McCormick, the present publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*. Elinor married Robert Wilson Patterson, a Chicago reporter,

an able man who rose to a position of high influence on the *Chicago Tribune*—and by no means merely because he had married the boss' daughter. The Pattersons had two children, Joseph Medill Patterson and Cissy.

Cissy's father, whom she admired greatly, died unexpectedly in 1910 while on a visit to see his dying mother in Philadelphia. Cissy's mother died in 1933 in her apartment in the Drake Hotel in Chicago. Cissy was always somewhat critical of her mother, holding that she was too much occupied with getting ahead in society.

In Mrs. Patterson's eyes her father was perhaps the ideal newspaperman—a lively reporter who worked on many important stories, who was credited with putting the gold plank in the McKinley platform, and who later, as managing editor, was a champion of the theory of playing the news "straight"—that is to say, without distortion or innuendo.

Cissy was born in Chicago and passed through her childhood with only slightly more than the usual quota of tantrums. She attended a finishing school—Miss Hersey's, in Boston—and then headed straight into society. Her father, largely to satisfy his wife's social ambitions, had commissioned Stanford White to build the big house in Dupont Circle, in Washington. Cissy passed much time there and abroad. While in Paris in 1902 she met a dashing Polish cavalry officer, Count Josef Gizycki, who had a certain charm, but who was not above a bit of fortune-hunting. After a stormy courtship, in which the count pursued her from continent to continent, she was married to him, over the objections of her parents, in the Dupont Circle house, on April 4, 1904. The wedding was something of a society sensation; their married life likewise was sensationally unhappy. The castle to which the count was supposed to be taking her in the Russian Ukraine turned out to be a disappointment, to put it mildly. The count had odd notions about the status of women. Nevertheless, Cissy stuck it out, more or less, until after the birth of her daughter, Felicia, in 1907. Then the rows began in earnest.

The whole tale of these troubles—the kidnaping of the

child, Felicia, by the count, the armies of private detectives, the appeals by President Taft to the Czar of Russia, the use of the potent McCormick influence at the Russian Court, the high international intrigues—was one of the great newspaper stories of that time, lurid enough to satisfy even Cissy's love for the gaudy and romantic. But there is no doubt that she was genuinely broken-hearted, and stayed so for a long time. Moralists pointed to the case as just another instance of how handsome foreigners with titles were always bilking American heiresses. And why weren't American men good enough for American girls? Cissy often wondered that herself. It was all a complicated mess, and an old story at this late date, but in the end the right triumphed over foreign machinations, mother love won, and on August 18, 1909, Cissy, known in those days as the glamorous Countess Gizycka, arrived in New York harbor on the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, with her little child, Felicia, clinging tightly to her hand. The countess had a very small waist, what was known as "the typical Patterson mouth," and she wore atop her brushed-up reddish hair an elegant hat trimmed with a stuffed bird. The reporter who covered the arrival for the *New York World* wrote: "The countess is tall and still girlish, with a look of sadness about her eyes."

Next there was a complicated series of legal fights over a divorce, and it was not until 1917, after the collapse of Russia, that Cissy was able to get a divorce in Chicago. The count, said by some to have come out of the adventure some \$500,000 richer, vanished into the silences long ago, and is believed to be dead.

Then came the stretch of aimless years—aimless, that is to say, in that they had no particular direction. The Countess Gizycka, good-looking, full of life, with not a great many intellectual interests, was well known in the society of New York, Washington and Chicago. She bought a ranch near Jackson Hole in Wyoming, and passed much time riding and hunting. She was a good shot, and became an expert on rifles. She was the terror of the mountain sheep of the Rockies. But there was another little problem coming up.

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The little girl, Felicia, grew up. And, not surprisingly, she developed a personality of her own. She spurned a debut. Instead she wanted to run a cafeteria in San Francisco. In August, 1924, on Cissy's ranch in Wyoming, Felicia appears to have fallen in love with Drew Pearson, a Washington newspaper writer. She was married to Pearson in March, 1925, in San Diego, California, with Cissy's complete approval. That marriage lasted only a few years, and Felicia, in 1934, married Dudley Delavaine in London. That marriage also broke up. Felicia, who looks very much like her mother, now spends a great deal of time in and about New York, and has just had a novel published.

But to get back to Cissy and her own affairs. A month after Pearson had married Felicia, Cissy, to the astonishment of almost everyone, was married to Elmer Schlesinger, a lawyer, in the chapel of the New York City Municipal Building. Schlesinger was popular and respected. He is remembered today chiefly for his work as counsel for the United States Shipping Board when the postwar shipping complications were being straightened out. He had been married before, and had two children. Although few except their intimates suspected it, their marriage was anything but tranquil. In February, 1929, Schlesinger died of a heart attack in the clubhouse of the Palmetto Golf Club at Aiken, South Carolina. Cissy, in Washington, hurried to Aiken and took his body to the Dupont Circle house, where funeral services were held before a distinguished group. There was considerable bickering over the estate, which was appraised at a little more than \$2,000,000, of which Cissy got one third and Schlesinger's children two thirds.

Schlesinger was gone, and she had wept at the funeral, and thus had ended another period in the life of a restless woman. She decided that she did not want to be known longer as either the Countess Gizycka or as Mrs. Schlesinger, so she formally had her name changed to "Mrs. Eleanor Patterson." She passed more and more time hankering after newspaper work, the traditional calling of her family, until finally the

time came when she could get approximately what she wanted.

She can write, but she will insist waspishly that she can't. Her first novel, *Glass Houses*, was published in 1926, and the second, *Fall Flight*, in 1928. The first was the better. It was received by the critics in generally friendly fashion; in Washington it was greeted as a spiteful, elaborately revengeful piece of literary venom. The scenes were laid in Washington and in Wyoming, and Cissy, as everyone knew, was thoroughly familiar with both places. Some said that one of the characters in the novel, a crude but still prepossessing senator from the West, was clearly drawn from Sen. William E. Borah; that another character undoubtedly was patterned upon Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

One critic, reviewing the book in what was in the main a friendly tone, said that "There is a certain cruelty always latent in the portrayal of the figures upon the Washington scene." And that sentence is loaded with truth; it is true, it would seem, of most of the biographies, and certainly of the political and society gossip columns. It may be that Washington, because of the very character of the place, its cliques and its various strata of strivers and poseurs, is made to order for a lush growth of cruelty. But Cissy, in *Glass Houses*, was not altogether cruel. There were passages of excellent description, the conversation often was more than ordinarily plausible, and at times it had something of which Cissy herself has extravagant stores—the quality of feeling. And at the end of the book she has the principal woman character remark: "Don't let's ask too much. But we can be happy, most of the time, I suppose, when we have learned to compromise." Not a particularly profound observation, and yet it was somehow moving, and it might have been Cissy herself, expressing some sort of philosophy she had fashioned for herself out of the ups and downs of her own life.

The second book, *Fall Flight*, was not received so kindly by the critics. It is the story of a Chicago dentist's daughter whose father dies and whose mother marries the United

States Ambassador to Russia. The girl meets one Prince Slavinsky, a rakehell who, oddly, bears a curious resemblance to what Count Gizycki must have been. Then there is trouble, on and on—a somewhat spotted performance of writing which did not increase the author's literary reputation. She doubts that she will attempt any more novels.

While in Washington, which is by far most of the time, Mrs. Patterson divides her time, when not at the *Times* and *Herald* offices, between her residences, the Dupont Circle home and Dower House in Prince George County.

Visitors to the Dupont Circle house in the middle 1920's were struck by the sight of thirteen heads and pelts of game animals which hung on the wall overlooking the great main staircase. These trophies were reminders of one of the more strenuous manifestations of Mrs. Patterson's energies, what might be called her Nimrod phase, during which she wrought devastation upon grizzlies, elk, deer, mountain sheep and other fauna of the Rockies. The trophies are not there today; they repose in a warehouse, where they probably will remain. It seems that one day, high up in the Rockies, at the end of a wearing climb in bad weather, a handsome mountain goat unexpectedly stepped out, innocent and unafraid, in an open space within easy gunshot. Mrs. Patterson raised her costly imported Mannlicher rifle and fired. As she recalls the incident today:

"I killed this goat, and I didn't want him. He took a terribly long time to die, for goats have almost as much vitality as the grizzly. He had never seen me. I shot him three or four times, along the spine. Paralyzed behind, he still stood on his front legs, the blood clotting the snow. Probably it wasn't this particular goat that finished me with shooting. I had been coming to the end for some time, and this kill, without desire, sickened me for good."

She hasn't shot anything in the eleven years since that day when tenderness for animals overcame her. And when she got back to Washington, the skins and heads came down. The fine guns were put away.

Many of Mrs. Patterson's more important social affairs, as

well as her business conferences, are held at Dower House, which is one of the great old country places of America. Senators, when in her favor, sometimes used to disport themselves in her swimming pool, along with visiting editors and authors and men of affairs. There are not so many guests these days. As far as research can show—it is difficult, for the house has undergone many alterations, fires and restorations—the place was constructed in 1660 by the third Lord Baltimore, and was intended as a deer-hunting lodge. For years it was called Mount Airy. During a long period it was used as an inn. When Mrs. Patterson acquired the property, a little less than ten years ago, it had been allowed to run down. Then it was swept by a fire, which further damaged it.

Mrs. Patterson set to work and brought it back to something approaching, at least, its old colonial charm. There are tales of buried gold coin about the place, but none ever has been found. A more disturbing story is that there is more than one authentic ghost which is known to flit about the dark and silent halls; one ghost is said to belong to Eleanor Calvert, the other to Elizabeth Calvert, who once lived there. The London Society for Psychical Research heard of these high-born wraiths, and sent over representatives, but they found nothing. Nevertheless, the surroundings of Dower House might well appeal to a ghost. In any event, it is a wonderful place for the lady publisher, with the champagne coming along nicely and a brisk fire burning, and the ghosts of the Calvert girls flitting about, to sign contracts with stubborn journalists or to persuade a statesman to divulge information that he was supposed to keep to himself. Having a place like Dower House is of inestimable aid to a lady news gatherer in getting what she wants.

Some observers who have worked close to Mrs. Patterson say that she has a weakness for accepting as truth the things that are told her by important or semi-important persons, whether the revelations are made in the ghostly silences of Dower House or elsewhere. She will, they say, instantly surmise that she has stumbled upon a tremendous story, and will

order all troops into action with a spare-no-expense gesture, when a little quiet preliminary inquiry, involving no more than two or three telephone calls, would disclose that she had been misled by the expansiveness of her informant, or that she had, somehow, got the wrong idea. However, this defect, if it exists, is surely not one on which Mrs. Patterson has a monopoly. Publishers, many of whom in their hearts fancy themselves as great reporters—just as, in Mrs. Patterson's diagnosis, most politicians are disappointed actors—are carried away when they think they have stumbled upon a big story.

To talk Mrs. Patterson out of such preconceived notions and to give her sage counsel in other respects is largely the job of the veteran Washington editor, Michael W. Flynn, who has been with Mrs. Patterson during all her Washington journalistic adventure. Flynn, it is probable, has taught her more about the technique of getting out a paper—and the art of not making mistakes—than any of her other mentors, amateur and professional, unless it is Brother Joe. He pays her the compliment of saying that she learned things rapidly and that she is a natural newspaperwoman with good judgment of her own.

Mrs. Patterson believes that the American newspaper reporter, taking him by and large, is one of the most admirable and charming persons ever turned loose in a gloomy world. A reporter whom she admires greatly can be sure of a good salary, good treatment in general, and of the fact that she has a genuine solicitude for his welfare. She has been generous with many newspapermen, drunk or sober, far beyond what most publishers would regard as within reason. And in some instances she has been repaid with ingratitude, and worse. This ancient tendency of the human race is well known to Mrs. Patterson, but it still saddens her when she encounters it. Sometimes when so miffed, she will not invite members of the staff to her house for weeks. Then, when she softens, she will have some of them back, inquiring earnestly about their love affairs, their babies and what not. She has an impetuous way of giving away some of her best clothes to women

members of her staff. She spends much money on her clothes, but they mean little to her, and she never appears in any of those lists of America's best-dressed women.

Although she is engaged in one of the most interesting newspaper gambles in the country, with much money to lose if things should go wrong, she is not, in the ordinary sense, a gambler. That is, she doesn't bet on horses, or play cards or roulette. She regards most gambling games as silly and, moreover, insists she can't understand them. And yet, she is so constituted that few of her friends would be greatly surprised if she should announce, in the same spirit in which she repented in the case of the mountain goat:

"What am I doing running a newspaper? It's time I did something else."

But such an about face is highly improbable. She is almost completely absorbed in her round-the-clock *Times-Herald*. She entered upon the combined morning-evening paper gamble against the advice of her astute brother and many of the best brains in newspaper publishing. She is stubborn, clever, and learning every day. She is, barring accidents, in the game to stay. And she is having more fun than she ever had.

HE'S AGAINST

By JACK ALEXANDER

LAST winter an ice storm snapped some branches off a grove of weeping-willow trees which decorate the yard of Westbrook Pegler's country home, in the Poundridge section of Westchester County, New York. Pegler, who has a possessive attachment for his willows, swore and muttered against the storm for weeks, as if its onset had been a personal and undeserved visitation. He almost wrote a column denouncing it. Had he done so, his act would have been in keeping with his character as one of the most consistently resentful men in the country.

Pegler's syndicated newspaper column, which is called "Fair Enough," stands out among those of his colleagues largely because of its remarkably high indignation content. It has caused wonderment among his readers that one man could have so much indignation, and it surprises Pegler mildly when he thinks about it, but he goes on grinding out his aversions day after day, as the mythical little salt mill grinds out salt on the ocean floor.

Pegler's friends worry about this. They tell him that he needs a change of pace and advise him to write an occasional column praising somebody or something, just to prove to his readers that he is not a chronic sourpuss. On the few occasions when he has taken their advice the results have not been encouraging. Once the late Knute Rockne complained to Pegler's employers, then the *Chicago Tribune*, about an article in which he had panned the Notre Dame coach for doubling as a newspaper writer. Pegler was covering sports at the time, and the invasion of sports writing by football

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coaches, baseball managers and wrestlers, which had always been a sore subject with him, had prodded him to caustic expression. He hadn't spared Rockne.

An editor got Pegler on the long-distance telephone in New York and asked that he do something to butter up the injured coach's feelings a little. Pegler demurred at first, but finally gave in and agreed that maybe he had been too harsh. He promised to be nice to Rockne in his next dispatch. Sitting down at his typewriter, he tapped out what he considered a panegyric. The article glowed with sentiment about the great coach's rugged homeliness, his spatulate nose and his outward resemblance to a beloved, broken-down pugilist. Somewhere in the piece was a tribute to Rockne's oratorical eloquence and a statement that when the words issued from his lips they came forth like champagne from a battered oil-can. Instead of being mollified, Rockne was so enraged that he barred Pegler from the Notre Dame campus.

This disillusioning experience happened more than ten years ago and since then Pegler, who has, in the interim, graduated to the field of general comment, has stuck pretty faithfully to good old reliable invective. Once he became beamingly sentimental about the film "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and on another occasion he wrote a sort of Senator Vest tribute to the dog. Once and once only he committed eulogy, on the death of Adolph Ochs, who made the *New York Times* what it is today. But mainly he has baited his trap for reader flies with vinegar rather than sugar, and has caught more than his share.

In production, Pegler operates on approximately the same theory as that which underlies the artificial cultivation of pearls. An incident or a state of facts, like a grain of sand inserted in the shell of a somnolent oyster, sets up an inward irritation. The irritant, in Pegler's case, may be an obscene theatrical show, a dictatorship in Berlin or New Orleans, or something as commonplace as a member of the President's family getting a fat job. As the induced defensive reaction runs its course a hard, angry growth is produced. This may take a day or it may take weeks. When the growth reaches

maturity, Pegler extracts it and places it, amid an appropriate setting of literary diamond chips, in his column.

Sensitive to noises, Pegler does all his thinking and writing in the country, except during several months which he spends each year in traveling about and doing reportorial work. He patronizes the Manhattan night clubs infrequently, preferring Poundridge, where he owns thirty-five acres of rolling, wooded hills. There are deer in the woods and sometimes they venture forth to nibble the grass along the rim of a small body of water, which one of Pegler's friends has nicknamed Lake Malice. Pegler mulls over ideas for his column while strolling through the woods, slapping at insects, or while lolling in the grass beside Lake Malice. It is a far and glad-some cry from a news-service office in which Pegler once worked and in which a mischievous office mate used to pay an office boy a quarter to stand back of Pegler's desk and annoy him by whistling.

Pegler's intellectual activity is interrupted by an occasional swim or by a thoughtful paddle about the pond in a rowboat which the same nicknaming friend has dubbed Rancors Aweigh. The pond is stocked with bass and when the turtles begin eating too many fingerlings Pegler keeps a loaded double-barreled shotgun leaning handily against a tree. He gets a grim pleasure out of blasting a racketeering turtle out of his moat. In addition to bass, Pegler is a forthright defender of the rights of rabbits. He thinks the remarks of the neighboring farmers on rabbits are rank libel, and he plants carrots so that the cottontails may feast on his acres. He's been told that rabbits like lettuce better than carrots, but he doesn't believe it.

After a suitable period of reflection, he retires to his study, which is a large room on the second floor of an outbuilding which is located a few hundred feet from the house. The house, for some reason known only to the owner, is of Bavarian-countryside design, and the outbuilding roughly matches it. The walls of the study are covered with murals showing the main house, Lake Malice and the woods, all done by an artist acquaintance. In the center of the room, atop a long

desk, perches a portable typewriter, a model which Pegler, as a result of years as a roving sports writer, has come to prefer to an office-size machine. Raising his leg over the back of the chair, Pegler sits down before the typewriter. Then begins one of the most pyrotechnic creative scenes in American journalism.

Pegler lights up a cigarette and slips a sheet of paper in the roller. He bats out a couple of lines and, dissatisfied with them, rips the paper from the roller and hurls it away with an oath. He makes a score or more attempts, trying to catch a couple of opening lines that suit him, and in a haze of cigarette smoke goes on to the next sentence. Soon the floor is littered with crumpled-up paper and cigarette stubs.

Amid such sweat and agony are daily born the neat, figure-skating phrases which distinguish Pegler's writing and give it the air of having been tossed off as a cowboy flings a lariat. When the going is especially hard, Pegler gets up and paces the floor. He stamps up and down, bemoaning the fact that anyone ever told him he could write, kicks the wastebasket across the room and shouts profanely. The racket and lamentations can be heard in the main house, but no one gets alarmed about them. The search for the exact word and the lancet phrase goes on in the upper room. The man at the desk writes, cuts to pieces, rewrites, cuts to pieces again, rewrites, cuts to pieces, and so on. After from four to six hours of this, seven or eight hundred words have been composed and another day's column is ready. Pegler gets in his station wagon and drives, in a slam-bang style peculiarly his own, to the telegraph office in near-by New Canaan, Connecticut. From here his column goes by wire to the office of the New York *World-Telegram*, and Pegler drives back home to spend a good part of the evening worrying about the things he missed putting in.

At the *World-Telegram*, which is the key paper of the Scripps-Howard chain of eighteen, the column is checked and edited by Lee B. Wood, the executive editor. Then it is set in type for use in the *World-Telegram* of the following day and is dispatched by wire to the other papers in the Scripps-

Howard group. A galley proof goes uptown to the United Features Syndicate, which distributes the column by wire and air mail to the rest of the 114 papers which carry "Fair Enough." Pegler's contract is held jointly by the *Telegram* and the *Chicago Daily News*, with the former paying the larger share of his salary.

Readers who like Pegler's individualistic slant—an unpredictable one which once praised a lynching—get a vicarious satisfaction out of his persistent swats at the objects of his displeasure. Thousands of others who find that they usually disagree with him read his column as a kind of tonic for their adrenal glands. He infuriates them and they enjoy it.

Pegler constantly grows in popularity. It is impossible to determine how many actual readers he has, the only measuring rod being the total circulation of the newspapers in which his column appears, which is around 6,500,000. Naturally, not all the readers of a newspaper read all its features. But Pegler is undoubtedly one of the leading individual editorial forces in the country. Under his contract he receives a salary of \$40,000 a year and to this is added a percentage of the proceeds from syndication. At present, this brings his income to about \$60,000. Since he never finished high school and once jerked soda in a drugstore on Wilson Avenue, Chicago, it is understandable if he chooses to think that just being Westbrook Pegler is smart business.

Pegler never allows anybody to discover anything about his private generosity, but they are legion and legend in the newspaper business. For a long time, as his income increased, he felt that he ought to increase household payments to domestics and handouts to deserving cases in proportion, and he did—just a whimsical notion of what was square. Roy Howard once tried to make an executive out of Pegler, insisting he'd never make any real money except as an executive. Pegler was even more firm in insisting he was a writer, he would stick to his writing and the hell with the money.

Of the peculiar mental twist which makes him what he is, Pegler has written more than once. One day, in introspective mood, he explained it by saying that his hates not only oc-

cupied his mind more often than his friendships but that they gave him much more "spiritual satisfaction." Confessing that he enjoyed annoying institutions or persons of whom he did not approve, he added: "I think that I would go much farther out of the way to inflict such annoyance under ordinary circumstances than to remind a friend, for no particular reason, that I had been thinking of him and to advise him that I was sending him a ham." On a subsequent day he went further into the matter, comparing his mode of attack to that of a hygienist who finds it more effective to warn people against disease than to dilate upon the joys of being healthy. He wrote: ". . . it will be possible to tell what I am for . . . by what I am against . . . it is a method. . . ."

Pegler is conscious of the incongruity of an ex-sports writer drawing fabulous wages as a utility infielder among the intellectuals, and he occasionally jokes about it in print. In one day's column he described himself as a chain-drugstore thinker, or one who dealt in a confusing variety of small thoughts, as contrasted with his more sober contemporaries, who handled only the weightier articles. "I carry percolators, alarm clocks, salted peanuts and a full line of stationery, office supplies and bathing caps, and you can get chow mein at the soda fountain," he wrote. He confesses that it takes pure gall to tell the world where to head in, as his job calls for him to do six days a week, and to his musings about columnists in general America owes some of its most illuminating revelations on the subject. He once wrote a column on this topic which began: "Of all the fantastic fog shapes that have risen off the swamp of confusion since the big war, the most futile and, at the same time, the most pretentious, is the deep-thinking, hair-trigger columnist or commentator who knows all the answers just offhand and can settle great affairs with absolute finality, three days or even six days a week. Being one of these myself. . . ." Thousands of dogma-weary readers were exhilarated by that one.

Pegler is a professed member of the rabble and has admitted with some pride that when he reads pundits like Clarence Streit or Hamilton Fish Armstrong he cannot, as he

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puts it, "tell the pants from the coat." Once he sat in on the famous Hutchins-Adler class at the University of Chicago on the great books of the ages. When asked at the close of the session what he thought of the discussion that had taken place, he replied: "To tell the truth, I fell off the sled at the first turn."

His critics, who are mostly what are labeled leftists, think that they see much of significance behind his front of self-kidding and fun-poking at other columnists. They insist that his modesty is sham and that behind it he plies a nefarious trade in social sabotage. He adopts a low-brow pose, they say, in order to hoodwink readers into thinking that he is a devotee of old-fashioned horse sense whereas he is just a smooth Tory. The opposite view, and one which seems to jibe better with Pegler's personality, is that, while he isn't as dense as he pretends to be, he is very much the common Middlewestern American, with additions of literary skill, a gift for salty idiom and a sharp nose for suspicious odors.

A few months ago Pegler received a reporting prize from the Headliners' Club, a minor committee of the Pulitzer-award type, but he takes more satisfaction in another distinction which he has recently won. This is that he is the only man on earth who has been forbidden, in advance, to attend the funeral of Walter Winchell. The order was issued publicly by Winchell himself, and it capped a feud which had been running for a long time.

Winchell and other newspaper writers who also lecture, act in the movies or talk over radio have long irritated Pegler, who has a single-minded devotion to the newspaper business and has rejected many offers to capitalize on his name in outside work. Born the son of a famous Chicago newspaperman, he grew up in the business, married a fellow reporter whom he met on a murder case and talks newspaper most of the time.

As a result of all this he sometimes seems to consider himself a monitor of the profession, a role which now and then pushes him to extremes. Ever since he has been a general columnist he has taken sporadic pot shots at Winchell and

the horde of gossip columnists who imitate him. Pegler, who is himself a painstaking reporter, especially dislikes the gossip type of news-gatherer and he is annoyed by Winchell's habit of shouting "Flash!" to herald the approach of a rumor about a café-society divorce or some comparably silly item. In the newsrooms where Pegler developed, "Flash!" was reserved for big stuff, like disasters at sea and political assassinations. Winchell's use of it, he feels, has debased it as a piece of journalistic currency.

The feud might have remained on an occasional sniping basis had not the Peglers, while listening to their radio one night, heard Winchell announce a report that a kidnaping threat had driven them from Poundridge to the safety of a New York hotel. The voice added, in affectionately solicitous tones, a request worded approximately as follows: "Give us a ring and say it isn't true, Peg." Soon after that, the Pegler telephone line was loaded down with calls from anxious friends and Pegler was in one of his finest furies.

In the first place he had received no kidnaping threat and he was contemptuous of Winchell's constant fear of being snatched, his fondness for bodyguards and his custom of carrying loaded automatics around with him. The broadcast report tended to make it look as if he dreaded personal violence as much as Winchell did. In the second place, as Pegler irately pointed out to his friends, Winchell could easily have discovered the falsity of the report by picking up a telephone at the broadcasting studio and putting in a thirty-five-cent call to Poundridge; or, if he was already on the air when he got the report, he could have had someone else make the call.

After the fake kidnap scare, Pegler's published barbs at Winchell were more frequent. He never mentioned him by name, but often spoke slightly of "gents'-room journalism" and most of his readers knew whose journalism he meant. So did Winchell, and under the constant needling he blew up. One morning last April he devoted a whole column to denouncing Pegler. Winchell, too, omitted using his target's name, but it was well known that it was Pegler. Among the

epithets he bandied about were "a louse in the blouse of journalism," "this exponent of grouch journalism" and "a feelthy logroller." And in his peroration, with puzzling irrelevance, he begged "admirers of journalistic ethics" to see to it that Pegler was ejected from the Winchell obsequies, if he showed up.

Having goaded his victim into a state of excitement, Pegler let the matter drop. Characteristically, he almost got into a fight with a New England publisher who argued with him that honor called for a full reply. His readers seemed to agree that he had proved himself Mr. Winchell's Wellington.

Pegler has also scrapped with two fellow columnists in the Scripps-Howard stable, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and the late Heywood Broun, and apparently Winchell, in delivering his mortuary interdict, had in mind the fact that Pegler attended Broun's funeral. Broun and Pegler were rural neighbors and friends until Broun began to chide Pegler publicly for what he considered Pegler's retarded social thought. In one column he explained Pegler by saying that he had been "bitten by an income tax" and had never recovered. Pegler, in reply, joshed Broun for having a Messianic complex, accused him of being a fellow traveler and charged that he had permitted his American Newspaper Guild to fall under the control of Communists. Their relations were in a strained state at the time of Broun's death. Pegler originally belonged to the Guild, but resigned over the leftist issue.

Mrs. Roosevelt, apparently annoyed by things Pegler had written about Jimmy Roosevelt and others of the family, tossed this nosegay at him in "My Day": "I frequently read him because it entertains me to see how things may be twisted, according to your own bias and your lack of knowledge and understanding. If you believed him, you would be deeply depressed about human nature, not only in the individuals whom he mentions but in the feeling you get of general cynicism about people."

Hewing faithfully to the canons of columnistic warfare, Mrs. Roosevelt omitted mention of her subject's name. Pegler, however, publicly acknowledged that it was he whom she

had meant by accepting the gage and explaining that the New Deal had made him a cynical man. A touch of old-world gallantry distinguishes the Mrs. Roosevelt-Pegler feud from the others in which Pegler has figured. Pegler has eaten his adversary's hot dogs at Hyde Park, and when the syndicate which distributes both their columns gives its annual cocktail party for visiting newspaper publishers the pair greet each other cordially and stand in the same receiving line welcoming the guests.

Pegler comes honestly by both his newspaper instinct and his pugnacity. Today in a farmhouse at Madison, Connecticut, his father, Arthur James Pegler, spends a few hours daily batting the rheumatic keys of an ancient Smith-Premier typewriter, although he has been retired from newspaper work for several years because of his health. In his seventies, Arthur Pegler refuses to accept retirement and also refuses to accept a new typewriter. His Smith-Premier, to which he has stuck for forty-odd years, has separate keyboards for capital and small letters and is so massive that only a robust man can lift it. Years ago, when the elder Pegler was a star reporter for Hearst, the publisher sent a man around the country to buy up Smith-Premier relics in order to have spare parts on hand for the Pegler juggernaut. The Hearst organization still keeps it in repair.

It's a damned fine machine—none better," says Arthur James Pegler loyally. He has the face and the precise speech of a suffragan bishop and an emergency vocabulary that no bishop would think of using. Westbrook Pegler is a Catholic, as was his mother. Arthur Pegler's most memorable contact with organized religion was made when he was on the staff of Hearst's *Chicago American* and an evangelist named Gypsy Smith had Chicago by the ears. He not only covered Smith's revival meetings but, as a further contribution to piety, ghosted a daily newspaper sermon for him and wrote the lyrics for a daily hymn, which the *American* published.

Arthur Pegler is a Britisher by birth. In some ways his entrance into newspaper work prefigured that of his son. His own father, a respectable pedagogue, warned him against

journalism as he, in his turn, was to warn Westbrook, but Arthur Pegler was fascinated by fires and crime and he got his start running copy for the Fleet Street men. To rescue him from Fleet Street his father sent him to America to learn to be a cattleman. Unfortunately, his horse always threw him, and with sore muscles he drifted back into newspaper work, first in Sioux City, then in the Twin Cities, and married an Irish-Canadian girl named Frances Nicholson. It was a day in which a competent reporter got twenty-five dollars a week and was expected to be grateful for this and such perquisites as free beers and free theatrical tickets.

"In the name of God, son," Arthur Pegler used to tell his son, a skinny, freckle-faced, red-haired boy, "do anything else, but don't go into the newspaper business."

The effect of this injunction was lost, partly because the elder Pegler soon became the ace man on the *Chicago American* and got a raise, and partly because he told such hair-raising stories at home about his adventures in search of news. Westbrook, or Bud, followed the yarns, open-mouthed. Notorious murderers of the day took the place of the Knights of the Round Table with Bud Pegler. He coveted his father's badge, a brass one with red enamel letters, which admitted the wearer through fire lines, and when the elder Pegler left for work in the morning his son always went to a heavy mission table in the living room. Here, in a drawer cluttered with pencil stubs and wads of copy paper, Arthur Pegler placed the badge at night and sometimes he forgot to take it with him next morning. When this happened, Bud would pin it on his shirt and admire his image in the mirror.

Bud Pegler was shy, but was a determined, seriously intent youngster and he seems to have perceived early that, in the nature of things, there was an implied warfare between himself and the world. This defensive spirit of hands-off-Pegler-if-you-don't-want-to-get-soaked survives to this day. It was first noticeable in Excelsior, a suburb of Minneapolis, where the Peglers lived when Bud was seven or eight years old. It manifested itself in a quick temper and a readiness to take a crack at any kid who crossed him up. The sense of

warfare also showed itself after Bud and his elder brother, Jack, had obtained the right to sell Minneapolis newspapers in Excelsior. The village had only a few hundred residents, but Bud, who had watched the newsies selling papers in busy Minneapolis, decided to adopt their big-town technique. He walked up and down the main street yelling the latest headline news. The technique was unfamiliar to Excelsior and it sold few papers, but to the end, Bud Pegler, and Jack less enthusiastically, doggedly continued to leather-lung their way through the business district each afternoon, giving Excelsior a metropolitan touch which it didn't deserve. There were also outlying routes to be covered by bicycle, with the temperature often at around twenty degrees below zero. They did no shouting on the bicycle routes.

It was a poorly paying business, but one of the things that made it attractive to Bud was the entree it gave him into one of Excelsior's three saloons. Once in a while his father, bent on punctuating an after-supper stroll with a couple of beers, would take him through the swinging doors and buy him a glass of lemon soda to drink at the bar. Standing on the rail with both feet, the youngster liked to watch the foam-laden mugs skid across the wet mahogany and to listen to his father and the proprietor, one Fred Hawkins, discuss Teddy Roosevelt. Here, it seemed to him, was a worthwhile American institution and he privately made an agreement with Hawkins that got him into the saloon at least once a day. Each afternoon Hawkins permitted him to leave half a dozen papers on the end of the bar and agreed to keep the pennies which the drinkers left, in a tin cup back of the counter.

At the end of the week the young newsdealer called for his money and took it to the rear room, where a Negro cook put up excellent Western sandwiches, strong with chopped onions. Carrying his Western on a saucer, the boy strode to the bar, bought a lemon soda and strung out his food and drink as long as he could. The weekly celebration consumed all his saloon receipts, but it was worth it.

Bud's spare time was spent in hanging around the railroad water tank where the hobos had a rendezvous. His father

disapproved of this, but he did it anyway, picking up gems of hard-boiled slang which later came in handy.

No other ultimate ambition than to follow his father into reporting had ever occurred to Bud Pegler up to this time. There were relatives to visit in Minneapolis and sometimes the elder Pegler, who commuted, took his red-headed son to town with him and left him with an aunt. Late in the afternoon Bud would rejoin his father at the office of the *Tribune*, where he worked. Once while the boy was looking out a window of the city room, he saw a sleigh loaded with milk cans overturn when the horse which was pulling it bolted. Here was news drama in the raw. Young Pegler yelled a shrill alarm across the city room and saw his father reach for his hat and coat and run for the stairs. Runaways were as important to Midwestern journalism in those days as automobile crashes are today. The boy watched from the window as his father waded through rivulets of milk to get the story. Afterward Arthur Pegler returned and wrote an item about it which got into the paper. Reading it on the way home on the train, Bud Pegler felt that he had done something in the way of newspaper work.

He got his first task resembling a newspaper assignment after the family had moved to Chicago in 1904 and Arthur Pegler had gone to work for the *American*. A fire had broken out in a row of frame houses in a section far from the Loop and the *American's* district reporter was busy elsewhere. Arthur Pegler telephoned his home and sent Bud out by streetcar to count the number of houses destroyed. When Bud got to a telephone to report he was in a state of high excitement and after giving in his count tried to get in a graphic description of the blaze. His father told him to hang up and go home.

The Peglers lived on Kenmore Avenue, on the crowded North Side, and, in retrospect, the grown-up Bud Pegler has written of his surprise that he did not wind up an automobile thief or stick-up man, as did some of his companions. He helped to rifle gum machines of their pennies, stole bottles of milk and smashed them against El pillars, and lifted

pies from bakery wagons. He hopped streetcar rides and joined in ringing up nonexistent fares when the conductor was engaged in shaking down the coal stove. Possibly his soberer side saved him. Both he and Jack, who is now a New York advertising man, held down spare-time jobs jerking soda, working in the stockyards and setting up pins in bowling alleys. And on summer mornings Bud, who fancied himself as a runner, got up at dawn and jogged around a near-by cemetery before breakfast. He called the druggist "Doc" and had ways of getting cigarettes, whose sale was forbidden to minors.

After graduating from grade school Bud was sent to Lane Technical School. He didn't want to go, but his parents insisted, and he submitted to the foundry work and the blacksmithing that were part of the curriculum, hating the courses every inch of the way. The only class he liked was one in drawing, but he was a truculent youngster and he got along badly with the instructor, who taught that the human figure should be constructed on paper from the ground up, as a house is built. Bud Pegler considered that to be nonsense and drew the way he wanted to.

He left school after a year and a half, without having received any credits, and at sixteen got a job at ten dollars a week as office boy in the United Press bureau. His duties consisted mostly in inserting carbon sheets into books of copy paper which the rewrite men used. It was a dirty job, as the carbon rubbed off on hands and clothing, but he liked being in the news-making atmosphere. One of his rewards was in being allowed to sing out the pony-wire news. The pony wire was a telephone circuit connected simultaneously several times a day to newspapers in near-by towns which could not afford to subscribe to the continuous telegraph service.

It was Pegler's function to read a prepared budget of news which was taken down by stenographers in the subscribing offices. In this work he tossed about the names of the President, kings, the mayor and other notables and felt very important. Inside a year, he was writing the pony copy himself. He was raised to sixteen dollars and given a reporter's badge,

which he pinned on his vest in such a way that it showed whenever his coat blew open a little. He spent his raise on beer, which he was trying, without much success, to become accustomed to.

On rare occasions he was sent out on assignments on which he could flash his badge at policemen and get into places forbidden to the common citizen. One assignment was to relieve a reporter who had been working all day at a packing-plant fire in which more than a dozen firemen had been trapped. His instructions were simply to telephone in only the names of the victims as their bodies were removed and identified, as the descriptive story of the fire had already been written.

The ghastly scene of the tragedy gripped Pegler. A charred form would be lifted onto a stretcher and trundled to a street light. A policeman would announce that it was Patrick Kennedy, of Ladder Truck 10, or Dennis O'Toole, of Hose Cart 16, and haul a blanket over the form. A new widow would scream and collapse, and Pegler would sprint through muck and darkness for a telephone. He was dumfounded when the rewrite man at the office, after taking the identification, refused to listen to his description of the widow's shriek and told him to get the hell back there and pick up the name of the next stiff.

Pegler's tart disposition and his puppyish interest in his work aroused the paternal interest of his seniors in the office. Roscoe Johnson, a telegrapher and an amateur prize fighter, volunteered to teach him self-defense, and Pegler brought a pair of boxing gloves to the office one day. Johnson did not know that Arthur Pegler had tried to teach his son boxing, one quiet Sunday morning, in the basement on Kenmore Avenue, and had been belted to his haunches by a surprise punch. The telegrapher put on the gloves and began dancing around the young reporter preliminary to demonstrating the one-two punch—a feint with the left at the midriff, causing the other fellow to drop his guard, followed by a swift right to the jaw. Instead of dropping his guard when Johnson

fainted, Pegler shot across a fast one himself and flattened his instructor's nose.

"Hell, I thought you knew how to defend yourself," the novice cried with what seemed to be genuine remorse.

Johnson, who spent \$150 getting his nose repaired, says forgivingly today: "Bud was a deadly serious kid. He just didn't know how to play."

After the office bout Johnson had a hard time restraining his pugnacious pupil. They were standing at a bar in a tough neighborhood one day when a pair whom Johnson recognized as a minor prize fighter and his manager came in and stood at the other end. The prize fighter sipped his beer and watched Pegler and Johnson in the mirror back of the bar. His staring angered Pegler, who ignored his companion's warning that the man was a pugilist and began to trade punches with him.

There was a heated melee until the fighter's manager, who didn't like the idea of his man fighting without a gate, separated them.

On the advice of older friends Pegler had one more fling at school. He was confused in his ambitions at the time because he had been drawing caricatures of his office mates, which made them laugh, and he wondered whether he hadn't ought to be a cartoonist. His advisers pointed out that, writer or cartoonist, he needed more education, and Pegler quit and enrolled at Loyola Academy, a Jesuit school, where he applied himself to learning Latin, English composition and drawing. But he had tasted of active newspaper work and, after enduring several academic semesters, he got a job with the International News Service helping out at the Republican National Convention of 1912, which was held in Chicago.

It was an exciting job for a drama-struck youth. He was only a copy boy and he was forced to wear a red fez so the I. N. S. writers could easily spot him on the floor, but he daily rubbed elbows with the Hearst stars, among them "Tad" Dorgan, the cartoonist, Nell Brinkley, the woman's

page artist, Richard Harding Davis, the foreign correspondent, and Arthur Brisbane.

Pegler, who was seventeen years old, clashed with the great Brisbane on the first day. Brisbane was writing a running account of the convention in longhand and sending it, page by page, down to the telegraph room. Once, as Pegler passed by, Brisbane, whom Pegler did not know by sight, handed him a sheet of copy and told him to rush it to the wire.

"Run it down yourself," retorted Pegler, who still had his badge and was somehow resentful of the implication that he was not a reporter.

The local manager of the I. N. S., standing a few paces away, overhead the dispute. He stuck the sheet into Pegler's hand, closed his fingers over it and shoved him halfway down the stairs to the wire room. On another day Pegler sidled up to Tad with a bundle of his drawings and asked him for an expert opinion on their merit. Tad frowned as he glanced over the cartoons.

"Can you do anything else, kid?" he asked, handing them back.

Thereafter he stuck to reporting and writing. His experiences were not all happy ones. When the assassin, John Chrank, shot Theodore Roosevelt in Milwaukee, in October, 1912, Bud was sent along with his father to help out on the coverage. Assigned to look in on Chrank's arraignment while his father was handling the main story, Pegler walked up to the door of the courtroom and knocked timidly. He had never been in a courtroom before and did not know that the way to get in was just to walk in. No one opened the door. The old world-versus-Pegler feeling welled up within him and he kicked on the door savagely.

Inside, the Chrank arraignment was being sandwiched into the court's ordinary routine and a murder-case jury was out considering its verdict. When the blows rained against the door, those in the courtroom assumed that the jury was returning with its decision. The aisles were cleared, Chrank and his counsel were waved aside and an attendant threw open the door. In walked Bud Pegler, thin and stiff as a

bean pole. The judge threatened to jail him for contempt and demanded an explanation.

Pegler told his story. "I just had to get in, judge," he said, adding, "I guess I'm just dumb." He was allowed to stay while Chrank was arraigned.

After the Chrank case Pegler got his old job back at United Press and attracted some attention in the organization by his handling of a feature called "Watching the Scoreboard." It was a roundup account of the day's major-league baseball games and was carried in the early editions of the next day's afternoon papers. It was signed "By Bud Pegler."

When finished with his stint late Saturday night, Pegler was in the habit of joining an all-night poker game in the reporters' room at city hall. Or he chased fires for the pleasure of it. It was the era of Chicago newspaperdom which Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur afterward made famous in their play, *The Front Page*.

Pegler's especial friend was another cub named Webb Miller, who was about to start on his way to fame as a foreign correspondent for United Press. Miller and Pegler played and drank beer together and once, while in their cups, committed a holdup. The victim was a stranger who sociably joined them one Saturday night as they stood at a bar. He drank beer with them, drink for drink, but did not offer to buy any, and at closing time he produced a wallet packed with money and, buying himself a cigar, walked out, puffing clouds of smoke. This parsimony irritated Miller and Pegler, and they followed him down the street. The stranger threaded his way unsteadily to an all-night market, bought an eggplant and a leg of lamb, and started for home. His shadowers pushed him into a dark doorway, intending to take his money and send it back to him the next day anonymously. It seemed a bright idea, under the circumstances, and they banked on the chance that he carried an identification card in his wallet.

Instead of getting worried about his money, the victim pleaded to be allowed to keep his groceries, which his wife had ordered him to bring home for Sunday dinner. Just to

discommode him, the attackers let him keep his money and ran off with the eggplant and the leg of lamb. A complaint was filed with the Detective Bureau next day, but nothing ever came of it.

Restless and ambitious, Pegler left Chicago in 1913 and worked for a paper in Des Moines and for the United Press in New York, St. Louis and Dallas. In the latter two cities he held the title of bureau manager, but, as he was the only member of the staff, it didn't mean much. In 1916 a chance came to join the United Press staff in London. The job paid only thirty dollars a week, but it meant travel.

Pegler's experiences abroad were mostly misadventures, and he has since stated that he was not only the lowest-paid foreign correspondent but probably one of the worst. He disliked the British, largely because he felt that they considered Americans vulgar, and there is no record of the British having liked him particularly. Butter and sugar were not obtainable and at his boardinghouse he had to pay three-pence extra every time he took a bath. He worked all night in the U. P. office, a rickety place heavy with fumes from a leaky gas heater. It was a frantic period in his life. He had to write thousands of words nightly and he was always searching a thesaurus for words to express his meanings exactly. He paced the floor a great deal, fretting and stewing and lamenting his inability to write the way he wanted to.

As a night worker he slept by day, and among the obstacles to slumber were an elderly mendicant couple who sang each morning under his window. They were followed by a girl crying in a singsong, "Won't you buy my sweet lavender?" and by a cat's meat peddler who shrilled his wares in a penetrating feline whine. Pegler hurled insults from his window, but he was unable to break up what seemed an organized plot to keep him awake.

Anglo-Pegler relations got worse when he was sent one day to cover a garden party at Buckingham Palace. For such affairs at this the office kept a frock coat and topper hanging in a locker. The coat did not fit Pegler, who was too rangy and lanky, and he went in his everyday clothes, a blue serge suit

and a checked cap. As the king and queen came out on the terrace, Pegler saw his colleagues remove their silk hats, and grabbed off his cap a few seconds late. At the suggestion of the king, who remarked that the sun was uncomfortable, everyone covered up again.

The newspapermen remained on the terrace while the king and queen descended to a sunken garden to greet some visiting Americans who were their guests. On their return to the terrace the silk headpieces were doffed again. Pegler kept his cap on.

An Englishman who was standing behind him jabbed him in the kidneys with his umbrella. "Uncover, you fool," he whispered.

"Put your topper back on, *you* fool," snapped Bud. "The king said so."

The scrawny twenty-three-year-old correspondent was on sound logical ground, but in delivering his retort he had turned his back on the royal couple. For his breach of etiquette, he was kept in the doghouse at U. P. for a couple of months. When he got out of it, he was detailed to the press conferences at the office of the Chief of Operations, Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. He lasted only a short time, and was removed at Sir Frederick's personal request. Pegler, tired of being fed propaganda, had persisted in trying to probe beneath it with pointed questions.

An American destroyer flotilla had arrived at Queenstown, and Pegler was sent there to cover its activities, with special instructions to be circumspect. A British flotilla was also quartered in Queenstown and official stories had been released telling of the camaraderie which purportedly existed between the British and American sailors. Pegler discovered that actually there was great ill feeling because the Americans had more spending money ashore and were able to cut a fancier dash with the Queenstown girls. He wrote a story about the inter-Allied brawls that took place constantly, and somehow it got past the censor. Pegler received a curt warning from Admiral Sims.

A few days later one of Sims' aides in an indiscreet mo-

ment tipped off Pegler that the U. S. S. O'Brien, a destroyer, had sunk a German submarine. It was an exclusive disclosure and Pegler put it on the wire. A lax censor permitted it to go through. Publication of the scoop at home infringed on American naval custom, adopted from the British, of keeping sinkings secret and letting the Germans wonder what had happened to their U-boats.

Pegler was haled before Sims and accused of evading the censor. He astonished the admiral by hauling from his pocket a duplicate of his dispatch which he had thoughtfully had the censor acknowledge with an official stamp. Sims was still unsatisfied and had Pegler taken back to London under arrest.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels cabled to Sims ordering him to reinstate Pegler at Queenstown, but by the time the message was received the reporter's harried superiors had hopefully shunted him to the Continent, where he was attached to the A. E. F. at Neufchâteau. Along with his colleagues, Pegler kept after the chief prospective news story, which was the sending of American troops into the front line for the first time. Assured by press officers that they would be notified when this was about to happen, the correspondents were invited one day on an inspection trip to Lyons. When they got back they learned that the first troops had gone up in their absence. There was much complaining, but Pegler was the only one who did anything. He composed a letter to Roy Howard, reciting the details of the indignity and adding what he considered a true picture of the army-supply situation, which was bad at the time. He gave the letter to another U. P. man to mail back in London. The letter was posted and was caught by the censor, and Pegler was kicked out of the American press corps.

Hauled back once again to London, Pegler brooded for a while over his dumbness in trying to outwit the censor, and quit his job to enlist in the American Navy, at Liverpool. He spent the remainder of the war at Liverpool, rising microscopically from landsman to yeoman, second class. As a sailor he was never afloat.

When the war was over, Pegler returned to the U. P., in New York, feeling that while he had been conscientious in his quest of news, he had made something of an ass of himself. His spirits ebbed, but, as was usual with him in such a situation, his warring emotions rose in inverse ratio. As a result of a meeting he had had in London with Floyd Gibbons, he had decided to tack and try a new course to success. Gibbons had pointed out that whereas New York reporters who wore spats and carried canes got only from seventy-five dollars to \$100 a week, sports writers, like Grantland Rice, Damon Runyon and Bill McGeehan, were making as high as \$300. Gibbons had added, "And you ought to make use of that Pullman-car first name of yours too." During his stay abroad Pegler had signed his dispatches "By W. J. Pegler." Now, for the first time, he became Westbrook Pegler and went in for sports writing.

The United Press raised him to forty-five dollars a week and put him to work in the office writing all the sports stories that it sent out over United News, its morning service. Pegler sagely made a practice of picking out what looked like the best story, slaving over it and sending it out under his by-line. The others he turned out adequately but mechanically. His signed articles began to arouse interest and he was taken off sports now and then to cover big general news stories. One of these was the murder of Joseph B. Elwell, an amorous bridge expert, in 1920. While going up the steps of the Elwell home in West 70th Street Pegler ran into Julia Harpman, a star woman reporter for the tabloid *Daily News*. They got better acquainted as the murder inquiry progressed and were married in 1922, a week and a half before the Hall-Mills murders. The Peglers interrupted their honeymoon to cover this case together.

In 1925 the *Chicago Tribune*, which was revamping its sports pages, hired Pegler at \$250 a week on the strength of his signed United News dispatches, and gave him a traveling sports commission with headquarters in New York. Pegler was one of the strangest of sports writers. It was difficult to tell from his account who won the football game, but he gave

a wry, readable picture of the raccoon coats, the traffic-jammed roads and the empty liquor bottles under the stadium.

Under his cynical glass ran the colorful and eccentric characters of what he now calls the Era of Wonderful Nonsense—Babe Ruth, Battling Siki, C. C. Pyle, of Bunion Derby fame, Tex Rickard, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Art (The Great) Shires, Uncle Wilbert Robinson, and the others. Pegler's acidulous, debunking approach to sports was a sensation, as the prevailing style of sports writing was of the romantic school. He did much to bring realism to the attitude of the American public toward sports.

Pegler's shift into the field of what he calls "cosmic" thought came about accidentally. In 1932, on a week-end devoid of big sports events, the *Tribune* sent him to Washington to look at politics through the binoculars of a sports writer. By that action the paper lost Pegler, whom it had raised steadily until he was getting \$30,000 a year. The irreverent columns he wrote about Washington, in which statesmen were treated as if they were prize-fight managers, caught the eye of his old employer, Roy Howard, and that of Col. Frank Knox, the publisher of the *Chicago Daily News*. Together they lured Pegler away from the *Tribune* in 1933.

Pegler had aspired to the wider field for some time, but when he got there he was frightened at the prospect of failure. In a desperate mood he was apt to punch out wildly, and he did, composing a trial column in which he said, "Fine, that is swell," to the lynching of two men charged with a kidnap murder. He showed the column to Howard and was advised that while the sentiment expressed was commendably "red-blooded" it was too upsetting for a debut appearance. Pegler took it back and started off with a more innocuous essay, but on the third day he submitted the lynching column again and it was approved.

Friends of Pegler find it hard to reconcile the disputed column with his moral concepts, which verge on the Puritanical, with his passion for strict civic decency and with an extreme considerateness that marks his personal relationships. Per-

haps their task is no more difficult than that of journalism teachers who have to explain to their students how Pegler's employer could share in condoning a mob crime which had already inspired lynchings in other parts of the country.

Pegler's column, "Fair Enough," had its start in all the Scripps-Howard papers, and after six months the local editors were unanimous in asking Howard to withdraw it. But before the year was over a Pegler taste had been built up and outside newspapers started to buy the column. Since then, in somewhat the style of the old-fashioned newspaper editor, Pegler has crusaded bitterly and constantly against his pet hates.

Among these have been dictators at home and abroad, Father Coughlin, Communists and Nazis—he is proud of the tag "red-baiter"—ex-convicts running certain labor unions, political corruptionists, income-tax inquisitors, and indecency in the theater. He writes with a typewriter ribbon dipped in acid and uses freely moralistic adjectives like vile, vicious, cunning, foul, degraded, low, filthy and immoral.

A campaign which he has been conducting against labor-union racketeers has had two noteworthy results. One of his victims was Willie Bioff, a Chicago hoodlum who had become an extortionate czar of Hollywood studio labor. Bioff was wallowing in luxury and bragging privately that he had squelched a "rap" against himself in Chicago. For many months Arthur Ungar, editor of Hollywood's *Daily Variety*, had campaigned editorially against Bioff without much more than wobbling his throne a little. Something more than a drive by a trade paper was needed to get results, and if Bioff had been alert to storm signals he would have detected one in the following "personals" note which appeared in Ungar's breezy Hollywood journal last October—"Westy Pegler making the rounds."

Pegler was indeed in Hollywood making the rounds, and the Bioff case interested him. He began to ask questions and learned that while almost everyone knew that Bioff had a criminal record none could supply the hidden details. Pegler went to Chicago and put in several days of ordinary

reportorial digging. At police headquarters he found from the card index that a man named William Bioff had been convicted of pandering in 1922 and had been sentenced to serve six months in the bridewell. Lacking a copy of Willie Bioff's fingerprints, Pegler had no way of knowing whether the Bioff of the 1922 incident was the Bioff who, seventeen years later, was bossing the movie industry's studio labor. By canvassing station houses and interviewing detectives who had been active among the Chicago bad men in the early 1920's he finally found one who could state positively that Willie Bioff and William Bioff, the pander, were one and the same man. This detective was certain of it because he had recently been to Hollywood on a vacation tour and had seen and talked to Willie Bioff there. They were old acquaintances.

With the identification clinched, Pegler set about determining whether Bioff had served the pandering sentence. He combed the records of the bridewell and discovered that Bioff had never been a guest there. This was not conclusive, however, as there was a possibility that the commitment order had been changed and that the sentence had been served in some other penal institution. Pegler next turned to the files of the Chicago courts. He found that Bioff had appealed his conviction and that, somewhere up above the court of first resort, the case had been mysteriously sidetracked and apparently had been forgotten. On the chance that it had somehow gotten to the Supreme Court of Illinois, Pegler put in a long-distance call for Springfield and talked to the clerk of the Supreme Court. The clerk looked at his records and reported that the case had never arrived there.

When Pegler brought all this to light in his column last November, the Chicago authorities hauled Bioff back to serve his sentence. His control over the Hollywood union collapsed.

Having polished off Bioff, Pegler turned on George Scalise, the president of the Building Service Employees' International Union. Ever since he had started his belaboring of the American Federation of Labor for permitting known crimi-

nals to operate in important union offices, Pegler had been receiving tips about various labor leaders from rank-and-file members. Some of the tipsters were members of the building-service union who wanted to get out from under Scalise's domination. In letters to Pegler, they repeated an item of common gossip in the union to the effect that Scalise had once served a Federal prison term.

Again Pegler became a leg-man. Knowing that Scalise had at one time operated in Brooklyn, he took the subway there and in the records of Federal Court learned that a George Scalise had done a stretch in Atlanta for white slavery. Once more the question of exact identification arose, as the name George Scalise might conceivably belong to more than one man. Another tip which Pegler had received in the mail saved the day. It was to the effect that George Scalise, the union head, had pending in Washington an application for a presidential pardon. Once again Pegler took to the long-distance telephone. He called a Washington official whom he knew and verified the tip about the bid for a pardon. On the same call he clinched his case by determining that the Scalise of the white-slavery conviction, the pardon application and the building-service union were identical. In a series of columns he played up Scalise's record and charged that while he was trying to convince the President that he had reformed, he was simultaneously operating a racket against the employers of his union members. District Attorney Dewey stepped in and had Scalise indicted on a charge of extorting \$100,000 from New York hotels and contracting firms. Scalise resigned, crying, "I've been Peglerized," thereby giving Pegler's syndicate manager a perfect slogan for promotion purposes. "Peglerize" may someday take its place in the unabridged dictionaries as a synonym for "Fletcherize," which means to masticate to a pulp.

Pegler is a six-footer and at forty-six his red hair has changed to a sandy color tinged with gray. He has sandy Jack Garner eyebrows and is still liberally freckled. The years and his successes have not altered his habit of figuratively carrying his shoulder high and his chin low. Possibly

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the number of obscene and threatening letters which he gets in his fan mail has something to do with this attitude. He pretends to ignore them, but they rile him.

He plays poker and usually loses, and when drinking with male friends he sings robustious chanteys in a sharp baritone. A hangover never fails to afflict him with black remorse. He has long been on wretched terms with the game of golf because of his insistence, against the pleadings of professionals, upon using a baseball-bat grip. As a sports writer he had an aversion for gatekeepers because he was always mislaying his credentials. Paul Gallico recalls that as recently as the 1936 winter Olympics at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Pegler had gatekeeper trouble. He caused a frightful commotion in the press office, roaring, "I'm Westbrook Pegler, of the *World-Telegram*. I gotta get in here to do some pieces. No, I haven't got any credentials, but I gotta get in." He got in.

In the tranquil setting of his acres, on the marge of Lake Malice, Pegler goes on turning out sharp, readable essays, hoping that he is wrong in a theory he has that columns such as his are a passing fad; hoping that his dumb, wonderful luck, as he calls it, will continue. If he has a favorite nightmare, it is probably one in which he is trying to crash a Broadway columnist's obsequies, shouting, "I'm Pegler, of the *World-Telegram*, and I gotta get in here," and being shoved around the sidewalk by officious admirers of journalistic ethics.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST

By JACK ALEXANDER

EARLY in the present century the great Joseph Pulitzer sensed the approach of death and fell to worrying. It was not the idea of dying that disturbed him, for he had long since prepared himself to face that event calmly. Nor was it the darkness of total blindness, in which he had felt his way since early middle age. With the aid of a staff of male secretaries, who read to him in relays and kept his spirits up with informing conversation, he had become accustomed to this handicap. And, although chronic invalidism had kept him away from the office for many years, he was still the dictator of his newspaper dynasty. Both of the papers which he had founded, the New York *World* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, were rich with profits and strong in prestige, and were acknowledged leaders among liberal journals. The future, not the present, commanded the famous publisher's concern. His three sons were growing up and his newspapers would soon fall into their hands. He was afraid that wealth had spoiled them.

Pulitzer had risen to eminence in the hardest sort of way. The homely, scrawny son of a Hungarian Jewish father and an Austro-German mother, he had come to the United States in the 1860's, a penniless adventurer.

Through unbelievably grinding work, which before long brought on his blindness and ill health, he had made money and achieved power. His boys, on the other hand, had been raised as a millionaire's sons usually are. Old Pulitzer's misgivings about the effects of their upbringing and his indecision over their relative abilities were reflected in his will, which was made public after his death in 1911.

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This strange document set up a trust to operate the newspapers, and in its division of the dividends awarded the largest share, six tenths, to the youngest son, Herbert. The star beneficiary was only fifteen and in short pants at the time, and was prepping at St. Mark's for Harvard. He was, of course, completely untried in the newspaper business. The eldest son, Ralph, who was thirty-two and who had been attached to the *World* staff for a decade, received a two-tenths share. One tenth was left to the chief editors and department heads of the two Pulitzer newspapers and the remaining tenth, an ugly duckling's legacy, to Joseph 2d. He was twenty-six, and for five years had been serving an apprenticeship on the *Post-Dispatch*.

If the division of the profits was meant as a gauge of the sons' relative talents—and it was thus generally accepted—the years that followed sharply reversed the publisher's judgment. For the *World*, which Ralph took over, and its offshoot, the *Evening World*, which Herbert ran for a time, reached the end of their rope just twenty years after their founder's death. They were sold at a sacrifice in 1931 and their identities were merged with that of the New York *Telegram* to make the present *World-Telegram*.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, of which Joseph 2d gradually took over control, continued to prosper. Today, having just observed its sixtieth anniversary, it is among the most influential and profitable newspapers in America, and is one of the few which have preserved a real distinctiveness during an era marked by a trend toward uniformity.

In any professional ranking of present-day American newspapers, the *Post-Dispatch* must head somewhere up among the first five. In the newspaper world itself it has long been known for the objectiveness of its news treatment, its persistence in seeking out the significance which lies beneath the news, and the urbane tone of its editorial comment. To the layman, the paper is perhaps best known for its campaigns, for the *Post-Dispatch* has never been satisfied with a static concept of a newspaper's function.

It went after the Ku Klux Klan in the early 1920's and un-

covered the murder of two anti-Klan war veterans whose tortured bodies had been weighted and sunk in a Louisiana lake. This exposé of the Mer Rouge killings brought out starkly the mob-minded threat of the secret order and helped start it on the road to dissolution. Federal Judge George W. English, of neighboring Illinois, safely operated a tight little judicial despotism of his own for years until the *Post-Dispatch* got to work on him. Impeached on evidence gathered by the newspaper, English resigned as he was about to go on trial before the Senate.

When the Teapot Dome oil case had been closed as an unsolved mystery, the *Post-Dispatch* dug up evidence which caused the Senate to reopen it and thus helped bring to light one of the nation's worst political scandals. Reporter Jake Lingle, murdered in Chicago, was hailed as a press martyr until the *Post-Dispatch*, in a series of articles, removed the halo and showed him to be a fixer for police characters.

Some of the other crusades by the *Post-Dispatch* resulted in such diverse developments as the smashing of the Birger-Newman gang, which had terrorized Southern Illinois, and of a kidnaping mob which mocked the law in St. Louis; the disbarment of corrupt lawyers, the thwarting of an attempt by promoters to unload on the city a perpetual streetcar-line franchise, and the revelation that the St. Louis registration lists had been padded with forty thousand "ghost" voters.

During the past half year the *Post-Dispatch* has led in attacking certain liquidation practices of a real-estate firm of which Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann is inactive president. It has also printed and supplied evidence which led the Securities and Exchange Commission to investigate the Jefferson City lobbying practices of the Union Electric Light and Power Company, a St. Louis utility.

The *Post-Dispatch's* bull's-eyes in these and cognate fields have been so numerous that the impartial board set up to award annual prizes under the elder Pulitzer's will has many times found itself honoring the St. Louis paper which he established. In 1926 the editorial cartoon award went to the *Post-Dispatch's* brilliant commentator in charcoal, Daniel R.

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Fitzpatrick. In 1927 the late John T. Rogers won the prize for the best example of a reporter's work, his handling of the Judge English case. In 1929, the late Paul Y. Anderson won the reporter's award for engineering the revival of the Teapot Dome investigation. As head of the paper's Washington bureau in 1932, Charles G. Ross, now editor of the editorial page, received a Pulitzer-committee citation for outstanding correspondence. For its vote-fraud campaign in 1936, the *Post-Dispatch* merited the committee's gold medal for "the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during the year." Sen. George W. Norris once called the *Post-Dispatch* "the Manchester *Guardian* of America." President Roosevelt, in a letter printed in its recent sixtieth-anniversary edition, referred to it as "a great journal."

The man behind the *Post-Dispatch*—he pronounces his name *Pull-itzer*—is now fifty-three, and of late years has come to bear a striking facial resemblance to his father. Just how much deeper the resemblance goes is a matter that has been much debated by those who have followed the fortunes of the *Post-Dispatch*. That his father underestimated him, there is no longer doubt. That his contemporaries have continued in the practice is equally certain, and this is largely the result of Pulitzer's passion for staying in the background. Some of his critics have found satisfaction in the fact that the genius of the first Joseph Pulitzer was not passed down like a flaming torch to his namesake son, an expectation that the history of genius hardly justifies.

What the second Joseph Pulitzer seems to have been endowed with instead is an unusual amount of common sense, a capacity for drudgery and patient study, and courage to pursue an unpopular course, once he has decided upon it. To this composite of qualities he has added a reverence for his father's journalistic principles that amounts almost to worship. In times of doubt, he reaches conclusions by determining, as best he can, what his father would have done in a similar situation. Some of the paper's policies are developed in this way; some are originated by editors and approved by

Pulitzer. Thus, by his own thinking or by acquiescence in the ideas of his subordinates, Pulitzer guides the *Post-Dispatch*.

While the Pulitzer brothers have equal votes in the family trust, whose sole visible property is now the St. Louis paper, Herbert and Ralph have signed a contract giving Joseph full sway with it. Under a special agreement, which rectifies the unfair distribution of profits decreed in the will, Joseph's salary is regulated to make up for his deficiency in dividends. His salary was \$134,524 in 1934, \$221,377 in 1935, and \$254,923 in 1936.

Pulitzer's physical inheritance from his father includes poor eyesight. During the World War his vision was good enough to pass him into naval aviation as a ground officer, but since then it has grown progressively worse. Faces are blurs to him. In order to be able to find his editors when he wants to talk to them, he has memorized the locations of their desks and can walk straight to them. By holding a newspaper an inch from his eyes, he can make out headline print, but ordinary type escapes him. As did his father, he has secretaries read to him from books, magazines and newspapers. Complete blindness lies inevitably ahead. According to specialists, its onset can be delayed if Pulitzer keeps in first-class physical trim.

He therefore lives out-of-doors as much as he can. He sails a great deal in a seventy-five-foot schooner yacht and climbs mountains at Bar Harbor, where he occupies the paternal summer estate and hunts and fishes.

Oddly, he is an excellent shot under some circumstances. He cannot see quail because they fly low and are camouflaged against the brush, but he can spot ducks which fly above the horizon and limn themselves sharply against the sky. Up to a few years ago, he used to go north in September for the duck shooting and follow the migrating flocks all the way south, sitting in blinds from Maine to Louisiana. He has hunted pheasant in Hungary, prairie chicken in Saskatchewan, grouse in Scotland and ducks in Egypt. Today his hunting is confined to duck shooting around St. Louis. Each year he goes salmon fishing on the Restigouche River. Regardless of how far away from the office he travels, Pulitzer holds frequent

chats with his editors by telephone or cable. His toll bills are enormous.

The first Joseph Pulitzer, expecting none too much of formal education, set about educating his sons in his own way, and few heirs have had as harsh a teacher. With an eye always upon their future as editors, the impatient genius started them off on courses of training before they were in long trousers. He was especially interested in plumbing their ability to size up character and motives, and to this end he had them sit around while his editors and business executives were calling to make their reports. After the visitors had left, the sons were quizzed on which ones they thought honest and competent and which were trying to bluff their way into favor. At home or traveling abroad with their father, the youngsters were required to read papers from all over the English-speaking world and to submit critical analyses of them. Or Pulitzer would pose questions in newspaper management and demand snap answers. Either kind of reply got the pupil into hot water. If he gave the wrong one, he was castigated as stupid. If he gave the right one, the questioner shifted quickly to more complicated ones, until the youngster was finally caught off guard. In the latter case, his branding as a blunderer was merely delayed.

Nor did the rest of the family escape the patriarch's eccentricities. In periods of melancholy, Pulitzer would begin to suspect that his family was neglecting him. The mood usually attacked him when he was somewhere on the other side of the Atlantic, and after the combined efforts of his secretaries and his private pianist had failed to cure him of a sense of loneliness. There would be a cablegram insisting that a certain son or daughter immediately take ship and come to his side. When the one designated had completed the visit and was on the way back home, there might be another cablegram calling for another member of the family. It was not uncommon, several times in the course of a summer, for those thus summoned to pass each other on the high seas, going in opposite directions.

Partly because of his anxiety to bring out the latent talents

of his male heirs, partly from the testiness of age and long invalidism, the master publisher ragged his sons badly. He abhorred a fondness they all had for social gaieties and tried unceasingly to mature them before their time. Ralph, who was of sensitive temperament and physically delicate, sometimes was glad to take to his couch and rest for an hour after a session with the parent, whose pace could wear out several secretaries in the course of a day. Herbert's defense against his father's gaffing was his inborn stubbornness. In the opinion of some of Herbert's friends, the bullying he got as a youth accounted for an escapist note that marked his later career. This career included a friendship with the Prince of Wales and enough travel, hunting and polo for a dozen men.

Joseph alone, of the whole family, openly resisted. He was proud and of a scrappy nature, and any kind of personal tyranny angered him. Relations between Joseph and his father were usually touchy.

The old man was objective enough, irascible and difficult as he was, to see that while Joseph's rebelliousness might be somewhat less than desirable in a son, it was a valuable trait for a future publisher to have. He took a certain pride in it. One morning an editor of the *World* stopped by the Pulitzer home in Manhattan to discuss a *World* editorial which the publisher considered stupid. After having the caller read the offending passage aloud, Pulitzer, who was a comprehensive swearer, exploded in a choleric tirade against the man who had written it. The louder he swore the redder his face got, until the visitor wondered whether his employer wasn't on the verge of a stroke. Suddenly Pulitzer stopped, cocked his head and lifted a finger for silence. Voices were coming from the next room; one voice firm and controlled, the other shrill and childishly profane. Young Joseph was having a difference with his tutor. The saturnine face of the elder Pulitzer relaxed into a grin. "Dear me," he said, chuckling, "I wonder where that boy learned to swear."

As the boys grew up, Pulitzer, while professing to pin what hopes he had on Ralph and Herbert, was always asking visiting subordinates what they thought of Joseph. "Don't tell

me he's handsome," he would say. "I know that. Has he any newspaper sense at all?"

If the visitor said yes, Pulitzer would say, "Well, I don't believe it," and would change the subject.

Feeling Joseph out, Pulitzer sent him to St. Louis, to look around the *Post-Dispatch* plant for a few weeks and report his impressions.

Then he gave him a term as reporter on the New York *Evening World* under Charles E. Chapin, a classically hard-boiled city editor, who subsequently murdered his wife and went to Sing Sing for life.

Accounts of young Pulitzer's brief service under Chapin differ widely. During his stay in prison, Chapin wrote a book of reminiscences in which he said that the cub came in late for work on his third day and explained that the butler had failed to awaken him.

Other tardinesses and a whole week's absence without leave led Chapin to fire Pulitzer, who was called Prince Joe by the staff, the ex-city editor related. This anecdote, with many variations, has become part of the Pulitzer-family saga. Pulitzer's own recollection is that he worked faithfully, that Chapin did not fire him and that the only trouble between them came as a result of a week's vacation which the city editor allowed the pupil. The elder Pulitzer upbraided them both for that.

In 1906 Joseph was a sophomore at Harvard when his father, in a passion for immediacy born of his fears for the succession, withdrew him from college and sent him to St. Louis to stay. At this time—it was three years prior to the amazing change in the will—Joseph, who was twenty-one, was apparently his father's strongest hope. Herbert was only ten, and Ralph, though learning fast on the *World*, plainly lacked the sinewy toughness required for dominance. One evening, a few days after Joseph had departed from Harvard, George S. Johns, the editor of the *Post-Dispatch*, was at dinner in his St. Louis home when the doorbell rang. The maid, answering the ring, saw on the porch a personable young man carrying

a suitcase and trying to clean his shoes on the door mat. He had taken a short cut across a vacant lot and had slogged ankle-deep in mud. The young man handed the maid a letter to give to Johns. It read: "*Dear Mr. Johns: This is my son Joseph. Will you try to knock some newspaper sense into his head? J. P.*" This was young Pulitzer's formal introduction to the *Post-Dispatch*.

From the beginning, his progress to power on the paper was impeded by the fact that his father took it none too weightily. The *Post-Dispatch* was the elder Pulitzer's first newspaper, but there was no first-love sentimentalism in his attitude toward it. He founded it in 1878 by buying and merging two moribund afternoon sheets, the *Dispatch* and the *Post*. Under his inspired direction, the *Post-Dispatch* made money from the start, and in 1883 Pulitzer purchased the New York *World* with his St. Louis profits. The *World* also produced gold under his magic touch and Pulitzer found in its success the fruition of his dreams, for now he, an immigrant, was able, through his powerful New York organ, to influence national policy and help make Presidents. He moved East, and as the *World* grew, his interest in his St. Louis paper diminished. After 1889 he never returned to St. Louis even for a visit. He dictated the *Post-Dispatch's* slant on national affairs and his editors and managers took care of everything else out there.

Once when Johns was visiting Pulitzer at Bar Harbor, his host, in introducing him to other guests, said: "Gentlemen, this is the editor of my Western paper. I don't write to him more than once a year. The fact is that I don't worry about the paper at all. My chief interest is in the dividends it produces. I assure you, it is a perfect mint."

This was perhaps a jovial overstatement of the situation, yet the men in charge of the *Post-Dispatch* did have wide latitude and Pulitzer was fortunate in the men he selected to run it. Johns and Oliver K. Bovard, who joined the staff in 1898 and became managing editor in 1910, combined scholarship with an adventurous spirit, and, in leaving their imprints on the

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paper, made it a distinguished vehicle of progressivism. Their shadows obscured Joseph Pulitzer 2d as he grew up on the *Post-Dispatch*.

Joseph's allowance in St. Louis was fifty dollars a week. He lived at the Buckingham Hotel and, with the aid of odd sums his mother sent him without his father's knowledge, he was able to move around in society a little. This time there was no gesture toward learning the business as a reporter. Johns turned the young man over to William C. Steigers, the business manager, and J. T. Keller, the treasurer, who gave him a small desk among those of the display-advertising solicitors. Using the desk as a home base, Pulitzer roamed the institution, asking questions and observing. His approach to employees whose knowledge and experience he sought to draw upon was shy. He seemed thankful for their answers and, on getting them, retired inconspicuously into the background and wrote down notes, which he studied later at his desk.

His high Pulitzer temper burst forth only once during his first few months in St. Louis. That was when William Randolph Hearst, his father's arch enemy, passed through the *Post-Dispatch* city room one day. Hearst was en route to Mexico for a rest, after an unsuccessful run against a young lawyer named Charles Evans Hughes for the governorship of New York and while changing trains in St. Louis, had gone to the Associated Press bureau to give an interview. To get to the bureau, which was located in a corner of the *Post-Dispatch* city room, Hearst had to pass the desk of Bovard, who was then city editor. Young Pulitzer was in conversation with Bovard and he bristled when he caught sight of Hearst. Into his mind popped a bitterly opprobrious statement which Hearst had made about the elder Pulitzer during the gubernatorial campaign.

Waiting until Hearst was on his way out of the A. P. bureau, Pulitzer confronted him and said: "I guess you don't know me, but I'm Joseph Pulitzer, Jr. I'd like to inquire whether you meant what you said about my father."

"I usually mean what I say," was the reply of Hearst, who

was probably in no sunny mood himself over his political luck.

Accounts of what followed vary in some details, but all agree that Pulitzer, who had taken boxing lessons from Bob Fitzsimmons, struck Hearst a powerful blow. Recovering his balance, Hearst dropped his overcoat and rushed at his attacker. Editors leaped to Hearst's side, replaced his overcoat and escorted him to the stairway. Other desk men restrained Pulitzer. After Hearst had left, everyone was pledged to secrecy, but news of the indecorous tussle leaked out anyway. The next morning's *Republic* carried a kidding account of the *affaire d'honneur* with this headline:

PULITZER-HEARST ONE-ROUND BOUT ENDS IN A DRAW

When the elder Pulitzer heard of the brawl he made no comment, but seemed to be pleased.

Orders from the East were to confine young Pulitzer to the business end of publishing until he caught the hang of it. Keller, the treasurer, would receive wires such as this: "Get hold of Joseph. Go over the weekly statement with him. You go to him, don't wait for him to come to you. Try to batter some business sense into his head. J. P."

While the pupil stuck fairly close to his subject, the news and editorial-writing departments exercised a distracting lure, and within a few months he had wangled a desk in the city room.

Once he wrote a one-paragraph editorial on some inconsequential subject, and it was accepted and published. Back East a secretary read it to the elder Pulitzer, who snorted and dictated the following telegram to Keller: "Poor for a beginner, good for a finisher. Please show this to Joseph. J. P." Young Pulitzer considered his writing career closed after that.

One of his duties was to stand around in the composing room while the make-up editor was directing the placing of stories in the Page-1 form. In a short time he was familiar with the work and, on a day when the make-up editor was at home, ill, was permitted to take his place. Pulitzer had been

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toying privately with the notion of introducing a new pattern of make-up for the first page, with the two center columns wadded with short items from top to bottom. Now he tried to put it into effect. The compositor refused to obey his order, saying with pride that it violated established *Post-Dispatch* style and that he would not be a party to cheapening the paper's appearance. Pulitzer gave in and the front page kept its usual make-up. But he persevered in his study of make-up and soon had charge of supervising the putting together of the first edition each day. Later, making up the Sunday magazine section was added to his assignments.

True to his parental training, Pulitzer watched composing-room technique and made a number of suggestions for improvements, some of which were accepted. One was the purchase of an electrically driven machine for taking galley proofs, to supplant a hand-operated device. This innovation met with the approval of everyone except a new printer's devil, who got his finger pinched under a roller. He let out a yell of pain and, turning to a man alongside him, cried: "If I had that —— Joe Pulitzer here now, I'd take this machine of his and wrap it around his neck."

"I'm sure he'd deserve it," the other said, smiling, and moved away. The bystander was Pulitzer, and when the printer's devil learned this, he put on his hat and coat and said he guessed he would be going. He is still in the paper's employ, as a linotype operator.

In 1908, with two years of service to his credit, Joseph returned to New York for a visit. The family was having squab for dinner, and Edith, one of Joseph's younger sisters, who was recovering from a long illness, had trouble carving hers. Her knife and fork would slip, making a rasping noise against her plate. In an ordinary household this would have meant nothing. In the Pulitzer ménage it was a high crime. The publisher, whose nervous system was a wreck, was abnormally sensitive to noise, seeming to suffer physical pain from it. In hotels or ocean liners he always rented the suites above, below and on both sides of his own, to assure quiet. In his Bar Harbor and New York homes, and aboard his

yacht, he had soundproof rooms in which he spent most of his time. Almonds were forbidden at his table, because when a nibbling diner snapped one in two the host felt as if he had been stabbed.

Pulitzer endured the scraping of his daughter's knife and fork for a time, then screamed, "God damn you, do you have to make that noise?" The weakened girl burst into tears. Joseph arose and said: "This is just too much. I won't allow you to speak to my sister in this way. I'm not going to stand any more of your bullying. I'm through. I'm pulling out."

He left the table, packed and went to the Harvard Club to spend the night, taking a train for St. Louis the next morning. Edith left, too, going to the home of a friend in Tuxedo for a visit.

In St. Louis, after the tilt with his father, Joseph made the rounds of the opposition papers trying to get hired as a reporter. Ordinarily publishers are delighted to employ someone bearing a famous rival's name and to exploit it to the limit. For some reason the St. Louis publishers were not interested, and Joseph returned in defeat.

Some students of the Pulitzer saga believe that the lopsided division of the fortune stemmed directly from the squab incident and had nothing to do with the publisher's opinion of his boys' relative abilities. The truth, of course, can never be known. The bare facts are that at the time of the dinner-table drama Joseph's share was set up in the will at six tenths, while Ralph's and Herbert's were two tenths each, and that a year later the will was changed to make Herbert high man and Joseph low man. Besides the theories outlined, there is one which holds that Pulitzer may have been influenced by a dubious tradition that children born during the maturer years of the parents are more apt to show genius than those born early. Another is that in rewarding a prep-school boy more liberally than his brothers, who had already learned something of the trade, Pulitzer was roughly applying a cynical maxim of his: "Every reporter is a hope, every editor a disappointment."

Following the family dinner—after which for many years

the publisher's wife was fond of remarking facetiously that she was never able to eat squab again—Joseph resumed his practical education on the *Post-Dispatch* and the breach slowly healed. As months passed by, the old man wavered between a fear that his son would spend too much time at play and a feeling that possibly he was driving him too hard. One November he wired instructions to Keller that Joseph be given an advance Christmas present of five hundred dollars. With the boss' consent, Joseph took a week off and went to Cambridge for the Harvard-Yale football game. After his return to St. Louis his father got wind of the trip. He went into a rage and instructed Keller to demand the return of the gift. Joseph had spent it all and would have been in a bad fix had not his mother saved him by sending the money on the sly. It was a great relief to the father when Joseph married Elinor Wickham, a popular daughter of a prominent St. Louis family, in 1910. In his will, he left the bride a present of \$250,000.

Now and then, as Joseph was learning how to run a newspaper, he was invited to sit in as a spectator at an editorial-page conference. On one of these occasions, in 1910, the subject of discussion was an approaching contest between James A. Reed and David R. Francis for the Democratic nomination for United States senator. Francis, a wealthy broker, had been Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, governor of Missouri, mayor of St. Louis and president of the World's Fair. Reed, a lawyer, had served as a reform mayor of Kansas City, and most of his strength was centered there. The *Post-Dispatch* had been blasting at Francis for some of his business deals, and the talk at the conference indicated that it would try to keep him from becoming senator. Pulitzer volunteered the statement that he intended voting for Francis. The *Post-Dispatch* backed Reed, and by reducing Francis' majority in St. Louis, elected Reed and started him on his long Senate career. Francis was later appointed Ambassador to Russia by President Wilson, as a consolation prize.

Joseph was made editor and publisher of the *Post-Dispatch* in 1912, when his father died, but the title remained pretty

much an honorary one for some years. Still in his twenties, the younger Pulitzer was content to let older and wiser heads run the paper while he attended to minor chores and continued his inside studies of the business.

Bit by bit he came more fully into the influence implied in his dual title. On the editorial and news sides he allowed his editors full rein, pulling them up only when he thought they were veering off the route roughly mapped out for the paper. Between 1916 and 1923 his financial, business and general managers resigned, retired or died, and he took over the duties of all three, and still performs them. He started the first rotogravure picture section west of New York, at an added cost of \$100,000 annually, and instituted a bureau for censoring advertising that went into the *Post-Dispatch*. The self-censorship plan is among the strictest in the newspaper world and causes the rejection of about \$200,000 worth of advertising each year. Three questions are asked of all advertising copy: First, does the product endanger public health? Second, does the copy make dishonest claims? Third, and least important, does it offend ordinary good taste?

In any community the afternoon papers, which are thrown together while the city's and the world's affairs are boiling, are apt to reflect the slap-dash nature of their daily birth. Their front pages are usually excited hodge-podges of news, late baseball or football scores or stock-market quotations, and what not. Few afternoon journals enjoy a prestige comparable to that of their morning rivals which have time to digest a day's news, after it is all in, and present it next morning in calm proportion. One of the *Post-Dispatch's* triumphs is that although it is an afternoon paper it has the dignity and ordered appearance of a morning paper. Pulitzer is largely responsible for the physical arrangement that makes this possible. By inaugurating a policy of segregating contents into sections, he was able to achieve a front page clean of scores and other distractions from the serious news of the day. Sports were covered in a special section which could be easily detached and tossed away, if the reader was so minded. So, too, with editorials, which were given a section of their

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own along with interpretive articles on politics and economics, and book, drama, music and art reviews. A fourth section was a daily magazine in which comic strips, humorous articles, gossip columns and matters with a purely feminine appeal were pigeonholed.

Up to 1929, directing the editorial policy of the liberal type of newspaper was comparatively simple. The *Post-Dispatch*, for example, fought to keep utility rates down and hammered away against high tariffs. An even more frequent theme for comment was states' rights, a topic that underlay prohibition and the whole trend toward centralization of power in Washington. Political issues had Republican or Democratic aspects, and rarely anything else. Many an editor has since looked back to those days with a feeling of homesickness, for when the crash came in 1929, followed shortly by the New Deal, the old familiar beacons were obscured by a heavy fog of new and deep-reaching ideas. A fresh element, a concept of a clash of interest between social classes, broke forth from the theoretical state into a concrete issue. Editors of papers which considered themselves liberal floundered between the extremes of traditional liberalism and a new philosophy which claimed the right to the same title.

Pulitzer was one of the editors caught in the swirl. He checked back and recalled what he had done before in situations which were somewhat comparable. In 1924, after flirting with the idea of backing the elder La Follette's bid for the presidency, he had finally put the *Post-Dispatch* behind John W. Davis. In 1928 he had supported Alfred E. Smith. In 1932 he had championed Roosevelt, who, despite some unusual talk during the campaign, appeared to be a straight Democratic Party man. Then, in a baffling flood, NRA, AAA, SEC and the other alphabetical laws came gushing out of Washington. A new theory of the function of government was being broached.

In perplexity, Pulitzer turned to the *Post-Dispatch* platform, a statement of general policy written by the elder Pulitzer on his retirement and placed by the son at the editorial masthead shortly after his father's death:

I know that my retirement will make no difference in its cardinal principles; that it will always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare, never be satisfied with merely printing the news, always be drastically independent, never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.

From this statement and his own reveries Pulitzer distilled a middle-of-the-road policy which supported the New Deal at times and opposed it at others. And in 1936 the *Post-Dispatch's* main election editorial bore the caption, "For President, Not Mr. Roosevelt." With seeming reluctance, but with forthrightness, it asked for the election of Landon.

Out of the ideologic welter of the current decade, the *Post-Dispatch* has emerged as a proponent of what Pulitzer terms progressive democracy. This view supports the use of the power of government to remedy financial, social and political evils, but within the framework of the traditional American form of procedure, and with civil liberties preserved. Within the bounds of this philosophy, the *Post-Dispatch* has supported the President on collective bargaining, foreign policy, securities regulation, preparedness, neutrality, social security, wage-hour legislation and reorganization. On most other important controversial New Deal measures it has bucked him. On the Supreme Court packing bill it fought with especial fury. Before the measure came to a vote, the *Post-Dispatch* assembled the cartoons, special articles and editorials it had used in the fight, and reprinted them in a tabloid-size roto-gravure supplement. Copies of it, besides going to every *Post-Dispatch* reader, were placed on all the desks in Congress.

Holding to his father's platform as to a Bible, Pulitzer today goes on steering the *Post-Dispatch* along its middle course. He is damned by conservatives when he says anything nice about the New Deal and damned by New Dealers when he says anything else. That is any real editor's portion, and he enjoys it "uproariously," in his own phrase. "My profes-

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sional life is what I live for and I have a perfectly swell time living it and would not swap it for any other kind of life," he said recently when an acquaintance mistakenly commiserated with him. One of its less happy incidents was the resignation, last August, of Managing Editor Bovard, who had been on the paper for forty years. In a valedictory memorandum to the staff, Bovard attributed his action to "irreconcilable differences of opinion" between himself and the publisher. The most important of these differences were political and economic, and they got in the way whenever the pair talked about the future policy of the paper. A common opposition to Roosevelt made for harmony temporarily, but their respective reasons for wanting him out of the picture gave a hint as to the width of the chasm separating them. Pulitzer thought that the President had gone too far. Bovard felt that he had not gone nearly far enough. "A mere Keren-sky," was a way Bovard had of describing the President.

Pulitzer demonstrates his belief in the axiom that nothing is as dead as yesterday's newspaper. He keeps both eyes on tomorrow at all times, professionally. Only last month W9XZY, visual radio facsimile station operated by the *Post-Dispatch*, began what was said to be the world's first regular broadcast on ultra high frequency of specially prepared facsimile newspapers. Nine pages, each eight and one half inches long and four columns wide, in regular seven-point type, were sent to the homes of fifteen members of the station's staff. The receiving sets in the homes turned up the newspaper at the rate of fifteen minutes per page. The broadcasts from the station, which has a range of twenty to thirty miles, have been continued, daily and Sunday. A manufacturer plans to be able to supply newspaper receiving sets at a price around \$260.

Last spring the Sunday *Post-Dispatch* burst into bloom with a twenty-page picture section called "Pictures." It has supplied national picture magazines with vigorous local competition. Although the new rotogravure section goes to press only two days before publication date, its color pictures have

shown a remarkable printing quality, as well as a wide range of subject matter.

Pulitzer's employees are among the best-paid newspaper workers in the country, and as a result the *Post-Dispatch* staff has always been well above average and at times exceptional. There was only one general pay cut during the depression, a flat 10 per cent one in 1932, and it was fully restored by the end of 1934. Another reduction was put into effect last fall, but it affected only those receiving more than \$7500. The cut ranged, on a graduated scale, from 8 to 25 per cent. A working contract signed last October with the American Newspaper Guild gave editorial employees of the *Post-Dispatch* the highest minimum wages for the first four years of employment that the guild has yet negotiated. "If I were starting as a reporter," Pulitzer is on record as saying, "I would lose no time in joining the union."

Upper-bracket *Post-Dispatch* men fare well, too, in comparison with those holding like positions on other papers. Bovard's salary for his best year was \$75,000. Other salaries, as reported by the House Ways and Means Committee in 1938, were: Cartoonist Fitzpatrick, \$23,432; Ross, chief of the editorial page, \$25,480; Treasurer Keller, \$26,115; A. G. Lincoln, secretary, \$20,000; George M. Burbach, advertising manager, \$25,096; and Dwight S. Perrin, assistant managing editor, \$16,307; and George S. Johns, \$20,384, in retirement.

Pulitzer has few other interests than his newspaper, and when he is in St. Louis his working day is a long one. After an eight-o'clock breakfast he listens while a secretary reads the morning paper, then he dictates some correspondence. Arriving at the office around eleven, he studies memoranda from all departments of the plant and holds consultations with editors and managers until two o'clock, when he goes to lunch. After lunch there are other conferences and dictation of letters and memoranda. After dinner Mrs. Pulitzer reads to him regularly, a service performed for his father by his corps of secretaries. When Pulitzer goes away from St. Louis, his private files go along with him. His routine at Bar Har-

bor is about the same as in St. Louis, except that the conferences are fewer. Each day Pulitzer takes a walk over a mountain trail, and tops it off with a swim.

He has been married twice. His first wife was fatally injured in a taxicab accident in New York in 1925. His present wife is the former Elizabeth Edgar, of St. Louis. There are two daughters and a son, Joseph 3d, by the first marriage, and a son, Michael, eight, by the second. Joseph 3d, who is twenty-five, has already begun to take an active interest in the operation of the *Post-Dispatch*. During the 1936 presidential campaign he accompanied a *Post-Dispatch* political reporter on the President's closing trip, and wired back a few stories of his own. Chiefly, however, he was trying to size up Roosevelt at close range, for in November he was to cast his first vote and he was anxious to do the job right.

The campaign's exciting wind-up in New York found him still undecided. With the President's "we have just begun to fight" speech ringing in his ears, he left for St. Louis. When he arrived, he had made up his mind. He remarked to a friend: "You know, I think my dad has got the wrong slant on this fellow."

He voted for Roosevelt.

SYMPHONY IN BRASS

By STANLEY WALKER

THERE are, of course, two genuinely notable Americans who bear the name of Swope. One is Gerard Swope, the calm, sagacious president of General Electric, to whom life, in the main, is a serious and unpretentious business. The other is a tycoon of another color. He is Gerard's younger brother, the ebullient Herbert Bayard Swope, who goes through life making people smile at his antics and mannerisms, exhibiting the whirling facets of his personality, and contriving to be constantly startling, unpredictable and, on occasion, more than a little exasperating.

More than once, important men—that is to say, men who were important to themselves, their wives or their associates—have been under the pleasant delusion that they were running something, say a political convention or a conference, only to discover, to their confusion and chagrin, that the real boss was, or seemed to be, Herbert Bayard Swope. He is as easy to ignore as a cyclone. His gift of gab is a torrential and terrifying thing. He is probably the most charming extrovert in the Western World. His brain is crammed with a million oddments of information, and only a dolt would make a bet with him on an issue concerning facts. He is fifty-six years old now; most of those years have been passed in a furious and highly successful endeavor to impress upon the consciousness of a stupid and lethargic world the fact that there exists, living and breathing and flashing fire, a man named Herbert Bayard Swope. Travelers returning from Europe have been known to report that the first question, asked of them by high-placed foreign personages would

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not be "How are conditions in the United States?" but "How is Herbert Bayard Swope?"

In the days when he was a dynamic practicing journalist in New York, many other newspapermen were distinguished by their gall and brass, but the man who stood out among his fellows, like a snorting Caesar in a company of Caspar Milquetoasts, was Herbert Bayard Swope. The passage of years has done little to lessen his drive. He has worked and schemed until he is worth probably \$3,000,000. He has talked himself into what amounts to a chronic case of laryngitis. He is always hoarse.

Life around Swope can be upsetting, but it is never dull. He has been reporter, press agent, editor, speculator, politician, author, horseman, crusader, gambler, king-maker, consultant to big business and champion croquet player. It is doubtful if any other man in America, with the possible exception of Jack Dempsey, has so many acquaintances. And he would as soon chat with a race-track hanger-on as with a Vanderbilt. He flabbergasts people with the wide range and the accuracy of his information—he was chiefly responsible for the Ask Me Another? craze which blighted the country a few years ago—he wears them down with the sheer power of his vigor and eloquence; he withers them with blistering epithets; and he charms them, sometimes against their better judgment, by flattery and his own robust good humor.

Walter Lippmann, at the end of a speech at a dinner given in Swope's honor, turned to him and exclaimed, "You lucky, fascinating devill!" It is not probable that Herbert Bayard Swope himself, who has been suspected of having pro-Swope leanings, could have improved upon that pithy accolade.

The glorious years, for Swope, were from the fall of 1920, when he became executive editor of the old New York *World*, until the latter part of 1928, when he resigned to lead his own life, which since then has included many projects, chief of which has been merely to be Herbert Bayard Swope. Since leaving the editor's chair he has found a sort of freedom, but not a day passes that he does not talk of that golden span of years when he was the boss. Although the old *World*

was showing signs of decay when Swope left it, and death came a little more than two years after his departure, he can hardly be fairly blamed for contributing to the downfall of that great newspaper. Indeed, it is true, as he boasts today, that the *World* reached its highest circulation during his leadership. The seeds of disaster were there during the great years, but Swope did the best he could, and sometimes that best was brilliant, to avert the apparently inevitable process of creeping paralysis which finally overtook Joseph Pulitzer's old journal.

Even today, after all these years away, Swope thinks of himself as a newspaperman. Hardly a day goes by that he does not telephone or write to reporters and editors, praising here, criticizing there, offering suggestions, divulging inside information he has picked up and generally keeping himself in the thick of things. But the old fire horse knows he is not in the thick of things, and in his more melancholy reflections he recalls with a deep sentiment the years he spent under the gilt dome of the old World Building in Park Row, where he could give full play to his whims, his hunches and his inspirations. It was more fun than being a god. He has talked now and then of buying a paper, but nothing ever has come of it, and probably nothing ever will.

When Swope was the big man on the *World*, he loved to go into expensive restaurants and announce his presence in a booming voice that proclaimed not only his full name but the complete majesty of his title—"Herbert Bayard Swope, executive editor of the New York *World*." He cannot, of course, use that impressive identification any more. Today he is merely Swope, important in his own right, but missing somehow that comforting identity which he had on the *World*. He has a big office, forty-four stories up, at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, and from his window he can look out upon the city which was his vibrant own, where he was a great collector of news, for so long. He is surrounded by mementos of his days of journalistic power—autographed photographs of great men he has known, drawings of himself, clippings, and letters from all manner of notables. The

lettering on the door says chastely "Herbert Bayard Swope."

He keeps busy, but he does not quite know how to describe what he does, or what he wants to do with the rest of his life. In a vague sort of way he is a publicist, and he has a half-formed notion of having a career which will be of public service. He is useful to several corporations because of his ability to assimilate facts and to state problems clearly, which is nothing more than his knack of being an exceptionally good reporter. This relationship with corporate wealth occasionally is highly profitable to him. He is neither a press agent nor a public-relations counsel, but a policy doctor serving in a confidential relationship. But it is not the *World*, and big business problems have not the flaming, compelling immediacy of hot news. He is a man wrapped in nostalgia.

Swope is of English and German ancestry. The family has lived in St. Louis since 1840. Swope's father, Isaac, was a fairly well-to-do manufacturer of watch movements. His mother's name was Ida. The family is partly Jewish; the precise percentage of non-Aryan blood Swope says he does not know. The young Herbert Swope, a gangling lad with a mop of red hair, passed an undistinguished boyhood. He played football in high school. He had intended to go to Harvard, but decided instead to spend a year abroad. He traveled about a lot, and listened to a few lectures at the University of Berlin.

One day, while climbing out of a swimming pool in the Black Forest, he skinned his right leg, and an infection developed just below the knee which laid him up for a long time. Recovered, he returned to St. Louis. He was eighteen, and had no idea of becoming a reporter. Neither had he ever paid much attention to writing. But when a St. Louis department store offered a prize of \$100 for the best essay on why it was the fastest-growing store in town, Herbert decided to try for it. He won. The judges commended him for being "a good observer and writer." Encouraged by this evidence of talent, he got a job as a cub reporter on the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, but was suspended a year later because his liking for football playing kept him from his routine job too

much to please his superiors. All his life Swope has liked to indulge in extracurricular activities.

After his misadventure with the *Post-Dispatch*, Swope worked for a short time on the *Chicago Tribune*, and then went to New York, where he got a job on the *Herald*, then published in the gaudy doge's palace which the younger James Gordon Bennett had erected in Herald Square.

He worked there a year, then went to the *Morning Telegraph* for a year, and then went back to the *Herald*. He worked for the *World* for a time during one of his frequent shifts, but it appears that in the period around 1905 and 1906 he really began to develop his personality as a man about New York. He formed the habit of never being on time, of never looking up to anyone, and of scoffing at the ordinary dull rules for success. He knew he would attract more attention if he arrived anywhere late than if he were a mere cloddish, punctual fellow.

He was constantly getting into trouble with Leo Redding, city editor of the *Herald*, by arriving in the office around five o'clock in the afternoon, when the regular reporting time was one o'clock. Once Redding threatened to fire the young man if he didn't report for work on time. "But, Leo," said Herbert, "when I come in at five o'clock, I'm still worth any two men you've got on your staff." And, as Redding admitted, there was something in the Swope logic.

Swope began making acquaintances around town. He seemed to know everybody. He would be pointed out in restaurants as "Swope, a Big Man on the *Herald*," which in those days was a very important identification tag. He became the friend of Broadway characters, politicians and gamblers. He quit newspaper work for a time and was a press agent, doing some chores for Florenz Ziegfeld.

In 1909, Sherman Morse, who had once roomed with Swope, became city editor of the *World* and asked him to join his staff. This date marks the real beginning of the Swope career. The young man began to feel his oats. He was the friend of policemen and elevator operators, and he had a nodding acquaintance with August Belmont. All this

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was valuable. He would say to people, "When you think of news, think of Herbert Bayard Swope."

Then, in 1912, came the celebrated Becker case, and with it Swope became one of the outstanding newspapermen in the city. The *World* was the first paper to print the affidavit of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler, concerning police protection. Then, a few hours before Rosenthal was supposed to appear before Charles Seymour Whitman, the district attorney, he was shot and killed in front of the Hotel Metropole. Thus broke one of the great crime stories of all history. Lt. Charles Becker, the crooked policeman, went to the electric chair, as did the four gunmen, Dago Frank, Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie and Whitey Lewis. It was his handling of this case that made Whitman governor of New York. And it was Herbert Bayard Swope who virtually guided the hand of Whitman through it all. It was Swope who got Whitman out of bed a few minutes after the murder and commanded him to come at once to the West 47th Street police station. If he had not done this, the venal police might have been able to cover the trail of the murderers.

The case was highly sensational. From start to finish, the domineering Swope exercised his influence over Whitman, guiding his actions, stiffening his backbone and even writing his more important statements for him. It was in those days that Swope developed a technique which he used many times afterward. Whitman might start haltingly to say something and Swope would intervene with a long statement, ending by turning to the district attorney and saying, as if to an incoherent fumbler, "That was what you wanted to say, wasn't it?" and Whitman would agree.

Swope made money during the Becker case. For some years he had been winning consistently at the race track. Now he began making money on the paper. His salary was sixty dollars a week, but there was a space arrangement, and Swope, writing column after column for all the story could stand, sometimes made from \$300 to \$600 a week—figures which Swope recalls today with a fond "Oh, boy!"

He decided to get married. He had been seen about town and at the tracks with a personable young woman from Far Rockaway named Margaret Honeyman Powell, known to her intimates as Pearl. They were married in Baltimore, with Henry L. Mencken as best man. Few women ever embarked upon a married life which was to prove less humdrum.

Some of the other reporters called Swope "Colonel." Many of them did not like him. They detested his brashness, feared his ingenuity and were sometimes afraid to trust him. But they admired his persuasive powers and his news-getting ability, although, as a writer, Swope was never distinguished. He went on making himself felt.

Frank Ward O'Malley, seeking to describe Swope, once said, "If Swope should say 'I have bought a new pair of shoes,' I'd want to see those shoes."

In 1914, an English dreamer, Lieutenant Porte, planned to fly the ocean, and Swope went to the Azores to pick up the aviator there if the flight was made. The great war started and Porte abandoned his idea. Swope went to Germany. He began writing his "inside the Germany lines" stuff, which carried his by-lines. He was the same dazzling Swope. He treated German generals, admirals and chancellors exactly as he had treated policemen, judges and district attorneys in New York, and he got results. He made James W. Gerard, American Ambassador to Germany, virtually a member of the *World* staff.

This, at last, was fame. When Swope returned to New York on December 4, 1914, he was really someone. Gerard came back with him, but it was hard to tell which was the more important when they reached the harbor. Swope's work in Germany had made him a recognized authority on the biggest story of the period. He made the most of it. He was appointed city editor of the *World* on January 14, 1915. He was supposed to get to work at ten o'clock in the morning. The first day, as a concession, he arrived only half an hour late, but never afterward did he arrive at such an idiotically early hour.

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He began the system of telephoning from his bed before starting for the office. John Gavin, the assistant city editor, would read him the schedule of assignments, and Swope would make suggestions. Swope would interrupt with a crisp "Throw that out," or he would shout "Is Mrs. Vanderbilt in the city now?" or he would try to trap Gavin into admitting that he had failed to read the paper thoroughly that morning. He contended that reporters, unless continually jogged, read only their own stories, but did not read the papers, a theory which caused him and others a good deal of anguish.

In 1916, Swope went back to Germany for the *World*. When he returned in October, again with Ambassador Gerard, he was a bigger man than ever. Reporters who met the ship in New York found Swope the center of a crowd of awed listeners, while Gerard sat alone in a corner. Now his German stuff was wanted in book form. Lewis Gannett, then a young reporter on the *World* and later a literary critic, was assigned to work with Swope on the book. This was fortunate for the prose style of the book, which was called *Inside the German Empire*, for Gannett was a better writer than Swope. Those were furious times. Swope would call Gannett in at seven o'clock in the evening, give him a sentence or two, and then wander out. Usually at around two o'clock in the morning, with the office empty and Gannett bored and tired, Swope would settle down to work. Sometimes the two would remain at work until ten o'clock in the morning. Swope afterward boasted, "I wrote 90,000 words in ten days."

It was in 1918 that Swope decided he wanted to get into the war. By this time he knew President Wilson very well—he always took Presidents in his stride—and he went to him for a job, insisting that he be allowed to fight. President Wilson called Swope "Bayard." He wrote to Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, about Swope, saying: "If you do not know Herbert Bayard Swope you have missed something. He has the fastest mind with which I have ever come in contact." The warlike ambitions of Swope ended finally with his being

designated a lieutenant commander in the Navy, and then he was assigned to Bernard M. Baruch at the War Industries Board. Baruch, long a close friend of Swope, paid him the same salary he had been getting on the *World*. He remained there until the Armistice.

The *World* sent four men to cover the Peace Conference: Ralph Pulitzer, Charles M. Lincoln, Louis Seibold and Herbert Bayard Swope. They were to sail at ten o'clock on a steamship leaving from Hoboken. Swope delayed the sailing by being fifty-five minutes late. He was a magnificent spectacle, sitting on top of a pile of luggage on a baggage truck, and causing no end of commotion.

At the Peace Conference, easily the most impressive person was Herbert Bayard Swope. In top hat and cutaway, he received military salutes and crashed the gate to places where reporters were supposed to be barred. It was all highly effective. He was the first to get the outline of the terms of the treaty of peace. He was the first to get a copy of the Covenant of the League of Nations. He met all the big men of that momentous time, and he met them as an equal. He played golf with Lord Northcliffe. He captivated Queen Marie of Rumania. He put his mind to limericks to amuse President Wilson. This, then, was history, and Herbert Bayard Swope was in the middle of it, helping make it.

When he came back to the *World* in 1919, everyone in the office knew he was slated for something big; no one knew just what. For a time they gave him a high-ceilinged office on the second floor, and an armchair that once had been used by Joseph Pulitzer, the elder. His duties were vague. At length Ralph Pulitzer decided to give him a new and unheard-of title, "executive editor." Charles M. Lincoln was managing editor. Soon Swope began criticizing the paper from many angles. Lincoln had a three-year contract with the *World*, but this was settled and he went to work for Frank A. Munsey. Swope then merged the jobs of managing editor and executive editor, retaining the latter title. William Preston Beazell, who during the reign of Swope was to bear uncomplainingly the burden of most of the detail of getting out the

paper, was made assistant managing editor. Now Swope was one of the really powerful newspaper rulers of the country.

Soon after Swope was elevated to this high estate, Lord Northcliffe visited New York. Swope made a fuss over him in the paper, and gave a dinner for the eminent British journalist, which caused the magazine *Town Topics* to sneer: "Three years ago, Mr. Swope was an unknown reporter. To-day he entertains for Lord Northcliffe. This is democracy with a vengeance." But they would not have been so snooty if they had heard the conversation between Northcliffe and Swope in a suite at the Hotel Gotham. Northcliffe, who had called Swope the greatest reporter in the world, was begging him to leave America and join forces with him in England. He mentioned large sums of money. Swope was weakening. Life could be pleasant in London. Then Northcliffe said: "I'll see that you're knighted! Remember Pomeroy Burton, who used to work on a paper in Brooklyn? Well, he's Sir Pomeroy Burton now, and you're a much better man than he ever was." It was almost too much. That sounded pretty good—"Sir Herbert Bayard Swope." And Mrs. Swope—Pearl from Far Rockaway—would be Lady Swope, of course. But Swope, after some hard wrestling with his emotions and ambitions, decided it would be wiser to remain with the *World*. Perhaps it was.

As executive editor, Swope was a one-man show. He didn't have to have himself paged in restaurants any more to attract attention; almost everyone knew him either by sight or reputation. He sometimes attended prize fights—late, of course, accompanied by a noisy police escort. He was often at the race tracks, and the common saying was that Swope edited the *World* from Belmont Park, which had a good deal of truth in it. Office boys feared him. He developed a sort of proprietary attitude toward everything, including the weather; he once looked out the window, observed that snow was falling, and referred to it as "my snowstorm." He was proud when he thought he had developed or discovered a genius on the paper. Reporters laughed at him, but for the

most part they loved him. His mania for using the telephone grew.

Under Swope, the *World* was a paper of crusades and frequent exclusive stories—the exposure of the Ku Klux Klan, peonage atrocities, the radium-poisoning deaths, and so on. Circulation was high enough, but still the *World* was dying. Many reasons have been advanced for this: The failure of the management to lay aside a sufficient reserve fund to take care of new equipment and tide the paper over lean periods; the fact that neither Ralph Pulitzer nor his brother Herbert had inherited enough of the journalistic talent of their father—a third brother, Joseph, however, had done well with the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*—and the further fact that it simply did not have the solid news coverage of its two conservative competitors, the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. The more desirable advertisers began to shy away from the *World*.

Swope had the theory that the *World* should be highly selective in its news. The paper had an attractive editorial page, run by Walter Lippmann. Swope developed the idea of a special sort of page opposite the editorial page—known among newspapermen as the “op ed page.” To this page he brought at various times such names as Heywood Broun, Franklin P. Adams, Frank Sullivan, Alexander Woollcott, Laurence Stallings, Deems Taylor, William Bolitho and Harry Hansen. It was a sound idea, and has since been copied by some other papers. But it was costly, and somehow the high-brow appeal of the page failed to help advertising. A rise from two to three cents in the price of the paper—a move which Swope opposed—caused a heavy drop in circulation.

Swope, at last, began to fidget; he was unhappy. To intimates he sometimes confessed the suspicion that he was losing his mind; something surely was wrong. He had plenty of money—perhaps \$5,000,000. His salary was \$60,000 a year, and he got a share of the profits, which, in good years, boosted his income to as much as \$100,000. His Wall Street deals, with the exception of his traction investments—he says he finally lost a million on these—turned out exceptionally well.

He was in on the ground floor of General Electric. He was canny enough himself, but he also had the friendship and advice of Bernard M. Baruch, Owen D. Young and his brother, Gerard Swope. But happiness was not there. That was the period in which the fashionable set, or rather the forerunner of what is known today as "café society," was taking up psychoanalysis. Swope visited a psychoanalyst and, while there, received, as usual, a great many telephone calls. The explorations into the Swope psyche were constantly interrupted by summonses to the telephone, and Swope, answering, would bark at people whom he addressed, somewhat to the consternation of the disciple of Doctor Freud, as "Al Smith . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt . . . Barney Baruch . . . Owen Young," and so forth. "The man," observed the psychoanalyst, "has delusions of grandeur."

But the troublous, oppressive fog would not lift from the man's soul. He attributes the final solution to something resembling a divine visitation. He was walking along lower Broadway with his brother Gerard and Owen D. Young—he wouldn't be walking with inferior men—when the light dawned as clearly as the message came to Saul on the road to Damascus. He stopped suddenly, and halted his companions.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have it. I know what's been the matter with me. I'm going to leave the *World*."

Gerard Swope and Young protested, but Herbert knew he was right. At last he was happy again. Back at the office, he communicated his decision to Ralph Pulitzer, telling him he would have to "get a new boy." Pulitzer expressed regrets, but was not greatly surprised. Now, when an ordinary man leaves a newspaper, it is a matter of little concern. Swope's departure was different. It was treated as big news all over town, and the event was observed with luncheons and dinners. The great man was now out in the world, on his own, with a fortune. That was more than nine years ago, and those nine years have been years of dabbling in this and that, flitting about, dining out, taking part in civic movements, pulling political wires and tending the Swope fortune. That fortune,

by the way, was badly dented in the stock-market crash of 1929, but not disastrously.

The Swope of today is still a gambler. He will take part in almost any game of chance, and he is an expert on most of them. For many years some of Swope's more prudish and conservative friends looked with disapproval upon the supposed fact that he was a close friend of Arnold Rothstein, the sinister gambler and underworld character who was known as The Brain, or The Big Fellow Uptown, and who, in the fall of 1928, was found dying, shot, near the side entrance of a Seventh Avenue hotel. It was whispered that Swope had introduced Rothstein to some of his society friends; that he had been best man at Rothstein's wedding many years before in Saratoga; that he had gambled with Rothstein and lost large sums of money to him. To these whispers Swope never paid any attention. They were true. But there never was anything to indicate that Swope had used his influence, or the influence of his paper, in Rothstein's behalf.

Once, when Rothstein had shot and wounded two policemen, Mayor John F. Hylan charged that Swope had used his influence with a certain judge to quash the charges against the gambler. Swope replied that he had been in Europe at the time, and no more was heard of this rather foul accusation. Swope says today that he actually had a good deal of contempt for Rothstein, and a low opinion of his mental processes. The only sensible explanation of their occasional association was that Swope liked to joust at dice or cards as a means of proving his superiority to the man who was supposed to have been the greatest gambler of his time.

Swope has been known to gamble from early evening until sunup the next day. During the 20's there was a group of sophisticates who called themselves, with a touch of the precious, the Thanatopsis Pleasure and Inside Straight Club, which met once a week to play poker. In these games, in addition to Swope, were, at various times, such persons as Heywood Broun, Franklin Pierce Adams, Gerhard M. Dahl, Raoul H. Fleischmann, Gerald Brooks, Paul Bonner, Harold

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W. Ross and George S. Kaufman. They usually played for high stakes, and Swope in the main was successful. Indeed, the losses at this weekly festival became so heavy that a touch of acrimony developed and the club melted away. Swope, in his gambling, is known as a stayer; he hates to leave a game when he is winning, for he might win some more, and when he is losing, he is savagely insistent on keeping up the fight.

When betting on horse races was legalized in New York State in 1934, Gov. Herbert H. Lehman appointed a State Racing Commission made up of Herbert Bayard Swope as chairman; John Hay Whitney, the polo-playing son of the late Payne Whitney, and John Sloan, architect and contractor. Swope naturally dominates the commission. He loves this job, even though it is without salary. He enjoys getting out voluminous reports and starting movements to clean up the sport. He always was a great one for cleaning up unsavory situations. He has introduced many reforms which have made racing more popular and respectable in New York, and more profitable for the state. Among his innovations are the electric eye and the camera finish to determine the winner in a close race, the saliva test to detect doping, and the Australian barrier for starting races.

The State Racing Commission has offices in the handsome State Office Building at 80 Centre Street, New York City. There the staff works. The layout is typically Swopean. Each of the commissioners has a wonderful desk with his initials on it, although Sloan drops by the place only once or twice a year and Whitney has never been in. There is a vast room, all set for a conference or a meeting of a board of directors, but it has never been used. The telephone system is intricate, with the latest gadgets. A thoroughly sybaritic arrangement, with the imprint of Herbert Bayard Swope all over it. And yet Swope, because of his enthusiasm, his genuine knowledge of horses and horse-racing people, and perhaps his fondness for authority, has handled the always potentially smelly business of horse racing with tact, firmness and competence.

Swope used to say that he would never work on any except

morning papers, because that meant work at night and left him the afternoons free to attend the races. Toward the end of his administration on the *World* he decided to race his own horses. He acquired Lativich, a gelded son of Blandford-Osmunda, the first of the Blandford breed to be seen in America, for \$11,000. This was a good horse, the only one of the Swope stable that earned his keep. He lost by a nostril in a two-horse race with Sun Beau, the horse which holds the record for the highest all-time track winnings.

Swope paid \$26,500 for a horse named Parsifal, which caught cold after leaving the auction block as a colt and never went to the races. Swope then sold his stable.

When he became chairman of the State Racing Commission he was assailed by a curious ethical problem—Swope has always interested himself in abstruse ethical and philosophical questions, and often has tortured himself by reading heavy works on the theory of right and wrong. This particular problem was whether he could with propriety, as chairman, continue to wager on horses, which had been a lifelong practice. He asked twelve friends their opinions, and they all agreed that, though it would not be censurable, it still would not look quite right. Swope then asked a thirteenth man, who said that nobody cared whether he bet or not. Swope, much relieved, took the advice of the thirteenth friend.

Swope likes to name horses. He was delighted once when a horse named after him, and owned by Bud Fisher, the cartoonist, won a race. When Arnold Rothstein formed his Redstone Stable, he asked Swope to name his horses. He named them Gladiator, Sporting Blood, Georgie, Wrecker, Devastation and Sidereal. Arnold Rothstein's widow has written that "Herbert Swope not only was one of the most fascinating persons I ever met, but he also, I think, qualified as an amazingly able christener of race horses." For example, Sidereal was by Star Shoot out of Milky Way.

Swope to this day is proud of having named Sidereal, is contemptuous because so many unlettered horse lovers insisted on pronouncing the name "Side-Reel," and bitter be-

cause he was not in on the betting of that glorious day, July 4, 1921, when Arnold Rothstein collected \$800,000 at the Aqueduct Race Track when Sidereal won. The general betting had opened with Sidereal quoted at 30 to 1. George Daley, sports editor of the *World* and a fanatical lover of the Thoroughbred, had a tip and bet heavily. Swope, sleeping late as usual, didn't get the tip until the odds had been driven down to 3 to 1. He made little. Daley profited, however; and seven years later, when Rothstein died, recognized as a welsher and an all-around rat, Daley wrote a friendly column setting forth the quaint theory that Rothstein, after all, was not such a bad fellow.

Swope today is an aging but agile gaffer who delights in showing his medals. He is six feet one inch tall and weighs 200 pounds. His face is a crimson bomb. His pinkish hair, turning only a trifle gray, recedes a bit. His nostrils flare. His light blue eyes squint through pince-nez. His teeth are even and white, and he likes to smile. His pride in Swope, the Swope accomplishments and the Swope dreams is enormous. He has compensation for his own lack of formal education in the honorary degrees from Hobart and Colgate. He has documents in his office, prominently displayed, attesting to his having won the Pulitzer prize in reporting for his work in Germany. And there are the public-service medals won by the *World* on its Ku Klux Klan and peonage exposures. His desk is the one Al Smith used when Smith ran for President in 1928. And there are twenty scrapbooks, which contain every available item concerning himself and his family.

He never worried much about his health, and still regards it as a miracle that, some twenty years ago, the late Dr. Harlow Brooks pulled him through an attack of rheumatic fever without permanent injury to his heart. He takes little exercise, preferring croquet, which he plays with skill and ferocity. He will denounce anyone who implies that croquet is not a he-man's game requiring both stamina and cleverness.

He is a playboy, attending the races in loud-checked suits, playing poker all night, and making it a point to be seen frequently in such restaurants as Jack & Charlie's 21 and the

Colony, where he drinks moderately. He is also the serious businessman, able with justice to preen himself on his successful reorganization of the Keith-Albee-Orpheum interests, and on the fact that several Wall Street banking houses listen to him with respect. He sits on many boards, among them that of the Columbia Broadcasting System, where he is regarded as a prophet of trends.

In his high office in Rockefeller Plaza he dreams grandiose dreams of big-business deals, and sometimes they pan out. And always he loves the telephones. He used to edit the *World* mostly by telephone, and now he tinkers with deep-laid industrial and social schemes in the same manner. He does not know precisely how many telephones he has in his office in the State Building, his personal office, his New York home in the apartment house on the southeast corner of Park Avenue and 79th Street, or in his house on his fifteen-acre estate at Sands Point, Long Island, but the total is somewhere around seventy-five. In face-to-face conversation he is diffuse, hard to pin down, blustering, forgetful of the threads of thought; on the telephone he is crisp and logical. Thus, he argues, the telephone is a good thing for him. Curiously, when he makes a speech, he does it briefly and sensibly, and then sits down; he says he does this because he remembers having been bored too many times when he was a reporter.

He was always a Democrat. He has managed to remain the friend of both Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt, although, these days, he is not often invited to the White House. He had the vision to pick Smith as a potential statesman away back in the dim past, when Smith was elected sheriff of New York County. Swope, the uppish young newspaperman, wrote Smith a note in which he predicted that Al would go far in politics if he preserved his independence.

It was Swope who brought the 1924 Democratic Convention to the old Madison Square Garden in New York, when Smith and William Gibbs McAdoo battled to the death in sweaty boredom. It was Swope who made Smith, who for years had said nothing about prohibition, although he was tagged as a wet, finally come out—exclusively for publication

in the *World*—with a statement that he was in favor of the repeal of prohibition. In all the smoke-filled rooms and momentous huddles at a national convention of the Democrats, Swope in his time has been there—didactic, placating, eloquent, soothing and conniving.

One of his disastrous ventures was in 1933, when Roosevelt sent him and Prof. Raymond Moley to the London Economic Conference, which was a dreary failure—the inside story of which neither Moley nor Swope has divulged. But from that time on, this pair has not been close to Roosevelt. Swope admires Moley because of his education; Moley admires Swope because of his alertness and push. Once they quarreled over a trivial matter, met later in a New York restaurant, and suddenly avowed their love for each other in heartfelt language.

Viewed in the right light, and from a certain angle, there is a vague but noteworthy resemblance between the dashing face and head of Herbert Bayard Swope and the smiling countenance of Franklin D. Roosevelt—a fact which is said to flatter both of them. There was some talk of Swope appearing as an actor in a motion picture called *The President Vanishes*. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, neither of whom is above his moments of prankishness, arranged for Swope to come to the Paramount Studios in Long Island City for a screen test. MacArthur wrote a long speech for him to deliver, an inspired effort in which, at a particularly moving part, the women of America were praised. At this point, in accord with the puckish plans of Hecht and MacArthur, fifteen strip-tease girls rushed from the wings and asked Swope for his autograph. The test, however, showed that Swope—if anyone had doubted it—would make an excellent screen actor. But he has more important things to do.

Swope is at his best as host, and his gifts in this direction show to spectacular advantage at his home, Keewaydin—an Indian word meaning “northwest wind”—on Long Island, where the family stays from May until December. This house, built by Stanford White, cost Swope \$450,000. The week ends are charming, but often verge on the maniacal. There is, of course, croquet under floodlights. The North Shore set

is there. They play intellectual games. The game of Twenty Questions originated there. The guests come and go as they please, and may number as many as thirty. If they want hot dogs or champagne at four o'clock in the morning, they can have them. But they must not expect anything to be on time. Swope is always late, defiantly and proudly late, whether at a fight, the theater or a dinner in his own home.

Swope's guests are an odd assortment—the Marx Brothers, Neysa McMein, Alice-Leone Moats, Jay O'Brien, Harry F. Guggenheim, Condé Nast, William Randolph Hearst, Jr.—but they must always have Something. An observer on the *World* once remarked, "Herbie likes to have little men work for him, but he won't play with punks."

Offhand, the casual delver into human behavior might suppose that such a man as Swope, the barking martinet, the inexorable whirlwind, the upsetter of routine, would be impossible to live with. Not so. Many of the old *World* men still are his close friends, and owe their jobs today to his influence. His staff of servants, all Negroes and the envy of Harlem, have set records for length of service. There is Mae, the efficient chief, who can remember names and the personal likes and dislikes of a hundred occasional guests. She has been with the Swopecs twenty-four years. And Swope has had the same valet, a browbeaten masochistic Negro named Roy, for fifteen years; Roy takes an incredible amount of show-off abuse from Swope, and apparently loves it.

And there is the closest associate of them all, a quiet woman named Helen Millar, who has been Swope's secretary for eighteen years. He has made her work all night, has called upon her to perform almost impossible feats, but she remains with him, apparently always delighted.

The family itself is a closely knit affair. Mrs. Swope supervises the ménage. She also is a good poker player. Her mother lives with them. So does her brother, Bruce Powell. And so does the Swope son, Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr., a red-headed young man who now works for the Columbia Broadcasting System and who was fired from the *Herald Tribune* because he had exhibited his father's trait—lateness in report-

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ing for work. The daughter of the Swopes, Mrs. Robert Brandt, is there with her husband and their daughter, Bayard Brandt, Herbert Bayard Swope's only grandchild. The man turned out to be a patriarch.

If he doesn't die prematurely of high blood pressure, Swope should remain a first-rate show for at least twenty more years. There is some talk that he might run for governor of New York next fall. That sounds like picayune business. He is better at being simply Herbert Bayard Swope, immaculate with yellow gloves and cane, bestowing advice and benedictions upon fledgling reporters, rebuking statesmen, telling Presidents when they have hit upon a good phrase—as when he told Roosevelt to “bear down” on the term “New Deal”—bawling out waiters until they quake in their gizzards, fondling the yellowing clippings which embalm his days of grandeur, supervising odd jobs about the estate, being contrite and generous when he learns that he has really wounded someone, beaming at his own feats of memory, laughing at how he outwitted some pretentious fool, making trains wait for him, thinking up rather humorless wisecracks, and finding his seat—always a bit late—in the front row. The show must go on.

THE GIRL FROM SYRACUSE

By JACK ALEXANDER

I

DOROTHY THOMPSON is perhaps the only person in the United States who makes a career out of stewing publicly about the state of the world. She ingests the cosmos and personalizes its pains, thereby conveying in her writings a feeling of imminence that worried citizens find comforting. By her own account, she goes to bed and awakes thinking anxiously about where humanity is heading.

This sometimes leads to misunderstandings, as in the case of a visiting lady journalist who had asked for an interview. Miss Thompson received her one forenoon in the boudoir of her New York apartment. She was sitting up, in negligee, in a bed that was strewn with newspapers, books, cablegrams and letters, and she was dictating her column for the next day. A secretary, seated at a typewriter, pecked out the dictation. Miss Thompson, talking as if addressing a mass meeting, was trying out phrases and sentences in various combinations until she was satisfied with their ring. She talked at a giddy clip, *simultaneously* brushing her hair in jerky sweeps. She used gestures for emphasis, waving the hairbrush in the air or bringing it down smartly on her free hand.

Fascinated by the spectacle, the visitor sat down near the door. When the column was finished, the secretary left the room and a maid came in with a breakfast tray of prunes, toast and coffee, and set it down across Miss Thompson's knees. The interviewer opened with a casual remark about a move which Germany had made the day before. The effect was as if she had touched off the fuse to a string of firecrackers.

[Note: These articles appeared May 18 and 25, 1940.]

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Miss Thompson, who thinks and has freely stated that Hitler is a maniac, launched into a rousing diatribe against *Der Fuehrer* and all other dictators. She delivered herself so forcefully that at times the tray rattled and the prunes jumped about in their saucer.

The caller was so taken by the sight of the volcanic columnist in eruption that she forgot to bring up a list of questions which she had prepared in advance. She came away convinced that she had seen one of the natural wonders of America at close range. Afterward, over a warm pot of tea at Schrafft's, she admitted that she was baffled by anyone who could get excited about world affairs before breakfast. Whenever she thinks of Miss Thompson now, she thinks of the jumping prunes.

The interviewer did not, of course, understand Miss Thompson, and it is doubtful if anyone, including Miss Thompson herself, understands her fully. Some of her associates have tried to explain her, though. John Gunther, the Europe and Asia expert, has called her "a blue-eyed tornado." Sir Wilmott Lewis, the Washington correspondent of the *London Times*, has remarked: "Dorothy Thompson has discovered the secret of perpetual emotion." To Hugh Johnson she is "a breast-beating Boadicea urging us to flaming action." The late Heywood Broun wrote: "Dorothy Thompson is greater than Eliza because not only does she cross the ice but breaks it as she goes. Moreover, she is her own bloodhound."

None of these diagnoses is quite adequate and it is unlikely that Miss Thompson herself will ever improve on them. Great as are her gifts, objectivity toward herself has never been one of them. She is one of the most extroverted of humans, aggressively gregarious and tireless in debate. For combined intellectual, physical and emotional energy, she has no known equal, male or female. The impact of her personality is both exhilarating and exhausting. At Macy's department store, they are still talking about the time Miss Thompson came in to complain about some furniture she had bought, and disorganized the staff.

In a typical busy day she will turn out a column and a radio address, dictate thirty or forty letters, have some friends in to tea and, in between arguments, keep the telephone wire hot talking with persons in Washington and abroad who help keep her posted on public doings. In the evening she may give a dinner and, afterward, sit up with a book in her hand until three in the morning roaring Walt Whitman or some other poet.

Miss Thompson is statuesque and handsome. She is a master of the dramatic entrance and immediately makes herself the center of attention whenever she enters a roomful of people. This seems to be as unconscious and automatic with her as it would be with, say, a Barrymore, and it works unfailingly, whether the occasion is a birthday party for someone else, a cocktail soiree or a christening. Women who go to the same social affairs begin by being annoyed and wind up by sitting things out in a cold fury. The men surround Miss Thompson and hang on her words.

She seems incapable of doing the simplest acts without infusing drama into them in some way. Her friends say that she snips her nails with indignation. While she is usually able to sustain a high note of drama indefinitely, there are times when she has unaccountable lapses, as she did during a party which she gave last September. Things were coming to a boil in Europe and Miss Thompson went to her study several times to receive urgent telephone calls.

After one of these, she returned and stood framed in the entrance to the living room, looking very much like a hostess who has discovered that the caterer's assistant is a poisoner.

Singling out one of the men in the room, she said tensely, "Oscar, have you heard?"

Conversation ceased and all eyes focused on the hostess.

"Oscar," Miss Thompson went on hollowly, "Russia—has—entered—Poland!"

While the room was digesting this bulletin, the hostess flung a gay "Hello, dears" to a couple who had arrived while she was busy telephoning. Then, slipping easily back into

high gear, she cried, "Oscar, do you know what this means?" and went off into a high-powered elucidation of what the invasion portended for the democracies.

Miss Thompson's greatest tour de force as a spotlight stealer was accomplished in February, 1939, before 22,000 persons at Madison Square Garden, where she was an unscheduled guest. She swept into the auditorium, where the German-American Bund was holding a Hitlerish assembly, and heckling a speaker with a few blasts of strident, high-pitched laughter, threw the gathering into an uproar and almost caused a riot. Although she was only an added starter, she took high honors and enjoyed the distinction of being escorted out by a protective detail of police. In a sense, her laugh was heard round the world; at least, accounts of it were cabled to Berlin, and that pleased her.

At forty-five, Miss Thompson is gray-haired, vibrant and commanding. She clothes herself expensively, in gowns that come from Bergdorf-Goodman and Saks-5th Avenue, and makes a striking appearance in them. But she wears them as if she were impatient with the necessity for bothering about clothes. A watchful observer gets a feeling that she puts them on hastily and then forgets about them, and that the tilt of her shoulder straps may be imperiled by her next gesture. She has no knack or fondness for small talk. For this reason she finds women tedious, and they find her irritating. She prefers talking with men, especially well-informed ones.

Her apartment, which is on Central Park West, houses the liveliest salon in New York. Here, almost daily, chosen experts on finance, economics and government gather and do a co-operative job of taking the world apart and putting it back together again. Their deliberations are joined in by intellectuals who are refugees from the Nazi persecutions. Miss Thompson is intensely sympathetic to the problems of refugees and has made her apartment a sort of local headquarters for them.

She excels at presiding over these sessions. Everyone has a stimulating and even an exciting time. The hostess gets ideas for her column and the guests get an incomparable chance to

unburden their theories before an appreciative audience. For them, the experience is something like lecturing before the French Academy, with Scotch and soda on the side. The furnishings are admirably adapted to making men feel at ease. No self-conscious period pieces remind the guest of the occupant's taste in antiques. The chairs are deep and comfortable and of no more specific design than those in a men's club. The ash trays are capacious. Bowls of loose cigarettes, of standard brands, lie within easy reach. So do containers of large, old-fashioned wooden matches. A sturdy eater herself, Miss Thompson spreads a substantial tea fare.

Critics are fond of accusing Miss Thompson of brain-picking, a process, widely frowned upon, by which a writer elicits the thoughts of persons in the same or similar lines, and converts them to his own use. Miss Thompson admits picking brains and defends the practice as one which is necessary for the intelligent conduct of a column with as broad a scope as hers. No one person, she says, could possibly be an authority on as many diverse subjects as she is called upon to write about. Besides, she is able to exchange information with her advisers and to voice their thoughts eloquently, and the books are considered balanced.

On economic subjects, her chief brain-truster is Alexander Sachs, economist for the Lehman Corporation, a Wall Street investment trust. Wendell Willkie has helped to form her slant on utilities, and David Sarnoff, president of RCA, on the entertainment industry. Raoul de Roussy de Sales, the American correspondent of the *Paris-Soir*, advises her on France, and Harold Nicolson, author and National Laborite member of Commons, on England. Miss Thompson is in frequent touch with Nicolson by transatlantic telephone. Others with whom she confers on foreign affairs are Raymond Gram Swing, John Gunther and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Grapevine information from Greater Germany is brought to her by refugees; a fact which may partly account for the near-fanatical note which marks some of her columns about the Nazis.

A defect of the columnist's system of assembling material is

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that now and again she pontificates after starting from debatable premises, but this is a liability of all commentators who make the world their beat. It is emphasized in Miss Thompson's case because of her impassioned style of expression. Her own opinion of columns such as hers is that newspaper readers put too much store by them and thus confer upon columnists more power than they deserve. She thinks that the columns should be considered as if they were the breakfast-table talk of an articulate, well-informed person, but this idea is difficult to impress upon readers who are looking for the oracular. Miss Thompson is never conscious of pontificating.

Miss Thompson's success, which has no American parallel, should be a cheering beacon to parents of precocious problem children. For Dorothy Thompson was a problem child, self-assertive, willful, mischievous and given to running away from home. Her father was a Methodist minister with a saintly devotion to his calling. He labored in small upstate New York towns and his family was raised on a variable income of from \$700 to \$1200 a year.

Twenty-six years ago, Miss Thompson was studying at Syracuse University, where she went because the tuition was gratis to the children of Wesleyan clergymen. Fifteen years ago, after some man-sized batting around Europe, she was an enterprising and daring correspondent for an American newspaper syndicate. Twelve years ago, after an unsuccessful marriage that ended in divorce, she was married to Sinclair Lewis, the novelist. For most women this brilliant alliance would have meant the end of a career and a grateful retirement, with honors, into domestic privacy. To Dorothy Thompson it seemed to act as a challenge to preserve an identity of her own. She continued her traveling and writing, and won a place in the estimation of lecture audiences and magazine readers as an authority on the tangled affairs of Europe. She savored the satisfaction of getting under Hitler's skin so effectively by her writings that he had her expelled from the Reich in 1934. It was the second time that Dorothy Thomp-

son has suffered an expulsion—she was once fired from high school for impertinence.

But her greatest victories were ahead. Four years ago, Mrs. Ogden Reid, one of the proprietors of the New York *Herald Tribune*, invited her to conduct a column of political comment. Scared, but with her gambling instinct aroused, Miss Thompson agreed. After spending three months in Washington, boning up on politics and economics, she made her debut in the *Herald Tribune* in March, 1936. Her column bore the name "On the Record" and it appeared on the same page with Lippmann's "Today and Tomorrow," which already had earned first ranking among the deep thinkers.

Today, Miss Thompson is at the forefront of the commentators whose interpretations have in recent years become an indispensable part of the nation's newspaper diet. According to the New York Tribune, Inc., which markets her column, she is published in 170 papers with a combined circulation of around 7,000,000 or 8,000,000. The figures are issued in round terms because they fluctuate from week to week. "On the Record" is provocative, and often a choleric publisher will become angry at it and cancel his contract, but the same day's column may catch the fancy of two other publishers and cause them to subscribe. The list has gone steadily upward. Miss Thompson's closest competitor among the individual political oracles is her page mate, Lippmann. Sometimes he spurts ahead of her.

"On the Record" is published in every one of the forty-eight states, in one Canadian and several Australian papers. Once in a while, a London publisher buys an "On the Record" issue, if its tone appeals to him. Miss Thompson contributes an article each month to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, whose circulation exceeds 3,500,000. In 1938 and 1939 she delivered a commentary program over an NBC radio chain and, according to a conservative estimate, reached five or six million listeners whenever she spoke. She also lectured.

Her combined gross earnings for 1938, according to statistics emanating from her files, were \$103,000. Since making

this public, Miss Thompson has shied away from further inquiry about her income, but she can still make \$103,000 or better any time she wants to turn on the heat. Her 1940 income will be considerably below that level, however, because she has given up lecturing, on the understandable ground that she is beginning to feel tired. A lecture bureau impresario recently tempted her with a certified check for \$50,000, which he offered to pay, in advance, for a season's tour. Miss Thompson handed the check back, saying, "I'd rather live on fifty-three thousand dollars gross than die on a hundred and three thousand."

Her popularity as an orator is attested by 7000 invitations to speak which she received during one year. The proffered fees ran as high as \$1000 per evening. She turned down all but a few. The requests still flow in at the rate of about five a day. Most come from women's clubs, whose members Miss Thompson tolerates, but does not like, but some are from men's business and professional organizations. She is the only woman speaker who has ever crashed the stag precincts of the Union League and Harvard clubs, and the only one who has ever been listened to by the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers.

Honorary degrees have been conferred upon her by Syracuse, Tufts, St. Lawrence, Russell Sage, Columbia and Dartmouth.

To young women studying in journalism schools, Miss Thompson furnishes the inspiration which Richard Harding Davis once supplied to young reporters on police-headquarters details. Her career has everything, including coverage of revolutions and subjection to machine-gun fire. In power and prestige, she is rivaled among her sex only by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and if she wants to, Miss Thompson can take satisfaction in the knowledge that she came up over a thornier path.

In 1938 an article which she wrote for *Foreign Affairs* on the plight of refugees reached President Roosevelt's desk. At his instance, the State Department extended invitations to thirty nations for a conference on the refugee problem. It

was held at Evian, France, four months later. A single radio talk in behalf of Herschel Grynszpan, the distraught refugee who shot and killed a Nazi attaché in Paris, unexpectedly attracted donations totaling \$40,000 from her listeners. In her broadcast Miss Thompson had made no appeal for donations. Of the amount volunteered, \$10,000 was sent abroad to obtain the services of the best criminal lawyer in Paris, and the remainder was given to various funds for refugee relief.

These and other instances of the influence which she is able to wield have not been without their effect on Miss Thompson.

"I'll fix it; I'll write a column about it," is a way she has of capping a conversation about something that needs reforming.

Her column is got together in a hectic atmosphere with the help of three secretaries whose first names are, by an odd coincidence, Madelon, Madeline and Madeleine. One secretary spends all her working time in Miss Thompson's office at the *Herald Tribune*, which the columnist rarely visits, answering telephone calls and replying to the 250-odd letters which are received there each day. The columnist reads few of the letters. Framed on the wall of the office is the *Gestapo* expulsion order which was served on Miss Thompson in 1934. Near it is a James Thurber cartoon from the *New Yorker*. It depicts a man dashing off a letter while his wife says to a visitor: "He's giving Dorothy Thompson a piece of his mind."

The other two secretaries, using the office as a base of operations, do Miss Thompson's research. They read French, British and German publications and clip items which may be of interest to their employer, and also check information at libraries and other sources. Miss Thompson may summon one or both of them to her apartment on a moment's notice to take dictation and keep them up until all hours if she is in the pursuit of a hot idea. One of the secretaries takes care of Miss Thompson's personal and household accounts. Among the aides' other tasks is that of keeping the columnist supplied with silk stockings. She is hard on hosiery and

waits until she is down to her last pair, then orders a dozen at a time.

"On the Record" comes out three times a week, and because of the haste with which it must be assembled, its author never has time to wait upon the ordinary mails for information. Facts come to her by air mail, messenger, telegram, cablegram and long-distance telephone. Her phone bills are fantastic. If she feels that she must talk to a prospective informant, she calls him promptly, even if he is in Hollywood or Bangkok. Her transoceanic calls have fallen off some since the war began, because of interference by the censors, but they still account for a sizable chunk of her business expenses. To keep her wire clear for emergencies, she has her number privately listed, but she is always thoughtlessly giving it to people she meets at parties and forgetting she has done so. Every few months the calls from these casual acquaintances begin to pile up and she gets her number changed.

As she keeps late hours, Miss Thompson awakes around ten o'clock. For an hour or two she sits up in bed reading letters, clippings and passages in books at a rapid pace. Then, if it is a day on which she is to do a column, she summons one of her secretaries. Not all of her columns are composed in bed, nor are they all dictated. When coming to grips with an especially knotty problem, she gets dressed and goes into her study, where she writes out her thoughts in pencil on a large yellow tablet. Afterward, with gestures, she reads aloud what she has written; to a secretary, if one is handy, otherwise to no one is particular.

When satisfied with the way it sounds, she has it typed and sends it by messenger to the syndicate office, which is in the Herald Tribune Building. A syndicate reader checks it for possible libel and sends it on to one of the Thompson secretaries for a final research check. The manuscript then goes through the editorial-room copy desk where grammatical errors are caught, and is sent to the composing room to be set in type. Most of the papers which use "On the Record" get galley proofs by air mail. A few take it by telegraph.

Miss Thompson and Sinclair Lewis have a 250-acre farm near Woodstock, Vermont, where she lives from June to September.* Two of these months are devoted to loafing, or to that approximation of loafing of which an active woman is capable. The columnist gardens a bit and talks a great deal of exercise, but doesn't take much of it. During the rest of the summer she writes her column as usual, doing some of her research in the library of Dartmouth College, which is not far away. She borrows books from the library and forgets to bring them back, but the college authorities, who made her a Doctor of Humane Letters in 1938, are more honored than angry. The column is mailed, telegraphed or telephoned to the *Herald Tribune*, depending upon how much time there is. If telephoned, it goes through the same routine as dispatches which the paper's correspondents send by that medium from Europe—it is recorded on a disk and turned over to a typist for transcription.

Much of Miss Thompson's day-to-day life is built around the refugee problem which her *bête noire*, Hitler, has done so much to help create. She contributes to the support of scores of the victims and is always ready to part with a twenty or fifty dollar bill when a new one comes to her for aid. For two years, at odd intervals, she worked with a refugee actor, Fritz Kortner, on a play which was intended to dramatize the sufferings of the homeless wanderers whom the Nazis have cast adrift. Under the title, *Another Sun*, the play was produced on Broadway last February. The critics, while friendly to its intentions, almost unanimously dismissed it as inept, and a few used the word "hysterical" in describing it. The production closed after eleven performances.

Miss Thompson's reaction, which was emotional and violent, was to align herself with a small school of playwrights who consider the critics to be vindictive and irresponsible assassins. She publicly deplored the supposed fact that a handful of reviewers can make or break a play—a thesis to which the successes of *Abie's Irish Rose*, *Tobacco Road* and *Hellza-*

* Miss Thompson and Mr. Lewis have been divorced since this article was originally published in the *Post*.

poppin seem to present obstacles—and put the critics down in her future-book for a keelhauling. Sooner or later the drama slayers will get theirs from Miss Thompson, and get it aplenty.

With a generosity that is characteristic of her, the tyro playwright sent a bonus of fifty dollars to each of the eleven members of the cast, to make up in part for the payless days they spent in rehearsing. Then she valved out the head of steam which her Broadway misadventure had generated within her by sitting down and writing an erudite article, 9000 words long, for *Foreign Affairs*. She considers it one of the best pieces she has ever done. That is another interesting facet of Dorothy Thompson—on the heels of her greatest disappointments she bobs up with her most spectacular achievements. The pattern is detectible throughout her career. "Resilient" is, among others, the word for Dorothy.

To an extraordinary extent, Miss Thompson has identified herself, much as Hitler has done, with the welfare of the Reich. At times, it seems as if she were setting herself up in opposition as the Protectress of the True Germany. She has described her feeling for it as one of frustrated love.

"I am one of the few real pro-Germans in this country," she has many times said in answering objections to her hecktoring of *Der Fuehrer*. The warmth of her feeling was revealed in a preface which she wrote to Kurt Schuschnigg's *My Austria*, which was published a few years ago. In it, she spoke of herself as one who would have given up her life to save Austria from the Nazis. The statement was joshed in some quarters, but close friends of Miss Thompson credit her with the courage to go through with just such a sacrificial act. Dying for ideas is an old human custom, they point out.

Miss Thompson's love of things German and Austrian dates back to the years of happy living which she enjoyed in those lands and the many friendships which she made there. Her hatred of Hitler seems to spring primarily from what she considers his desecration of these scenes, his perversion of Germanic culture and his ruthless destruction of her friends' lives and fortunes. Possibly, too, a classic misjudgment of

Hitler's capacity for leadership, which she made before he came into power, has had something to do with the vehemence of her present passion to destroy him.

Her impression of him was based upon an interview she obtained in 1931. It was published first as a magazine article and later in book form, under the rather triumphant title, *I Saw Hitler!* She wrote: "When finally I walked into Adolph Hitler's salon in the Kaiserhof Hotel, I was convinced that I was meeting the future dictator of Germany. In something less than fifty seconds I was quite sure that I was not. It took just about that time to measure the startling insignificance of this man who has set the world agog.

"He is formless, almost faceless, a man whose countenance is a caricature, a man whose framework seems cartilaginous, without bones. He is inconsequential and voluble, ill-poised, insecure. He is the very prototype of the Little Man. . . . There is something irritatingly refined about him. I bet he crooks his little finger when he drinks a cup of tea."

Miss Thompson predicted, correctly, that Hitler would soon be elected to the chancellorship, but expressed certainty that he would be unable to match wits with other German leaders and would be lost in the shuffle. "I thought of this man before me, seated, as an equal, between Hindenburg and Bruening, and involuntarily I smiled," she wrote, adding, "Oh, Adolph! Oh, Adolph! You will be out of luck!"

On the other hand, her antipathy for *Der Fuehrer* may be based upon pure, ice-cold logic.

For a sizable part of the past decade, he has been her personal devil. Her husband, who likes to feel indifferent to international crises, has been quoted as remarking jocularly that if he ever sues for divorce he intends to name Hitler as co-respondent.

Miss Thompson speaks excellent German and at her parties sometimes discourses with European visitors entirely in that tongue, to the mild distress of guests who want to appreciate her thoughts, but cannot understand German. She delights in fussing around her Vermont kitchen, making Viennese dishes. The kitchen is a model of Teutonic neat-

ness. In orderly rows on the shelves stand red-and-white metal containers which are lettered Pfeffer, Salz, Brot, Zucker and Kaffee, instead of their English equivalents, Pepper, Salt, Bread, Sugar and Coffee. A garden sign warning, in German, of a biting dog, hangs in her dining room. It is a souvenir of her days of residence in Berlin.

Of Miss Thompson's five servants, four are blond Germans, and Nazi sympathizers to boot. Friends have repeatedly warned her of the hazards inherent in admitting a hostile ideology to her pantry, but she laughs at them. She takes the position that she hired the staff for service, not for political allegiance or personal friendship, and says that she is satisfied with their work. She overpays them, as she does everyone else who works for her, and when in Vermont lends them her automobile to take out on basket picnics on their day off. What the picnickers have to say over the ham and potato salad would doubtless make interesting reading.

Around home, the Nazi servitors make no effort to conceal their distaste for the numerous refugees upon whom they have to wait, and they no doubt think that America is a queer place, indeed. The fifth servant is Marie, a French cook. Marie, according to Miss Thompson, is the only person in New York, excluding herself, who knows how to make clear beef broth properly. The pair also share, in Miss Thompson's estimation, pre-eminence in the art of buttering bread for tea. (You butter the end of the loaf first, then cut off a thin slice, butter the end again and slice, and so on. Bread which is sliced first and buttered afterward is likely to have holes gouged in it.) If Dorothy Thompson has any pet hates which rival her aversion for Hitler, they are bungled broth and clumsily buttered tea bread.

The storminess of Miss Thompson's *Kampf* with Hitler has tended to obscure her views on the present and future of the United States. This is unfortunate, as these opinions represent an interesting philosophy which had grown over the years in the mind of an alert and perceptive observer of the American scene. Miss Thompson has at different times been

called a radical and a conservative, which is not surprising, since she is, under varying aspects, both. Perhaps this is the chief reason why, in a nation puzzled over conflicting approaches to basic problems, her column is popular; she speaks for the regime and the opposition.

She admires President Roosevelt and likes much of the New Deal, particularly its awakening of a social consciousness, but believes that, on the whole, the Administration has missed the train. She thinks that it has inhibited productive energy by curbing individual initiative and she abhors, as a totalitarian trend, its centralizing of political power in Washington. She thinks a good dose of decentralization, including the industrial, would benefit the country. New York City is, to her, a monstrosity from any angle. Vermont, which has preserved an eighteenth-century form of society almost intact, is her ideal of a place to live.

Miss Thompson would approve of public spending as a pump primer on a scale which the New Deal has not yet dared to suggest, provided the money went into building up or conserving what she calls the public estate. By this she means forests, lands for production, schoolhouses and other items of the national plant. Her objection to the New Deal spending is that too much of it has produced nothing tangible in the way of economic wealth and has left gaping deficits. The concept of wide-scale planning, which is a boggy to other critics, does not frighten Dorothy Thompson. She thinks that if America is ever to realize its full promise, planning will have to be undertaken on a heroic pattern, probably on a regional basis. She would make sure that the men who did the planning were strictly nonpolitical officials. She thinks that public ownership which destroys soundly operating private endeavor is an economic waste. But she would approve of it in instances where private operation results in concentration of too much power or where it fails to produce dividends for shareholders.

One of her favorite indoor pastimes is lambasting an audience of capitalists for permitting their greedier brethren to

gum up our economy. She tells them that old-style capitalism is doomed. They seem to like it and continually ask for more. This phenomenon may be attributable to a feeling that she is really talking about the other fellow or to the sure knowledge that when Miss Thompson berates private enterprise, she does so with a red apple behind her back.

The red apple disconcerts left-wing liberals. One of them was seated near Miss Thompson at a dinner at which she was holding forth animatedly on the subject of capitalism. When she had finished, he said, "Dorothy, I've always liked and admired you, and I still do, but I don't like the Dorothy Thompson who is grooming herself for the presidency of the D.A.R." Miss Thompson, who has an explosive temper, bit her lip and flushed, but said nothing. She left the party early.

People often remark upon the English pronunciations and idioms which crop up in Miss Thompson's speech, not realizing that she is English by blood. Except for a geographical accident, she would have been born in England. Her father, the Rev. Peter Thompson, was a Britisher. He came here to visit a brother who lived in the Middle West, and during his stay met an Englishwoman named Margaret Grier-son, whom he married. Both were eager to get back home and together they set out for New York, from where they intended to take ship. During a stopover in Buffalo, probably for a look at Niagara Falls, they made the acquaintance of another Methodist clergyman from England, who was even more homesick than they were. He had a small congregation of glass workers in the industrial town of Lancaster, near Buffalo. Out of sympathy, Peter Thompson agreed to remain and occupy the pulpit until the preacher could go home on leave and return. The preacher's absence was a long one, and meanwhile Dorothy, the Thompsons' first child, was born in the parsonage near the glass works. By the time the regular pastor got back, the Thompsons had decided to stay in the United States and take out citizenship papers. They never did get back to England. Two years after Dorothy's birth they had a son, Willard, and two years after that an-

other daughter, Margaret. By that time the Rev. Mr. Thompson had held several upstate pastorates.

Dorothy rebelled against her world from the start. She made her maiden attempt to run away from the parsonage when she was three years old and her father had a congregation in Clarence, New York. 'Accompanied by a neighbor's child she set out, carrying a buggy umbrella for protection against the weather. They were found a few hours later, asleep under the umbrella on a lawn several blocks away. A year later, in Tonawanda, she tried flight again, taking along another small friend. They were located in a neighbor's gooseberry patch, sound asleep. A noteworthy feature about Dorothy's escapades was that she always managed to get someone else involved in them. She was a sort of Little Lulu in many respects.

As Willard grew into the walking stage, he became her foil. Willard was a fat lad and easily persuaded. Once she took him for a ride in his old perambulator and let go of the handle on a steep hill. At the end of a wild ride, Willard was pitched out. His arm was broken. It was an education being Dorothy's younger brother. When Willard recovered, Dorothy catwalked along a porch rail and dared him to follow suit. He took the dare and fell, cracking his head against the corner of a flower box. Once she induced him to run away with her. They sat under a tree in a public park for their first meal, and Dorothy handed Willard a loaf of bread and a carving knife which she had taken from her mother's kitchen. Willard cut his finger trying to slice the bread and ran home, crying, and the expedition was over.

Try as he would, Willard could never come up to his elder sister's expectations of him. As today, she insisted upon high standards of performance. Once the minister gave his children two cents apiece with which to buy valentines. They pooled their pennies and Dorothy persuaded Willard to go into a store and dicker for bargains in big lacy valentines, while the girls waited outside. After some conscientious haggling, Willard found that the lacy cards came too high and emerged carrying a stack of comic valentines which he had

picked up at ten for a penny. He appealed for approval. His elder sister tore his purchases into bits and burst into tears.

Dorothy was gawky and a tomboy. She could shin up a tree for apples and she was a daredevil aerialist. In a gymnasium which she had rigged up in the hayloft, she would catch her feet in the ropes of a trapeze and swing almost to the rafters, with her pigtails and petticoats flying. She could swing, holding on by her knees or heels, and walk a tight-rope, using a parasol for a balance. As a climax to a circus which she organized, she jumped out the hayloft window, with an umbrella for a parachute, and fractured her collarbone.

As a parson's daughter, she was a minor neighborhood scandal, but her father, a gentle man with an affection for the simpler gaieties, never rebuked her. When Dorothy was seven and the family was living in Hamburg, her mother died and the minister's oldest sister, Aunt Lizzie, came in and took charge of the household. Aunt Lizzie was white-haired and ageless. She wore a white lace collar, a black dress and a bonnet tied beneath her chin with a white organdy bow, and she had reared ten children of her own. Her discipline was as crisp as her bonnet. She insisted upon sulphur and molasses as a spring tonic, but she decorated wonderful Christmas trees and gave lots of corn-popping parties. During the reign of Aunt Lizzie, the parsonage was a happy place.

The air began to cloud up one day when the church organist, a Miss Eliza Abbott, invited the Thompson children to tea. Margaret was excited. Dorothy was skeptical and angry. She stamped her foot.

"I know what she wants," Dorothy said. "She wants father, and I won't have it. I won't let her. I've heard the big girls talking. They all say Miss Abbott is setting her cap. They say she waits so she can be the last one out of church on Sunday, so he'll have to walk home with her. Aunt Lizzie says all the unmarried ladies carry on like a lot of hussies, coming here at all hours on any old excuse just so they can

see father, but she's the worst. I won't go there. I don't want any stepmother. We've got Aunt Lizzie, haven't we?" The speech was such a memorable event in the family that it is still remembered by Margaret, who is now married and living in Chicago, and Willard, who is a New York engineer.

Dorothy's father heard her champing and called her into his study. In a few minutes she came out and said she guessed that she would go, after all. After the tea, Margaret said: "Wasn't she lovely to us? She never said a word about marrying father. You must have been wrong."

"You wait and see," replied Dorothy, a Cassandra at the age of ten.

In the following week, the Rev. Mr. Thompson broke the news. He told the children that they needed a mother and that since Aunt Lizzie was getting old and had done her share, it wasn't fair to ask her to go on. He and Eliza Abbott were going to be married; if everyone did his part, the family would go on being a happy one. Dorothy wept, but agreed to try being a dutiful stepdaughter. She promised that she would even call Eliza "mother."

Dorothy was a prim and reserved flower girl. The ladies of the congregation cooed over the bride. The scent of flowers was sweet and cloying. Margaret was ecstatic. Willard gorged on ice cream and cake, and became sick. The bridal couple were showered with rice as they left on a honeymoon.

They returned on a hot August day, and Eliza had the Ladies' Aid to tea on the front porch. The children were dressed in their Sunday clothes.

"Married two weeks," said the hostess to her guests, "and already I have a lovely family. This is my baby." She lifted Margaret onto her lap. "And this is my nice big boy." Willard smirked. "And Dorothy—Dorothy, where are you, dear?"

There was a flash of white on the parsonage lawn, followed by a stark display of petticoats and ruffled under-pants. Dorothy, who was practicing for a new circus, was standing on her head. Eliza arose and ordered her to her room. When Dorothy had gone upstairs, the minister's wife explained with

a forced smile, "The poor dears, they do need a mother; someone who is really in authority."

Eliza's brand of discipline was disconcerting to the children. Aunt Lizzie had dispensed sound justice, with spankings. Eliza said, "You must conquer children with love." She was always assuring them that she loved them as if they were her own, and this embarrassed them vaguely. Aunt Lizzie had never said anything about loving them, but they had never doubted that she did.

The stepmother would turn them over to her husband for penances. She always addressed him as "Dominie." "Dominie," she would say, leading Dorothy into the study, "she's a problem, she really is. I shall do my best for her, but I shall need your help."

The minister's help usually consisted in having Dorothy commit to memory a poem or *Bible* passage, and in coaching her in the proper delivery of the lines.

Once she memorized the whole of "Il Penseroso," and her father bragged about her feat for months. It was pleasant spending the hours in this way, and the coaching helped to make Dorothy Thompson the effective speaker that she is today. She has had no other formal training.

Aunt Lizzie stayed on a few weeks to make the transition smooth, and then packed her bags to go and live with one of her married daughters. Dorothy knelt before her and begged her to stay. "It's Eliza's home now," said Aunt Lizzie, "and you have a mother." There were no more Christmas trees after Aunt Lizzie left. Eliza said that they made the house a mess. The children, she said, should be satisfied with seeing the one which decorated the church. From family accounts, Eliza was a stepmother out of a Victorian novel.

When the first family-group photograph was being taken, there was a quarrel over the way Dorothy had arranged her hair. She had parted it on the side and swept it back close to her head in a way that she considered dashing. Her stepmother reminded her that she had a long neck and warned her that the hair-do would make the neck look even longer.

Dorothy was stubborn and refused to change it. When the plates were developed, the stepmother was proved right.

She seemed to feel that she had won a victory. Dorothy pleaded with her to hide the picture. Instead, she put it on the mantelpiece, and when there were visitors she made a point of calling their attention to the long-necked member of the family group. The child's long neck and long legs and her awkward, developing figure were frequent targets of the stepmother. She would poke fun at them before other members of the family until the victim ran to her room, crying, and slammed the door.

"If she doesn't learn to control that temper of hers, she'll come to no good end," Eliza would say.

One Christmas morning she handed Dorothy a package. It contained a baby's nursing bottle and a card saying, "Merry Christmas to a crybaby." Dorothy threw it down on the floor and fled upstairs.

Her father gasped. "Eliza, how could you do that!" he exclaimed.

"Mercy," was the reply, "can't anyone in this family take a joke? Somebody has to teach that girl to control herself, and if I don't, I don't know who will."

By way of compensation, Dorothy's sins grew in magnitude. One afternoon during a Ladies' Aid meeting at the parsonage, one of the members arrived with the news that Dorothy and a girl named Marguerite were playing slippery-slide in the lumberyard at Main and Center Streets, clad only in bathing suits. The minister's wife and Marguerite's mother, who was the recording secretary, hustled down to the lumberyard and hauled their daughters back in disgrace.

When Dorothy was going to high school in Gowanda, she would wait until she was out of sight of home and roll her stockings. The rolled-stockings craze had not yet reached Gowanda. To the other girls, Dorothy was a fearless pioneer; to the school authorities she was a problem. The principal, when Dorothy was a freshman, was a pedagogue who had recently come from a school in another county. The memories

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of his former post were still green, and his way of reprimanding his pupils was to compare them unfavorably with his old pupils.

This was resented by the Gowanda student body, but no one did anything about it until Dorothy Thompson came along.

The principal had an egg-shaped head and Dorothy had a gift for drawing. She drew a caricature of him and inscribed a verse underneath it. The theme of the verse was approximately, "If you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?" A teacher intercepted it as it was being passed around the room and turned it over to the principal. Dorothy was suspended. She was reinstated a week later, after she had apologized.

Eliza, who felt that the prank had brought shame down upon the family, delivered an ultimatum; either Dorothy went away to school or she, Eliza, would go back to her parents. The Rev. Mr. Thompson made arrangements for Dorothy to go to Chicago and to be raised by her paternal aunts, Hetty and Margaret, who lived there. Eliza explained to the Ladies' Aid that Dorothy was being sent away so she would have the benefit of "advantages."

Dorothy was twelve when she left Gowanda. She hit it off well with her aunts, and Chicago seemed a thrilling place after upstate New York. She learned to paint water colors at the Art Institute, and at the Lewis Institute, where she was sent to school, she got into a sorority, played center on the basketball team and became a debater. "All the debaters," the school reported once, "acquitted themselves like men, including Miss Thompson."

In a translation of an ode of Horace, the parson's emancipated daughter wrote:

*Hence with cold! Build high the hearth,
For youth is thine.
We must laughter have, and mirth,
Life, jest and song, with never dearth
Of Sabine wine!*

Eliza had won a battle, but Dorothy had won the war. Chicago proved to her something that she had long held as an article of instinctive faith—that the land beyond the horizon is always fairer. To this day she believes in it and it runs like a red thread through the fabric of her written philosophy. She never returned to the parsonage, except on visits. As soon as she got a chance she became an idealistic wanderer.

II

Dorothy Thompson, who thinks that young people are softer today than when she was a girl, last November expressed her impatience with them in her syndicated newspaper column, "On the Record." She wrote that college graduates who came to her for advice on how to become successful journalists took offense when she suggested that they first learn to do the menial tasks of the trade. Miss Thompson feels strongly that self-discipline and mental orderliness are essential for the interpretation of events and she thinks that such jobs as keeping files and typing copy help in developing these qualities. Most of her ambitious callers, she wrote, considered these occupations below the dignity of one who had majored in English and history.

The beginner's attitude was different when she got out of college, she said. "None of us," the columnist recalled, "believed that we were economically worth much. We took all sorts of jobs, at any wages, provided that they furnished the means of learning something in the school of life. . . . And we did not expect to achieve anything very soon." She blamed modern education rather than its products for the current distaste of apprenticeship. In her educational views, Miss Thompson is an old-line classicist, a believer in the neglected Spartan courses which make for intellectual discipline.

When another columnist criticized her for what he considered her constant minimizing of youth's problems, she snapped back at him with a letter, which he published. In

her reply, Miss Thompson stated that though she did not lack sympathy with young people, she thought that most of them had been spoiled from childhood on. They had never been taught, she stated, that a certain amount of unpleasant work must be performed by everyone. The rival columnist retorted that even unpleasant work was hard to find these days, and the argument ended there. Miss Thompson by then was busy preparing columns which purported to show that the unemployed in this country number only about four millions, instead of the commonly accepted nine to twelve millions. New Deal statisticians are still tossing this hot potato around.

In any debate on whether hardships must be undergone if one aspires to reach the stars, Miss Thompson is not backward about bringing up her own career as proof of the positive side. During her last two years in college, which were spent at Syracuse University, she earned room and board in the humble, if not the hard, way. Throughout one vacation period, the future cosmic thinker sold ice-cream cones on the boardwalk at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. During another she peddled books, door to door, in upstate New York, rolled taffy in a candy factory and waited on table at a tavern in Lake George.

After she had graduated, it was six years before she got a foothold in newspaper work and ten before she had worked up to what she considered a decent job in it. Her active days as a correspondent, which were put in abroad, bore as close a resemblance to the *Perils of Pauline* as the unsettled state of Central Europe and her own talent for self-dramatization could manage. Miss Thompson was never pushed off a cliff or dynamited in a submarine, but she got into jams that would have flustered Pauline herself.

Moreover, she made herself a personage, in competition with prime ministers, chancellors and high-born ladies. Often her very presence gave a special significance to the desultory and tarnished affairs of impoverished Austria, Hungary and Germany. The effect was similar to that of having

J. Edgar Hoover or Gene Tunney at the monthly business meeting of a boys' club.

Miss Thompson perhaps errs in considering her life typical of her day. The gods were rough with her, but they spotted her several points over her contemporaries. By the time she got to Syracuse she had changed from a willful problem child into a serious, intensely thoughtful student whose abilities plainly set her apart as a comer. Her roommate, a Brooklyn girl named Ruth Hoople, was so confident that she was breaking bread daily with genius that she invited her favorite aunt to come up and observe the phenomenon. The aunt spent a week end with the pair and listened while Dorothy addressed a student gathering on Sunday in the university church. The aunt agreed with Miss Hoople. "I think that someday she will make her mark in the world," she confided to her niece.

After that, Miss Hoople's confidence in her roommate was boundless. During senior year, Eta Pi Upsilon, an honorary society, commissioned Miss Hoople to get the words of a processional hymn written for a Woman's Day, which it proposed establishing as a campus tradition. "Don't ask us how to do it," the committee said, in effect. "Go out and scare one up somehow, and be sure it's original." That evening, while Ruth Hoople and Dorothy Thompson were studying in their room, Miss Hoople placed a pencil and sheet of paper before her roommate. Miss Thompson looked up.

"Write a Woman's Day hymn," said Miss Hoople firmly, and sat down beside her to see that she did. Several times during the next hour Miss Thompson laid down the pencil and tried to get up. Each time she was forced back into her chair by the determined Miss Hoople. In the end, she produced a hymn, "Glad is the Maytime," and it has been sung on Woman's Day ever since. Today, when they sing the hymn at reunions, Syracuse's alumnae think of Miss Thompson, who is their joint pride. No male graduate of the school has ever achieved comparable fame.

The men of the campus remember Miss Thompson as a

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girl who was dated infrequently because she had a penchant for stalling off romantic approaches with arguments on public questions. "She knew too much; a fellow felt inferior," is the way one of them puts it. It was unnerving, he says, to take a girl to a dance and have her discuss the tariff while strolling on a moonlit balcony.

Miss Thompson played guard on the women's basketball team and was a leading light of the Equal Suffrage Club. The feminist movement had caught on at Syracuse and Miss Thompson was its spearhead. She was in demand as a student orator. A few months before graduation, she was one of four seniors chosen to conduct a vesper service. She gave a talk and her subject was "Outgrowing Things." One of the things Miss Thompson had outgrown was the formal Methodism which, as a child, she had absorbed at the feet of her father, a minister. Surviving the skepticism of her college years were a belief in general Christian principles and an adherence to a conviction of her father's that life was a gift from a beneficent God. She had given up believing in the devil, but she believed that the evil which he symbolized really existed and was sold on the necessity for fighting it. Still a dualist today, she whangs away at the things she holds to be evil with an evangelistic fire that her father would have admired. And she remains passionately fond of living. She feels cramped by the limitations of an ordinary lifetime and often speculates on how nice it would be to live two or three hundred years. To someone who once asked her what epitaph she would like, she replied, "'Died of extreme old age.'"

Miss Thompson had haphazardly pointed her education toward a teaching career, but not long after she was graduated, *cum laude*, in 1914, she knew that pedagogy would be too slow and literal for one of her spirit. There were other reasons too. One was that the best teaching offer she could get was a rural post paying \$600 a year. Another was that when she took the New York state teachers' examination she flunked in English grammar. A restless person, she was more at loose ends than she had ever been

She was eager to travel in Europe and she decided that the most satisfactory way of doing it, for one who had to earn her way, was to become a newspaper correspondent. Not having the faintest idea how this was to be done, she accepted the only interesting offer of work that turned up. It was a job addressing envelopes in the Buffalo headquarters of the Woman Suffrage Party. Unimportant in itself, the job gave promise of leading to something a bit more thrilling. New York State was one of the biggest battlegrounds of the votes-for-women movement. The opposition was well organized and financed, and it had more than a century of political custom on its side. The struggle was an uneven one and the suffragists' side had just the combination of crusade and gamble that Dorothy Thompson liked. She got eight dollars a week, or about enough to eat on.

Miss Thompson soon convinced her superiors that she had talents that were going to waste and they promoted her to speaker and organizer at seventy-five dollars a month. As a speaker, she was the very figure of the valiant young feminist. She was skinny and angular and she wore a shiny blue serge suit. Her voice was not an agreeable one and her delivery was halting, but she had fervor and sincerity and a quick wit for squelching hecklers.

Stumping for suffrage consisted largely in starting arguments in public places, which was, of course, Dorothy's dish. One way was to park near a busy intersection—lady volunteers supplied and drove the cars—stand up in the tonneau beside a suffrage banner and harangue pedestrians until the police interfered. If a speaker got a chance, she took up a collection for the war chest by passing a plate. Miss Thompson excelled as an exhorter and always returned to headquarters with silver and paper money bulging the pockets of her suit.

Once she was sent to a town called Friendship to put in a word for suffrage at an Old Home Week celebration. Friendship was a strong antisuffrage village and the invitation probably had been extended to the suffragists in order to provide some extra fun for the holiday. At least it looked that way

from the greeting the speaker got. Miss Thompson arrived at the height of a street carnival. A farmer's wagon was backed up against the bandstand, and the mayor and the guest stood up in the back of it, using it for a platform.

"There's a young lady here from Buffalo——" the mayor started to say, when the band struck up a march and drowned him out. The mayor hopped to the ground, leaving the emissary of woman suffrage to face a laughing, jeering crowd.

Miss Thompson took a stance and tried to make herself heard above the noise of the band. She shouted and the leader put on more steam. She appealed to the crowd for a fair hearing, using gestures. No one paid any attention and the brassy music went on.

Directly across the street was a furniture store in whose window display was a child's blackboard mounted on an easel. Miss Thompson vaulted down off the wagon, bought the blackboard for a dollar and carried it back to the platform. Setting up the board, she began to write out her speech with a piece of chalk.

When the crowd had had time to read a paragraph, she erased it and wrote another. People began to applaud and the band stopped playing. Miss Thompson slapped the chalk dust off the front of her suit and continued orally with her speech.

The resourceful Miss Thompson was one of the best soap-boxers the suffragists had. She stumped the upstate areas, taking on all comers, like a knight with a righteous sword, sometimes alone, sometimes with a coworker who circulated in the crowd handing out leaflets. It was an ideal schooling in disputation for one whose star was directing her toward a goal where bumptiousness, backed by a nimble tongue, counted heavily. In one town an elderly woman came up after a street meeting and wrote out a substantial check which she donated for the cause. She said that she was opposed to giving women the right to vote, but that she enjoyed the show Miss Thompson put on.

Miss Thompson was a natural showman. One afternoon she was strolling through the Erie County fair with Marjorie

Shuler, a fellow speaker whose mother was a pillar of the movement in Buffalo, when they got caught up in a crowd outside a handsome tent. The tent was the headquarters of the anti-suffragists. The suffragist treasury had been too low to pay for a stand at the fair and the two girls had been talking votes-for-women outside livestock exhibits, or wherever people would listen. From a platform in front of the tent a well-dressed woman orator was forecasting terrible things for the American home if the Government permitted mothers to hang around the polls.

As the pair stood listening, in silent and futile contempt, a worker came up and asked if they cared to step inside the tent and sign an antisuffrage petition. This was too much for the thin girl in the serge suit.

She took a step backward, as if the worker were a leper, and held up her hand for attention. The orator stopped in midsentence and heads pivoted about.

"'I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,' " Miss Thompson cried, "'than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'" Since she had quoted the *Bible*, there was no answering her. She and her companion moved on, leaving behind a temporarily dented meeting.

After three years, a recurrence of the old restless feeling and the necessity for making more money took Miss Thompson out of suffrage work. She was still getting seventy-five dollars a month and had to have more in order to help her younger brother and sister through college.

In New York City she got a job writing publicity in an advertising agency at a salary of fifty dollars a week. It was a good job, but before a year was up her social beliefs had interposed and caused her to quit. Among the agency's publicity clients was the American Defense Society, which Miss Thompson considered an alien-baiting organization. She was in no mood to write broadsides for such a group.

Her next job, which took her to Cincinnati, was doing publicity and miscellaneous tasks for a social-service project, at thirty dollars a week. Despite the reduction she suffered in income, Miss Thompson was happy in Cincinnati, for a

while, anyway. Her employers were a handful of earnest sociologists who were trying out a new pattern for organizing society in a rundown section of Cincinnati. The experiment, which was called the social-unit plan, was being financed by wealthy New York sponsors. At first Miss Thompson was enthusiastic about it. In an apartment which she shared with two other girls, she had exciting times sitting up and discussing the experiment over pans of fudge. Once, after the mayor had denounced the social-unit idea as Bolshevistic, she obtained permission to address the city fathers and peeled his honor's hide off in a memorable philippic. She didn't like xenophobia any more then than she does now.

But again disillusionment set in. The more Miss Thompson saw of social service the less she approved of it. She disliked organized uplift. It was too paternalistic and it did harmful things to the beneficiaries' initiative, she thought. She felt an aversion for a process which treated people in carload lots instead of as individuals. She came to believe that it was not possible to plaster a concept of social organization down upon a community that had grown up in a certain way, however crazy and patchy.

Fed up with the Cincinnati program, Miss Thompson had herself transferred to the experiment's New York headquarters, where she continued to write publicity. While doing this work, she got tangled up in love. The details are obscure, but the situation became complicated enough to make Miss Thompson want to put an ocean between herself and New York.

She had saved up \$250, and the time seemed ripe for going to Europe and trying out her long-cherished plan for working her way around the Continent as a newspaper correspondent. The fact that she was still ignorant of the ways of journalism did not bother her. She boarded ship one day in 1920. In her luggage she had a few letters to London newspapermen, written in the usual words of guarded praise and pious hopefulness. These represented her only prospective contacts abroad. She had some relatives in England, but she would sooner have starved than ask them for help.

When the cost of her passage had been deducted, her capital amounted to \$150.

When the young adventurer walked up the gangplank, she ran head-on into the Jewish question, of whose existence she had scarcely been aware. The vessel was loaded with American Zionists who were on their way to London for an international conference, among them Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis, Felix Frankfurter and other distinguished Jews. The ship, a slow one, took twelve days to cross the Atlantic and during that time Miss Thompson, who had a gift for making friends that would be valuable to her, got acquainted with the leading figures and pumped them diligently. The Zionist movement fascinated her.

The first call she made after putting up at a London hotel was on the manager of the International News Service bureau.

"I want to cover the Zionist conference for you," she said.

He asked her qualifications.

"I know more about Zionism than anyone else," was the reply.

She reported the meetings for I. N. S. and the pay she got was the first she earned as a newspaperwoman.

After the Zionists had packed up and gone home, Miss Thompson was once more an unemployed free lance. Her money dwindled. She turned to writing impressionistic sketches of London and sending them to editors. The *Star* and the *Westminster Gazette* bought a few, paying her five guineas apiece, which was a rather good price in England. Meanwhile she was making friends among the Fleet Street newspapermen, who found her both charming and intelligent. Some of them undertook to instruct her in the tricks of her chosen trade, of which she knew next to nothing, and, more important for her, they occasionally gave her tips on where news might be expected to arise. Largely through these tips, Dorothy Thompson began to achieve a small reputation as a correspondent who managed to be on hand when revolutions and uprisings were getting under way. The poorly organized state of the American press' foreign staffs

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also worked in her favor. Though the news services had been strengthened since the World War, the coverage was still far from adequate. Competent free lances were welcomed by shorthanded bureau managers.

At luncheon one day in the summer of 1920, Norman Ewer, of the *Daily Herald*, advised Miss Thompson to drop over to Ireland, where the Sinn Fein troubles were approaching a crisis. She got to Dublin on the day Archbishop Daniel Mannix, of Australia, who had been making Sinn Fein speeches in America, tried to land in Ireland in defiance of a British order barring him from his homeland. The churchman was arrested and taken to England, and all Ireland was in commotion.

Miss Thompson's luck was incredible. She had long talks with Terence MacSwiney, the Lord Mayor of Cork, and half a dozen other leaders of the Sinn Fein rebellion. The gathering storm seemed to follow at her heels. One by one, the men the correspondent interviewed were thrown into jail; in MacSwiney's case, an hour after she had left his office. No reporter ever talked to MacSwiney again. In his cell he began the hunger strike which ended in his death after seventy-four days.

Instead of running to the nearest cable office and filing the Lord Mayor's farewell interview, Miss Thompson returned to London without realizing that her pockets were crammed with the biggest news stories of the day. When she called at the I. N. S. bureau to report, the manager said: "Sit down at a typewriter, girl, and write out those notes." That is how Lord Mayor MacSwiney's last message reached the outside world.

The fees she got for the Sinn Fein interviews enabled Miss Thompson to get to Paris. Steady newspaper jobs were as scarce there as in London. One evening while taking a walk, she met a man named Joe Schlossberg, whom she had known in New York. Schlossberg, an organizer for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, told her about big-scale labor disorders which were about to start in Italy, and Miss Thompson headed for Milan. She got there as the metal

workers' lockout was beginning. All over Italy the birth pains of the Fascist march on Rome, which was less than two years off, were being felt. Fascist and Communist bands skirmished with one another on the streets of the large cities.

Letters to Italian labor leaders, written by Schlossberg, opened many doors to Miss Thompson and she got a good inside story on the strike. But censorship prevented her from getting it on the wire and a railroad strike kept her in Milan. She stood several hours in a downpour of rain, taking notes on a speech, and caught what she thought was a heavy cold. That night, unable to get accommodations in Milan's overcrowded large hotels, she slept in her soaked clothing atop a dining table in a cheap hostelry on the outskirts of town.

In the morning she caught one of the few trains that ran that day and got to Vienna, where she told her story on the strike to the local I. N. S. man. Then she collapsed and was laid up for more than a month with pneumonia. While she was recuperating in Vienna, a cablegram addressed to her was gathering dust in the mailbox of a friend back in Paris. It told of the death of her father in his upstate New York parsonage. The Rev. Peter Thompson, preacher of the Wesleyan gospel, had died while his daughter, who had been a child runaway, was covering a labor revolution in Milan. Not until she had returned to Paris and held the cablegram in her fingers did Dorothy Thompson realize how far her pursuit of the horizon had taken her from the parsonage.

She next turned to a part-time job writing publicity at American Red Cross headquarters, at a cent a line. There were thirty typewritten lines to a page, and by allowing a generous margin a fast writer could make out middling well. Scores of self-exiled Americans, sampling postwar life on the Left Bank, were earning their cognac money in this way. To Miss Thompson, whose savings had been exhausted by medical expenses, the wage meant a bare living. It was too bare to be satisfactory for one with her healthy appetite and, in an effort to increase her income, she wrote articles on phases of Paris life which aroused her interest. Then, as now, her sympathies were caught by the hardships faced by human be-

ings who had been uprooted from their homes. Hundreds of Russian aristocrats had fled to Paris to escape death in the Red Revolution. A former general was driving a taxicab, two sisters who had been St. Petersburg beauties had sold their jewels and opened a restaurant. Noblemen were working as doormen and waiters. Other refugees were slowly starving in genteel fashion. Miss Thompson wrote an article about them and left it with an assistant manager of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* bureau. When the manager, Wythe Williams, returned from lunch, his assistant handed him the manuscript, saying that he had read it and found it pretty good.

Williams glanced over it and said, "Pretty good? It's damned good. Who is this Dorothy Thompson?"

The other man said that she was an American whom he had met several times at Left Bank parties and who wanted to be a correspondents. Williams, who was still glowing from his luncheon wine, ordered her paid more than the usual space rates. Years passed before he learned that his liberality had been the means of appeasing an impatient landlady.

Through his assistant, Williams bought other pieces submitted by the industrious free lance. He did not see her face to face until one afternoon when she walked past the receptionist and burst into his office.

"You haven't got a correspondent in Vienna," the visitor said accusingly.

Williams replied that his Berlin man kept an eye on Vienna, and he didn't need one.

"You ought to send me there," Miss Thompson argued, and went into a discussion of the Austrian political situation. Williams was impressed by her knowledge of Central European affairs, but said that his budget prevented him from stationing her or anyone else in Vienna.

By combining her Red Cross and *Public Ledger* connections, Miss Thompson got to Central Europe anyway. Events, as usual, helped to shape her course. Back in the United States, sentiment was growing for the withdrawal of

the Red Cross from Europe. Officials in Paris felt that this was due to ignorance of the rehabilitation work which was being done in the defeated countries. They resolved to publicize the work of Capt. James G. Pedlow, a Red Cross man who was doing an excellent job in Austria and Hungary, and Miss Thompson obtained the assignment. That took care of her transportation and gave her a penny-a-line subsistence allowance. Before leaving Paris, she made a deal with the *Public Ledger* bureau to send back, at space rates, any news stories she was able to pick up.

In selecting Central Europe as her field, Miss Thompson acted wisely. Paris was no longer the center of action. The treaties had been signed and the delegates had gone home. The European focus had swung eastward and the bitter fruit of the treaties was already sprouting in Germany, the truncated Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Balkans. Throughout this area, authority had broken down and the pattern of civil life had been shattered. Riots and disorders were everyday occurrences.

Big news, in the form of the first Karlist *Putsch*, broke on the day in March, 1921, that Dorothy Thompson arrived in Vienna. It went on developing at such a rate that her Red Cross publicity work fast shrank into a side line.

Through the Red Cross, however, Miss Thompson was able to gain entree into the homes and offices of influential aristocrats and public personages, who were the best news sources. Captain Pedlow, an amiable Ulsterman, took a paternal interest in her and saw that she was introduced around. Miss Thompson did the rest. She had an open, guileless face and a disarming way of blurting out questions that an ordinarily cautious correspondent would have led up to crabwise. Officials who were accustomed to fencing with journalists found themselves answering her directly out of sheer surprise and giving out information that they ought to have kept to themselves. Pedlow nicknamed his ward "Angel Face."

Miss Thompson obtained her first important exclusive story through Pedlow. Seven months after the failure of the

first *Putsch*, ex-Emperor Karl tried once more to regain his throne. This time he made a secret airplane trip from Switzerland and led a small force in an assault on Budapest. Advance information on the flight had come to M. W. Fodor, the noted Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. Fodor, who was tutoring Miss Thompson in reporting and had a news-sharing alliance with her, dispatched her to Budapest on the eve of the *Putsch*.

Beaten off by the troops of Regent Horthy, Karl fled to the castle of Count Johann Esterhazy at Tata Varos, near Budapest, and the ace correspondents in Europe converged there. None could get inside for an interview. Karl's troops surrounded the castle. Horthy's soldiers were in command of the village, ready to thwart any attempt to smuggle out the former emperor.

Miss Thompson had had enough experience with bureaucrats to know that it would be useless to apply for a pass into the castle. Whoever got in, obviously would have to do so illegally. She cornered Pedlow at his hotel and began badgering him. Reluctantly he corroborated a report she had heard that the ex-Empress Zita had come to her husband's side, in spite of the fact that she was pregnant with her eighth child. He admitted that it was probably true, as Miss Thompson suggested, that he, as a representative of the American Red Cross, was one of the few persons in Hungary who could gain entrance to the castle without a pass.

"All right," argued Miss Thompson; "the empress needs medical attention. I need an interview with Karl. You are going to visit the castle and take me along as your medical assistant."

Pedlow scowled. "What do you think I am?" he asked.

"A romantic Irishman with a sense of adventure," was the reply.

An hour later, seated alongside Pedlow in his official car, Dorothy Thompson rolled past a knot of worried reporters and through the castle gates.

Inside the castle, Karl presided over a small court which was made up mostly of members of his cabinet. Royal eti-

quette was maintained as faithfully as if the castle were the Schönbrunn. It was relaxed when the visitors were ushered in, because they were the first to arrive with news of what was going on outside the castle walls. Karl, the royal prisoner, granted an interview, and like MacSwiney's, it was his last. In a few weeks he was exiled to Madeira, where he died a few months later. Zita also talked with Miss Thompson and, as the reporter was leaving, entrusted a note to her for delivery to her eldest son, Otto, who was in Paris. Scratched in German on a slip of paper, the note read: "All well. Don't be anxious. Mamma." Otto is the young Hapsburg pretender who recently came to the United States "to study democracy."

Censorship had shut off communication by mail and wire, but Miss Thompson had anticipated the obstacle. She sealed her interviews and the royal message in an envelope and handed it to the sleeping-car conductor on the Orient Express. By prearrangement, Fodor met the conductor in the railroad station in Vienna and got the envelope. He turned Zita's note over to the British embassy for delivery to Otto, and relayed the interviews, by wire, to the *Guardian* and to the *Public Ledger* bureau in Paris. Miss Thompson had come through with one of the most important exclusive stories since the Peace Conference.

Her reward was an appointment as full-time Vienna correspondent for the *Ledger* at a straight salary of fifty dollars a week. There was a certain humor in the reward, as she had been making more money at space rates, but she accepted it with a feeling of relief. It was the first regular job she had got since she had come to Europe.

Raises and adventure came steadily after that. Miss Thompson dropped down to the Balkans and covered the marriage of King Alexander of Yugoslavia to Princess Marie of Rumania. In Sofia, she ran into the Stambuliski riots and got out on a balcony of the Palace Hotel to obtain a better view of the street fighting. A machine gunner, stationed across the avenue, spotted her and began peppering the balcony with slugs, apparently mistaking her for a member of

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the government party, which had taken refuge in the hotel. Miss Thompson, who had a peculiar inner confidence that nothing could harm her, kept observing and jotting down notes. A waiter reached out the door and dragged her inside by the hair.

"Are you crazy?" he asked in the lame way of men the world over when confronted with feminine recklessness.

The uncertainty of a correspondent's life was a continuing delight. At the Vienna opera one night, Miss Thompson overheard an occupant of an adjoining box remark that trouble was imminent in Poland. During the entr'acte she threw a wrap over her bare shoulders and hurried out to the central telegraph office, which was near the opera. Fodor had already got there and was watching the Warsaw ticker.

"There is a revolution in Poland," he said. "Pilsudski is marching on Warsaw."

"I'll take it," Miss Thompson said.

The last train for Warsaw was scheduled to leave in an hour. Miss Thompson telephoned to her maid and instructed her to be at the train with a packed valise. Her handbag contained only a few dollars and she needed a sizable sum for expenses. Canvassing her friends by telephone, she located one who was able to lend her \$500. The friend was Dr. Sigmund Freud, the psychoanalyst.

What a psychoanalyst, even as eminent a one as Doctor Freud, was doing with \$500 lying around the house at night has never been explained. Possibly, another psychoanalyst might know the answer.

En route to the revolution, Miss Thompson changed from evening dress to tweeds and sat up all night with other trouble-shooting correspondents, among them Karl Decker and Floyd Gibbons, smoking and discussing politics. The disruption of service caused by the revolution made progress tedious after the frontier had been crossed. Around seven o'clock the next evening the crew halted the train at a village ninety kilometers out of Warsaw and refused to proceed. The tracks were mined, the engineer said.

The village offered a discouraging set of automobiles for

hire. Mostly they were Model-T Fords in wretched condition. There was one Fiat, and Gibbons and Decker chivalrously turned it over to their feminine associate and drove off in a shabby Model-T sedan. An Italian diplomat whom Miss Thompson had met on the train got in the Fiat with her and together they haggled with the driver over price. When he set his fee at sixty dollars per passenger, they got out and hired a Ford station wagon at half that price. Miss Thompson knew better than to strew her expense money around carelessly so early in the revolution. As things turned out, her penuriousness probably saved her from being killed.

Through a black night, with headlights dimmed, the station wagon bumped along toward Warsaw. The driver, afraid of meeting up with scouting parties, avoided the main highways and felt his way over rutted back roads and across fields. Nine kilometers from the capital, he stopped the Ford and declared that he would go no farther. Near Warsaw, he said, the roads were being machine-gunned. His fares could walk the rest of the way.

The passengers got out, luggage in hand, and began trudging toward the capital in the chilly, predawn darkness. Staying away from roads, they stumbled through woods and swamps, sometimes in mud up to their ankles. Miss Thompson was wearing high-heeled shoes. The Italian had a cold and he had bundled his throat in a yellow Chinese silk muffler which his companion had lent him.

On arriving in Warsaw, the pair separated. Miss Thompson headed for the Hotel Europa, where she had agreed to meet Gibbons. When she got there, she found it guarded by troops, who refused to let her in. A park which separated the hotel from the palace bristled with machine guns, and bodies littered the streets and sidewalks. Miss Thompson picked her way around the bodies and set out for the American embassy on foot. The gunfire, she noticed irrelevantly, had torn shreds off a poster of Gloria Swanson which hung outside a cinema.

Gibbons was already at the embassy. "My God," he exclaimed, "can you really be alive?" Miss Thompson's melo-

dramatic exploits have long caused men to invoke the Deity as a witness to their stupefaction.

Gibbons and the ambassador had been composing a message to the State Department reporting her as missing and probably dead. Gibbons explained to her that he and Decker had had to walk in part of the way too. Gibbons had strapped his big wardrobe trunk atop the Ford sedan and the overbalanced car had skidded into a ditch in the outskirts of Warsaw. On the hike into the city, the correspondents had seen the Fiat, abandoned and perforated with bullets. They were sure that Miss Thompson had been slain.

The censorship lid had been clamped down tight in the capital. On a hunch that the slow-thinking bureaucrats had not yet extended it to the hinterlands, Miss Thompson hired another automobile and had herself driven to a village about ten kilometers away. Her hunch was sound. The local telegraph operator accepted her copy and tapped it out with his key. It went through without interference.

Being a woman had its disadvantages in the rough and tumble of foreign news gathering, but for Miss Thompson it had one advantage which outweighed them. She had an exceptional talent for drawing celebrities to herself, and as soon as she got settled in her Vienna post, her apartment became one of the most popular salons in the capital. To her dinners flocked diplomats, adventurers, spies, radicals, writers, dispossessed nobles, refugees and others who lived, as she did, on the rim of events. The inside gossip of Europe flowed across her table. A news lead which a male correspondent might spend days in digging out of tight lipped officeholders would be Miss Thompson's for a plate of goulash, a drink and a diverting evening. Good food and good companionship were scarce, and the guests were grateful. Besides, although she was an American, she seemed to be one of them, and she was, at heart. Entranced by Vienna, she had plunged without reservation into its life stream.

One of the most brilliant talkers at her parties was Josef Bard, a Hungarian Jewish intellectual who wrote undistin-

guished novels and abstruse articles on philosophy. Bard was handsome and a much-sought-for catch among upper-class Viennese young women. In the spring of 1923, when Miss Thompson was twenty-eight, she was married to Bard. Both went on with their work and when, in 1924, Miss Thompson was promoted to managership of the *Public Ledger* bureau in Berlin, her husband, household and salon went along with her. In a few years the marriage foundered: according to friends of the pair, upon a clash of concepts in their marriage. Miss Thompson's ideas on the subject had for their background the Methodist parsonage in which she had been reared; Bard's had grown in the sophisticated atmosphere of bohemian Budapest.

With her usual bounce, Miss Thompson set about recovering her equilibrium from the effects of the debacle. She had saved up \$3000 and she made up her mind that she would quit her job and go around the world sounding out the leading thinkers of each country on the subject of the existence of God. A belief that had survived throughout the history of the human race seemed to her to be worthy of a competent, up-to-date investigation. Unfortunately for theological letters, the project never came off. Events were about to shape Miss Thompson's life again.

Her divorce decree arrived from Budapest on July 9, 1927. She was thirty-three that day. Before leaving home, she made arrangements for a birthday supper to be held in her apartment in the evening, and invited Michael Károlyi, the ex-president of the Hungarian republic, and some of her fellow correspondents. In the afternoon she went to the weekly press conference at the Foreign Office. Foreign Minister Stresemann had a custom of serving tea to the correspondents, and one of them, H. R. Knickerbocker, had brought along Sinclair Lewis as a guest. The novelist, following the smash-up of his own first marriage, was carrying in Berlin for a few days in the course of a European tour.

When Lewis spied Miss Thompson, his tour plans were promptly abandoned. He pestered Knickerbocker for an in-

troduction and got it. Knickerbocker, who had been invited to the birthday party, took Miss Thompson aside and got her permission to bring Lewis along.

Thus began one of the strangest of courtships. During the supper, Lewis' eyes hardly left his hostess, and after the table had been cleared he maneuvered her into a corner and asked point-blank whether she would marry him.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I want to build a lovely house in Vermont and you are the only person I ever met that I wanted to share it with," Lewis replied.

"That isn't a good enough reason, but thank you very much—especially for asking on this particular day," Miss Thompson said.

"Why?" asked Lewis.

She told him about her birthday and the divorce papers. Lewis said that his own divorce was not final as yet, but added, "I'm going to propose to you every time I see you, from now on, in public and in private."

Two days later his publisher arrived in Berlin and gave a public dinner in Lewis' honor. Lewis insisted that Miss Thompson attend too. When called upon for a speech, the novelist arose and, ignoring everyone else, faced her.

"Dorothy," he said, "will you marry me?"

That was all there was to the speech.

A wild chase began. Rioting broke out in Vienna a few days later and Miss Thompson left for Tempelhof airdrome to charter an airplane. Lewis, getting wind of her departure, taxicabbed after her. He hated airplanes and had never ridden in one, but he jumped in alongside her. "Marry me, Dorothy, will you?" he asked. Frances Gunther, the wife of John Gunther, who had come to see Miss Thompson off, was pressed into service as a chaperon, and the ship took off with Lewis grimly holding on to the armrests.

A low-hanging fog made visibility almost zero and for a couple of hours the plane yawed and groaned over roofs and treetops, then turned back to Tempelhof to wait for better weather. Lewis' normally ruddy face showed signs of pale-

ness, but he was aboard when the plane departed again. At the Vienna airport Miss Thompson bolted away in a cab and Lewis pursued her in another.

During the week the disorders lasted Lewis proposed several times a day. Miss Thompson told him that she would consider his request if he wrote his own impressions of the riots for the *Public Ledger* syndicate. He did, at space rates.

In the fall, Miss Thompson slipped out of Berlin and flew to Moscow to cover the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. The love-and-air-sick novelist flew after her. Lewis, whose interest in the Russian experiment was nil, was nevertheless rated a great man in the Soviet Union, where his novels were widely read in translation. News of his flight had preceded him and a delegation of notables met him at the air field with a brass band.

The band played a welcoming hymn. The chairman of the committee delivered an address of greeting. Then, perhaps in the hope of evoking a plug for the anniversary, he asked the author why he had come to Moscow.

"To see Dorothy," was the reply.

The chairman, puzzled, asked him again.

"Dorothy," Lewis explained, "just Dorothy."

During the celebration the Russians never did get to understand Lewis, and he wasn't interested in understanding them. But the trip was a success for him. He got in dozens of proposals in Red Square when the tanks passing in review weren't making too much noise.

In March, 1928, Miss Thompson gave up her job in Berlin to devote herself to her marriage to Lewis in the Savoy Chapel, in London. For a honeymoon, they toured the English countryside in an automobile trailer which Lewis had bought in a moment of whimsy. Trailers were an American oddity at the time, and everywhere the honeymooners went they aroused the curiosity of the simple natives.

Afterward, they lived a holterskelter life. Lewis bought a farm in Vermont and a house in Bronxville, and when they weren't living in one of these places they were traveling about Europe. Dorothy bore a son, Michael, who, in the

fullness of time, learned to defeat her in argument, which is more than anyone else has ever succeeded in doing, and to put castor oil in her company cocktail shaker.

As hosts, the Lewises were famous. Lewis, who had a genius for mimicry, could carry off party entertainment singlehanded, and his wife shone in devising perfect guest lists and presiding over social discussions. Around Christmas, 1932, when they were living in Semmering, near Vienna, they reserved a wing of a hotel and assembled twenty selected guests from all over the Continent. The international party went on for a week and is remembered by those who participated in it as a high mark in sustained flings.

Lewis continued producing novels and his wife wrote magazine articles on European politics. The question of which one influenced the other the more is a familiar topic of debate in literary circles. Much of the background material for *Ann Vickers* came from Miss Thompson's social-service labors in Cincinnati, and she is credited with inspiring her husband to write *It Can't Happen Here*, by arousing him to the menace of Fascism. Lewis is said to have helped to iron many of the rough spots out of his wife's writing style and to have stimulated her imagination with the alert, pungent comment on life for which he is noted.

Their breakfast-table conversations were the delight of their guests, and after Dorothy became a columnist she reported the substance of some of the talks under the heading, "Conversations With the Grouse." Lewis was the Grouse. A few years ago, when an old friend congratulated her on the progress she had made as a writer, she replied: "No one can live with Sinclair Lewis for ten years without being educated."

Lewis was his wife's staunchest fan. Afraid that people would think of her simply as the wife of a great novelist, he was at pains to tell them that she was the greatest journalist on earth. Once, at a banquet at which Theodore Dreiser was present, Lewis publicly accused Dreiser of appropriating passages from a book which Dorothy had written on Russia. When the banquet was over, Dreiser walked up to Lewis and slapped him. Lewis tried to mix it, but was pinioned by

other guests. Dreiser subsequently explained that if there was any similarity between his report on Russia and Mrs. Lewis', it was because both authors had had access to the same source material, but Lewis never believed it.

The Lewis partnership would have delighted the late Prof. William Graham Sumner, of Yale, who defined marriage as "a status of antagonistic co-operation." Friends of the pair were amazed that the union of two such dynamic *prima donas* held together at all. Lewis was sensitive, flamboyant, suspicious and explosive. Rebecca West, on first meeting him, remarked that his conversation was "wonderful," but added: "After five solid hours of it, I ceased to look upon him as a human being. I could think of him only as a great natural force, like the aurora borealis." Most persons who had listened while Lewis' wife descanted on international affairs felt the same way about her. It seemed inevitable that the pact would suddenly fly apart one day from the force of internal pressure, and it did.

It is difficult to assign exact reasons for it, but the trouble may have begun in embryo as far back as 1930, when Lewis won the Nobel Prize for literature. The award seemed to make him conscious for the first time that he was a person of world-wide prominence. He talked about the prize constantly and acted as pleased as a child when anyone else brought the subject up. When a brusque doorman refused to admit Lewis and a male drinking companion to the 21 Club, in 1932, the novelist plumped down on the curbstone.

"What's the use of winning the Nobel Prize if it doesn't get you into speak-easies?" he complained gloomily.

Meanwhile Dorothy's writings were bringing her more and more acclaim, and after she had turned into a columnist and oracle, she was less frequently referred to as the wife of Sinclair Lewis. The Nobel Prize winner took unkindly to being put in the shade. Always an eccentric socially, he became moody at parties and sometimes went to sleep in the guest room before they were over. If he stayed on, he was more often in a lampooning, than an entertaining, mood.

At a party which the Lewises gave, Dorothy and a group

of other political sages held the center of attention for hours, taking turns in analyzing the world situation and recalling prophecies of theirs that had been fulfilled. Neglected, Lewis sat on the outer edge of the circle, moodily clicking the ice in his highball glass. For a moment there was a lull in the talk. Lewis cleared his throat and remarked hopefully, "I wrote a book once."

The Lewises live apart now, but are on cordial terms and often dine together when their paths meet. The Bronxville house, among whose garden decorations are a pair of bronze cobras and a one-pound cannon, is under lease. Both use the Vermont farm and Miss Thompson has her own Manhattan apartment. Michael, who is now ten, is in school in Arizona. The Grouse still appears from time to time in "On the Record." He isn't Lewis any more, but a literary alter ego of Miss Thompson's.

For several years Lewis has been stage-struck and he has appeared as an actor in a few productions, with indifferent results. Recently, he gave joyous expression to his love of the theater in a new novel, *Bethel Merriday*.

As for Miss Thompson, four years of success as a commentator have brought on a new restlessness, and those who know her well look for her to break away from columning soon and seek prestige in some other line. What it will be, none is able to say. A London columnist once solemnly suggested that she might be the Republican nominee for President next fall, a statement which led Lewis to remark, "Fine, and I'll write a column called 'My Day.'"

A few intimates, who admire Miss Thompson's oratorical style, think that she ought to run for United States senator from Vermont. But the placid Vermonters, who are unable to understand either of the pyrotechnical Lewises, probably would prefer a safer candidate. A post in the Cabinet, if the Republicans win, is another suggestion, but no President who wanted to remain quarterback would think of admitting as dominant a star as Miss Thompson to his backfield.

In public service, only the possibility of diplomacy remains,

and ample precedent for the appointment of a woman has been set. Here, indeed, is an inviting field for speculation. Miss Dorothy Thompson, presenting her credentials at the Court of St. Adolf's—there would be a picture for History to paint.

THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS

By TOM WALLACE

THE conductor, after taking up my ticket, leaned over and whispered to me, indicating a man whose hair, as I now recall it, was perfectly white, "Henry Watterson."

Although the famous editor of the *Courier-Journal* was his daily passenger between Louisville and Jeffersontown, the conductor of the train was just as much interested as he expected me, a country boy, to be.

Henry Watterson did not, as many celebrities do, become commonplace to persons who saw him often and who knew him well.

It was in 1896, when Mr. Watterson was fifty-six years old, that I had my first view of him. He was intently reading newspapers. He read several in the course of a half hour's ride, and I felt that I could look at him at leisure without fear of his noticing my scrutiny.

I didn't know then that he was so nearsighted that anyone could look at him from the breadth of a passenger coach without attracting his attention, even when he was not reading.

He lost an eye at school—a playmate's dart, I believe, destroyed it. He used his one eye with such nervous energy that it is marvelous that it lasted him throughout his long life.

That I should ever become acquainted with Henry Watterson did not then occur to me. Nor did it occur to me, some years later, when I applied for a chance as a cub reporter on the *Courier-Journal*.

Many men worked upon the *Courier-Journal* without any contact with the editor. That was due much less to Mr. Wat-

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tersson's attitude toward people in the newsroom than to their attitude toward him. They gave greatness a wide berth, in most cases, upon the assumption that in doing so they were doing what was expected of them. And as Mr. Watterson couldn't tell a reporter from a porter at a distance of ten feet, his obliviousness to the presence of the small fry was, by many, mistaken for an indication of his not desiring acquaintance with the relatively unimportant.

Even at arm's length he often recognized voices rather than faces. I recall that when I had been on a trip around the world, in 1908, after some years' service as an editorial writer for the *Courier-Journal* and personal acquaintance with the chief, I walked up to him in the counting room, tapped him upon the shoulder and extended my hand in greeting. He looked at me blankly until I spoke; and then, with an expression of sorrow which was painful to witness, he said, simply: "My poor blind eyes."

I realized the magnitude of my error in tactlessly trying to surprise him by appearing before him, instead of speaking before trying to attract his attention otherwise.

I have never known anyone to whom an affliction was so constantly a knife thrust as it was to Henry Watterson. His extreme sensitiveness about his lost eye manifested itself in many ways.

In review of a play in which Ethel Barrymore, then a somewhat plump young matron, played the role of the young girl, I mentioned what I considered her physical unsuitability to the role. I was called upon the carpet by Mr. Watterson, and heard a dissertation upon the cruelty of comment upon "any physical peculiarity or affliction" which almost brought me to tears, not as a reprimanded subordinate but as a human being who had wounded a bystander with a bullet fired at another person.

I did not get the job of cub on the *Courier-Journal*, and it was not until I came to that newspaper as an editorial writer, after a varied experience upon several papers, that I again saw the man whom the railroad conductor pointed out to me.

My first meeting with Mr. Watterson was upon his motion.

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He sought my acquaintance with the directness and vigor which characterized him.

As the rawest recruit upon the editorial page, the work of exchange editor fell to me. I was expected to read the exchanges and to find time in which to write headed editorials and paragraphs.

The *Courier-Journal* had at that time seven reporters and six editorial writers. Henry Watterson wrote when, where and as he liked. He wanted at least three columns of editorials in the paper every day; and for reasons I was never able to fathom, he liked his own editorials surrounded by plenty of others, which broadened the space, sometimes, to four or five columns.

He wanted creditable editorials when he was not writing. He was willing to try almost anyone who thought he could write, and likely to retain anyone who could write, without bothering about accumulating more writers than his paper actually needed.

But I did not apply to him for a berth, and he did not know of my existence, when Harrison Robertson, then his associate editor, afterward his successor, employed me. Mr. Robertson said Mr. Watterson had told him he wanted the point of view of youth on the page, to give it variety. I was excellently equipped—with youth.

My office was a cubbyhole next to the telephone exchange of the *Courier-Journal* and the *Times*, and separated from the exchange by a partition only about five feet high. My task was to read a mountain of exchanges within four feet of the buxom widow who ran the telephone exchange and whose voice could have been heard by most of the subscribers if she had leaned out of the window and talked to them without the wire. A charming woman, but vigorous vocally.

The exchange editor was expected to discover and clip any reference to Henry Watterson in any newspaper which came to the exchange desk. In those days we exchanged with papers in such cities as Bangkok, Auckland, Batavia, Sydney, Bombay, Singapore, with American papers of all degrees of importance, and many European ones.

I was much more interested in writing editorials than in finding references to Henry Watterson, and by hammering my typewriter I could annoy the lady at the exchange and even scores with her, more or less.

One day Mr. Watterson, in his shirt sleeves, without a collar, his suspenders off his shoulders and hanging upon his hips, his immaculate white-pleated-bosom "biled" shirt open at the neck and down toward the waistline—for it was all on a summer's day—was catapulted into my "office" by a pair of short but dynamic legs.

Why he didn't send for me—since that could have been done without his knowing my name—I don't know. He landed upon me, and in a voice compared with which the widow's across the partition was a whisper, he said: "Young man, you are the worst exchange editor the *Courier-Journal* ever had."

Conscious of guilt as exchange editor, but inordinately proud of being a writer for Mr. Watterson's columns, and young enough not to think of consequences, I replied: "I believe you are right, Mr. Watterson, and I should like to get off of the exchange desk, so I could devote more of my time to writing."

"Writing?" thundered Marse Henry. "What do you write and where do you publish it?"

"I write about a column of editorial matter every day and I publish it next to yours. Sometimes it is mistaken for yours, and then, if I see it, I clip it and it comes to your desk," I said, my dignity affronted as only the dignity of youth can be affronted.

"Oh, you're the young man Robertson told me about," replied Mr. Watterson, without the slightest indication of resentment of my bumptious response. "Well, we'll see if anything can be done. In the meantime, see if you can't read my name when it comes under your eye."

Not long afterward I was summoned to Mr. Watterson's office and he told me that I was to "do amusements"—his invariable expression for reviewing plays—in connection with editorial writing. The dramatic editor was leaving the paper

to go to New York. Mr. Watterson always selected the dramatic editor personally. The theaters he called his department.

"As amusements editor," he said, "you will have to associate with me somewhat intimately. It will not hurt your intellect, but it may destroy your morals. Now go about your business; and if you aren't a better amusement editor than you are an exchange editor, I shall have you taken down to the wharf and dropped into the river."

The various men who served as dramatic editor of the *Courier-Journal* under Henry Watterson had their difficulties if they had—and nearly all of them did have—pride in their work.

One of them, Harrison Robertson, was discharged because he declined to praise a bad play in which was an actor who was an especial friend of Henry Watterson. A majority of actors were his especial friends, or especial friends of his especial friends. When Mr. Watterson was in a relenting mood, Mr. Robertson was called again to the dramatic desk. In the meantime he had continued his work as a columnist.

One dramatic editor never said an unkind word about any play or actor, and got along famously with Mr. Watterson and with Marse Henry's bosom friend, John T. Macauley, owner and manager of the leading theater in Louisville. But he tripped as editor of a section of the Sunday paper in which a beauty contest was running. Amid maidens presented as examples of feminine loveliness appeared a beauty whose name did not identify her to members of representative families. When it was found that she was an inmate of an establishment in the more or less segregated quarter of Louisville, the dramatic-beauty-contest editor was discharged.

He was charged with having devoted the paper, deliberately, to base uses. He swore that he was guilty of nothing but ignorance, but it did not save him from the wrath of the president of the *Courier-Journal*, Bruce Haldeman, who, although he had not done the hiring, did, with a will, the firing.

Marse Henry let the storm blow itself out and quietly procured, through his friend, Marc Klaw, a position in New York for the outcast. I think the incident netted him about sixty-five dollars a week increase in salary and the pleasure of living in New York and doing work that was to his liking.

Mr. Watterson's instructions to me, as dramatic editor, were in these words:

"Bear in mind that actors and actresses are men and women trying, as earnestly as you are trying, to earn a livelihood and the good opinion of others. Try to tell your readers what the play is like without using your pen smartly to make women shed tears and cause striving men to feel that they are subjected to ridicule for the glorification of the critic. Try to be generous rather than to be brilliant at the expense of persons whose self-love is great and who are easily wounded. I do not like the ipse dixit of the critic, who, as a rule, does not know more than the actor about how the role should be acted, or more than the producer about how the play should be staged, or more than the author about how it should be written. Don't be a gusher, but avoid brutality."

I tried to follow his instructions, trying at the same time to express myself sincerely. Not infrequently I was in the black books of Mr. Macauley because my reviews were unfavorable, or insufficiently favorable, from his point of view, and as a result I was in terror of Marse Henry.

Once when I entered his office, in response to a summons, he presented a spectacle of rage rampant.

Employing an epithet now much used by novelists, but then not seen in print, Mr. Watterson declared that the epitheted individual had tried to injure John Macauley.

I was puzzled as to what my procedure should be. To offer to resent an affront from such a source with physical violence seemed out of place. To accept insult seemed out of the question.

"Mr. Watterson," I said, "if you are referring to me, I write about plays honestly and, I think, temperately. I don't write about Mr. Macauley at all."

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"Oh, I don't mean you!" he roared. "I want you to send the managing editor to me. I want to know why this article was in the paper."

He pointed to a signed article upon the history of the theater in Louisville—a Sunday feature, in newspaper vernacular.

I clicked my heels, told him I would fetch the managing editor, went from his office to the local-room files, read the article and saw that the feature writer had—quite innocently, for he was a new man—given Barney Macauley credit for something his brother, John Macauley, had done.

I then looked up the managing editor and warned him of the nature of his predicament. To my surprise, he smiled confidently, and said, starting toward Mr. Watterson's office: "Come along."

"The man who wrote that article was fired when that section came from the press, Mr. Watterson," said the managing editor as soon as he poked his head in the door. He mentioned the culprit's name.

"He deserved it," replied Marse Henry, but his anger seemed to have subsided. "He certainly deserved it," he said, as if he were saying it because, in his heart, he regretted that the young man had not been merely reprimanded.

"He was fired—for having got drunk," said the managing editor to me, with a grin, as we walked downstairs. "I have to fire him occasionally for getting drunk. When he sobers up, I employ him."

Not long afterward, the writer's name appeared again in the feature section. If Mr. Watterson noticed it, he didn't mention it.

His resentment of errors of his staff was sometimes violent, but usually he was lenient at arm's length. He disliked being disagreeable. Upon one occasion the sporting editor—nowadays "sports editor" is the term—Billy Douglas, sat in for the telegraph editor. The night editor was absent and the paper went to press with a front-page story, which had come from somewhere about midnight, in which it was stated that the distillers of Kentucky and other states were getting up a large

campaign fund for the Democrats, under the leadership of Henry Watterson. To the sporting editor, that seemed laudable, and he played the story for all that he thought it was worth.

Mr. Watterson wrote a blazing editorial in which he denied that he was soliciting contributions to a slush fund, and declared that the news editor who had permitted the slander to get in his paper was a journeyman who had been wrongly entrusted with, and had been unequal to the requirements of, the function he discharged, and that he had been dismissed from the staff.

"Now, Billy, you can just read that and see that you have been eviscerated, decapitated, quartered and thrown out of the window," said Mr. Watterson to Mr. Douglas, "and what's more, don't let anything like that occur again, or I shall have you sent every Sunday night to report a sermon."

Mr. Watterson had no great fondness for dogs. John Macauley had a dog called Bert, named, perhaps, for his son-in-law, Bert Bigelow. Mr. Watterson was so fond of Mr. Macauley that he was fond of Bert. In his old age Bert had dropsy.

Mr. Macauley had him tapped repeatedly by one of the most eminent physicians in Louisville, not a dog doctor, and lengthened his life somewhat. When Bert died, Mr. Macauley wept like a child.

Bert's funeral was stately and strange. John Macauley and Henry Watterson sat, red-eyed, on the back seat of what was called in those days a glass-front, or a seagoing, hack, and Bert's coffin reposed on the front seat. No others were invited to the funeral. It was, to the very few who saw the two friends set out for the burial place, nothing at which to smile.

Henry Watterson, who professed and found great consolation in Christianity, liked a great many of the likable things of this life which are not believed generally to aid in preparation for a better life hereafter. One of them was draw poker, at which he was a devoted, rather than distinguished, player. Cards were to him satisfactory as recreation, rather than profitable.

Someone offered to introduce him, in London, to the Duke of Westminster.

"A nice young man. I taught him to play poker," said Mr. Watterson casually, of the richest peer in England.

Legend makes Mr. Watterson a great deal more of a gambler than he was actually. He did not, as is sometimes alleged, win and lose a fortune in a night. He never had a considerable fortune till he was middle-aged, and he took very good care of his estate.

A story often told was that he won five thousand pounds one night in London and did not remember the next day that he had won the money, until an honest Briton came to his hotel and paid him.

I was at dinner one night at Mansfield, the Watterson country home, and Marse Henry did, as usual, a good deal of the talking, except when he left the table to go into the kitchen and cook personally the lobster à la Newberg. He was an expert at cooking the dish and proud of his accomplishment.

After dinner, each of us in turn tried to get our host started upon some theme or narrative and all of us listened. One thing led to another and he told us of having played a game of cards—I believe it was whist, before the days of bridge—with a trained hog, billed in a vaudeville house as *The Learned Pig*.

According to Mr. Watterson, the card playing of *The Learned Pig* on the stage was so remarkable that everyone who saw the performance was amazed. The impresario assured the audience that anyone might come upon the stage and see that the hog actually understood the game and played it without direction.

"Dave Yandell and I decided to have a private game with *The Learned Pig*," Mr. Watterson said, referring to a celebrated Louisville physician and raconteur, a great-uncle of Dr. Yandell Henderson, who now occupies the chair of applied physiology in Yale.

The showman agreed, Mr. Watterson said, and the game was played, *The Learned Pig*—described by Mr. Watterson as "a whale of a hog," sitting at the card table and—shall I

say "gravely"?—playing his hand judiciously. He did not, of course, handle the cards, but he indicated them to an assistant.

"There must have been a trick in it," said Mr. Watterson, "but if there was, Dave and I couldn't discover it. That hog played a good game of cards. In fact, he beat us."

The story in the circumstances in which it was told served to illustrate Mr. Watterson's breadth of interests and his varied contacts. He enjoyed the companionship of actors, painters, poets, scientists, historians; he was at home with Mary Anderson, Helena Modjeska, Nat C. Goodwin, Richard Mansfield, Edwin Booth, King Leopold of Belgium, the Duke of Westminster, Theodore Roosevelt—and The Learned Pig.

He found in each of them something to interest a man of high intelligence with a rare zest for life. Each of them broadened him. He broadened each of them except The Learned Pig.

During Mr. Watterson's active career innumerable newspapermen, many of them of the staff of the *Courier-Journal*, or formerly of its staff, some of them imposters who asserted that they had worked for Watterson, received special favors here and there in the world on his account.

In 1908 a man I met at the Hong Kong Club detained me at a table for a long time over drinks called Hong Kong Hocktails—Hock cocktails so-called, according to the club's legend, by people or by someone who had had too many of them and could not manage such a mouthful as "Hong Kong Hock Cocktails"—to talk to me about Marse Henry and to urge me to urge him to write his reminiscences, which, at last and much too late, he did in a slap-dash manner when *The Saturday Evening Post* offered him \$30,000.

I met a Ceylonese gentleman of chocolate color in Colombo who said: "I should like to visit the land of Walt Whitman, and Louisville, the home of Alice Hegan Rice and Henry Watterson."

In Seoul I met a man who had a mining concession from the Emperor of Korea—subsequently dethroned by Japan—who had dined with Mr. Watterson in Paris and remembered

the event with such warmth that he offered at once to put me up at his club and to do anything he could to make my sojourn a happy one.

In Lisbon, in 1910, a staff correspondent of a London paper who had been waiting for a rumored effort of monarchists to overthrow the provisional government of the newborn republic procured from me an introduction to Mr. Watterson, who then was in Paris, saying that if he could get an interview with Marse Henry his paper would consider his otherwise fruitless two months on the Continent well spent.

Anyone who had had the briefest connection with the *Courier-Journal*, or could impose on Mr. Watterson with a story of having been a member of its staff, was, wherever he was encountered, "one of my boys" to Mr. Watterson, for the benefit of all within hearing. As a result, his boys, real and counterfeit, including men who had worked on the opposition press in Louisville in many cases, were innumerable.

I entered Marse Henry's office at the *Courier-Journal* one afternoon and found him sitting at his desk with an immense pile of clippings in front of him.

Someone had revived the oft-told tale of the Mexican dollars, and it had been reprinted all over the United States. The clippings were the returns from two or three clipping bureaus to which Mr. Watterson subscribed, not relying upon the exchange editor.

The story was that the *Courier-Journal* was at one time the unwilling possessor of a large quantity of Mexican silver dollars—under circumstances into which it is not necessary here and now to go—and that the Mexican dollar had so depreciated that how to get rid of the silver without serious loss was a problem. One day Mr. Watterson rushed into the counting room to get a second supply of the Mexican dollars, saying the crowd with whom he was playing poker was composed of fellows who were so drunk that they didn't know they were winning Mexican dollars and he was in the way of working off the whole lot of them before daylight as real money.

"Of course, the boys mean well by such nonsense," he said.

"They amuse themselves and their readers by depicting me as a man without business sense.

"I have never devoted myself to business, but I have, without doing so, made a little money and I have taken care of what I have made. If I should die today, I could leave each of my children \$100,000."

Sweeping the clippings aside, he discussed the various stories, widely told and widely printed, which represented him—he did not use the phrase—as an irresponsible genius.

He mentioned, for example, the story that he was in the habit of going to the cash drawer of the *Courier-Journal* and helping himself to cash without leaving a memorandum, and that when Walter N. Haldeman, publisher of the paper, insisted that he leave something on paper to show how much he took, he left a memorandum which read: "All. H. W."

That and numerous kindred stories never grew too old to be relished in smoking rooms during Mr. Watterson's life. I have heard many of them told by self-proclaimed eyewitnesses. Mr. Watterson declared them undiluted fiction, but laughed at them.

He resented the fiction that his brilliant editorials were "dashed off at midnight" after merry evenings at his club. Mr. Watterson's habits as a drinker were misunderstood widely. He did not drink habitually, and did not often drink hard liquor.

When I say he did not drink habitually, I mean he did not drink at home, in so far as I was able to gain knowledge of his home life or during working hours.

He was home-loving, devoted to his wife and children and grandchildren, and spent much of his time at home during the years when I knew him. He gave stag dinners frequently. No wine was served on the table at Mansfield—at least at the informal parties I attended. No cocktails or highballs were served before dinner. There was no mention of anything to drink. Mr. Watterson always had a pitcher of sweet milk at his place, and from it he drank sundry glasses in the course of the meal.

He didn't regard temperate or intemperate use of alcohol,

by anyone, seriously. His regular routine at the Chile Concarne Club was moderate consumption of beer. At formal dinners he liked, and drank copiously, champagne. He did not drink when alone, and for stimulation. He devoted thought and care to his stomach and talked a good deal about the importance of hygienic living. He drank for relaxation, in the spirit of conviviality. Health and buoyant spirits made bracers unnecessary in his plan of life. That was true when he was in the late seventies—a time of life at which some men who are meticulously temperate lean a little upon stimulants. The last time I saw him, and always earlier, he had the glow of abundant health in his cheeks, the boisterous vigor that often characterizes slightly roly-poly men who are not heavily fat.

His greetings were roars when Mrs. Watterson, or one of his daughters, or one or more of his grandchildren, appeared in his office, and the whole corridor heard his welcome.

I don't believe alcohol ever did Henry Watterson the slightest harm physically. During the many years of my service as one of his subordinates, I knew of only one editorial he wrote when he was even slightly under the influence of alcohol. It was a very poor editorial, entirely unworthy of him. I saw him read the proof. He knew what he was about, but the fine edge of his art was off, as a result of a convivial afternoon.

His capacity for food was at times remarkable and he was an artist at ordering. One day he invited me to a Louisville restaurant for luncheon. I must have expressed surprise at the place he mentioned, although I did not intend my tone to convey surprise.

"I know," said Marse Henry. "You've eaten the regular luncheon there. It is bad, but just follow me and see what I can do. I know the cook."

Except when I once witnessed a British peer and his wife arrive at The Plaza in New York, I never saw a restaurant or hotel respond so enthusiastically to the approach of a distinguished guest as this one to Mr. Watterson. We had to wait, but when the meal was served it was custom-made and

delicious. I never ate an especially good meal under that roof afterward. I had never eaten a particularly good one there before.

Yet the customary fifteen-cent luncheon at the Chile Concarne Club seemed to meet all of Marse Henry's demands.

Mr. Watterson wrote his editorials in his library at his country home oftener than at the office. He rose early, had a cup of beef tea, worked two or three hours, had a regular breakfast, drove to Jeffersontown, went to Louisville by rail and had his articles set. Then he revised his proof, making as many corrections to the page as Mark Twain made. Harrison Robertson was under standing instructions to read the final proof for errors, including errors of fact, with the understanding that he need not hesitate to make changes if circumstances demanded them.

Mr. Watterson could write hurriedly, on the spur of the moment, but he did not do so usually. As a rule, his "broad-sides," as he called them, did not appear until the event he discussed was several days old.

He would say, for example, "Leave Teddy to me," when Theodore Roosevelt had done something or said something which made an editorial suitable, and, in his own good time, he would discuss the utterance or the act of the President in a "broadside," which meant a long editorial divided into chapters by the insertion of Roman numerals here and there, and triple leaded.

He nurtured a lasting grudge against a Louisville journalist who represented him, in a magazine article, as writing his editorials late at night after having spent the evening gaily with his cronies.

Almost as a matter of routine, after he read his revised proof, he repaired to the Chile Concarne Club to play pitch with John Macauley, and in the course of the afternoon the money which changed hands was about enough to pay for the beer that was consumed.

The Chile Concarne Club was instituted by Mr. Watterson as a hideaway. I once wrote an article about it for *The Scrap*

Book. My article was headed "The Smallest Club in the World." Fearing that I might lose my job if I said anything of which Mr. Watterson would not approve, I showed him my copy. He inserted in the middle of it this statement: "No women and no gambling are allowed in the club."

I wrote to Bob Davis and told him that the ill-fitting interpolation must not be eliminated, and I told him why. It appeared in the article.

The Chile Concarne Club was a small room back of The Stag Saloon. The saloon provided the room and furniture. There were no dues. There was no initiation fee. A new member was initiated by being invited to luncheon; the food was from the bar, where a daily businessmen's luncheon was served. If the new member of the club attempted to pay the bill, he was ejected through a side door which opened on the street, and it was locked after him. He might then return through the saloon, and from that time forward he was a member of the club and paid for his own luncheon. All visiting actors were welcome, and many of them visited the club.

Mr. Watterson did not go often to the Pendennis Club, where he was annoyed by being lionized, especially by climbers who liked to be seen with him.

Once he said to me, of a man who had insisted upon having him for luncheon: "It is a terrible thing to say of anyone, and a more terrible thing for anyone to say of himself, but all that man wants is to be seen walking down Fourth Street with me."

I said something about the penalties of prominence, and Mr. Watterson said that while there were persons who knew who he was, there were perhaps more, in Louisville, who didn't know him even by reputation.

I ventured the assertion that all Louisvillians who could read knew him by reputation.

"No," he said. "You could find persons in this block who are not illiterate and who don't know of my existence."

A few days afterward he asked me to procure for him three seats at the Gayety Theater, a burlesque house one block distant from the Courier-Journal Building. He wanted gallery

seats, as they were for Negro servants, but he wanted front-row seats.

I asked for the reservations, and, to impress the man at the box office, I said they were requested by Henry Watterson.

"Who?" he asked.

"Henry Watterson," I repeated.

"Who's he?" queried the box-office employee.

I told Mr. Watterson I had found the man, within a block of the office, who never had heard of him.

"Didn't I tell you?" he said, stuffing the tickets in his vest pocket.

His handwriting was usually not easily read. Once someone at our office—probably it was Harrison Robertson—received from Naples, Florida, where Mr. Watterson, William B. Haldeman and Bruce Haldeman had winter homes, a letter which seemed to say "we are having a good time despite Mrs. Watterson."

Everyone tried to read something less unchivalrous and more characteristic of Mr. Watterson into the hieroglyphics, and at last the riddle was solved. The words were "despite the Nor'westers."

Mr. Watterson capitalized for emphasis. For a long time a sign hung in the composing room—the compositor who put it up knew that the editor-in-chief was too nearsighted to read it—bidding linotype operators "follow Henry Watterson's capitalization, but use discretion."

Doubtless discretion was used at times. He asked me once to take a "personal" to the society editor and see if I could get it into the paper as written.

I replied that I was confident that I could do so, by using his influential name. He said: "Don't be overconfident. I have been writing for this paper for forty years, and I have never got anything into it as written."

When he was seventy-two, Mr. Watterson expressed to Wallace T. Hughes—of the *Courier-Journal* editorial staff—and me the belief that he would die within two years. We attempted to reassure him.

He said he had no fear of death, and did not look upon

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life's end as a great calamity. He wished to be spared incapacity, mental or physical, but did not mind dying. He had the good fortune to remain active, mentally and physically, till almost the last day of his life.

After his retirement—his name remained for a time at the masthead as Editor Emeritus, but soon was withdrawn—I went out to Mansfield one summer afternoon, and Mrs. Watterson, who met me on the porch, said: "Just run on upstairs. You will find Henry surrounded by his friends."

I found him in bed with books piled all over the bed. He was rummaging among new books for something worth while. He said he might find several he would like, and that often he read several at one time, reading a few chapters from one and then from another. He said he did not find that he lost the thread of the narrative or the discourse by that plan of reading.

I told him there was a good deal of discussion at the office about the contents of the editorial page—a good deal of which, by the way, was my work—and he reassured the office in these words:

"I do not see the slightest reason for anxiety. I read all of the editorials every day. I don't see anything in the paper that shouldn't be said, or anything that, without the slightest loss, might not be left unsaid."

I went back to the office, chortling, but some of my co-workers did not seem to relish Marse Henry's humor.

Discussing the page in a more serious vein, Mr. Watterson said that there was but one practical formula for getting an audience for an editorial page. That was selecting as its head a man of ability as a writer and of trustworthiness, and letting him have his way.

"Of course, he will disagree with the publisher, at times. Of course, he will be wrong at times. But no editor can get an audience if he is hampered by instructions. A writer's morale is destroyed by the knowledge that another's mind—the mind of a superior—must be satisfied by the product of his mind. But it is not all-important that an editorial page

attract attention. If it is honest and represents the paper with respectable soundness of judgment, that is all that is really needed. I doubt if a widely known editor has any pecuniary value to a newspaper."

A remarkable statement from the most famous editor of his generation, but probably a spur-of-the-moment utterance which Mr. Watterson would not have committed to print as his considered opinion.

He did not own a majority of the stock of the *Courier-Journal*, but agreement between him and Walter N. Haldeman made him singularly free. Not absolutely so, of course. For example, when, in 1896, the *Courier-Journal* bolted William Jennings Bryan and declared for the gold standard, Mr. Watterson was in Geneva. The decision was made by Walter N. Haldeman, in conference with Harrison Robertson, and Mr. Robertson's editorial had been published when Mr. Watterson's famous telegram "No compromise with dishonor," which became a campaign slogan, was received.

Probably, had Mr. Watterson been in Louisville, he would have agreed to the bolt, but beyond question the decision—a courageous one and, in dollars, costly—was made by the majority stockholder.

When Mr. Watterson was the most widely quoted newspaper writer in the United States, editorials of the *Courier-Journal* which were written by others were, next to his own, the most widely quoted editorials in the United States, because, despite his pronounced individuality as a writer, despite the fact that nobody on the staff would have felt it suitable or safe to attempt imitation of his style, innumerable exchange editors clipped from his page anything which struck their fancy and attributed it to him.

As one example, I wrote an article upon the value of walking as a healthful exercise. Anyone might have written it. But Marse Henry's Health Rules went to and fro in the United States and up and down therein. Mr. Watterson never walked when he could ride or sit.

A not surprising result of the avidity with which papers re-

printed articles Mr. Watterson did not write was the conviction in minds of some of his assistants that they were unjustly condemned to obscurity.

I wrote an article about Florida—a state to which I was, and am, greatly devoted—clipped it and sent it to Wallace Stovall, editor of the *Tampa Tribune*, because it contained a bit of verse of my authorship, celebrating the enchantments of Florida.

The *Tampa Tribune* reprinted it, crediting me. There was an unwritten law of the *Courier-Journal* that all editorial-page credit must go to Mr. Watterson. It was believed that he would resent anyone else being mentioned.

I was terrified, and wrote at once to Mr. Watterson, at Miami.

His reply—which I framed because it chanced to be on one sheet of paper, and, *mirabile dictu*, legible!—was as follows:

My dear Tom: How could you think I cared a "hill o' beans?" There has never been a time when I grudged any man his personal recognition, or felt my own abridged by association. On the contrary, all the notice that comes to my co-workers has always rejoiced me. I am a poet myself, my son. Did you never read my great epic on Fame? I only completed one verse, which reads as follows:

*A mound a little higher graded—
Perhaps upon a stone a chiseled name;
A dab of printer's ink soon blurred and faded.
And then oblivion—that, that is fame.*

HE SNOOPS TO CONQUER

By J. P. McEvoy

WALTER WINCHELL has been called many things. "Little Boy-Peep of Broadway" would satisfy most people, not only as a name but a complete characterization. But it wouldn't be complete, for Winchell doesn't "peep." He snoops. He listens. But most of the time he doesn't even listen, because he is so busy talking about himself. Recently Mr. Roosevelt invited him to the White House for a short chat and stayed in conference with him for forty-five minutes. Many people were curious about what the President had to say to Winchell. Those of us who know Winchell are quite sure that Roosevelt didn't say much, because he wouldn't get the chance.

But that's all right, too, for when Winchell talks about himself he talks entertainingly about others—G Men, gangsters, bubble dancers, actors, writers, society playboys, touts and what he scathingly refers to as "debutramps." Probably he knows more celebrities in every stratum and more things about them than any other living man in this country. Maybe that is why he dislikes them so. "I spend no more time with them than I can help," he says. "I just don't like celebrities. I'm like the violinist in the story who played with the orchestra forty years, and when the conductor asked him why he made such faces he replied, 'Because I hate music.'"

"Some people might say I don't go around with celebrities because I want to be the center of attraction myself. But that isn't true. I hate and avoid all cocktail parties, receptions and banquets, and I think the reason I have stalled ten years on writing my book, *The Private Papers of Walter*

[Note: This article appeared August 13, 1938.]

Winchell, is that, as soon as I finish it, I'll be an author, and then I'll have to go to literary teas and answer questions like: 'Do you really make up all that clever stuff right out of your own head?' "

Winchell will tell you that he has a lot of friends. In the next breath he tells you that you can't have friends in his business because, as Jimmy Walker warned him years ago, "If you make too many friends, soon you'll be so afraid of hurting somebody's feelings you won't be able to write anything about anybody."

He says himself, "I never entertain anybody. Nobody ever entertains me." Walter has pals who confess to you that they are "just like that" with Winchell. But if you question them, they admit they have never seen the inside of Winchell's house or apartment and have never put their feet under his table, have never seen his wife or children and, believe it or not, they can't get his telephone number or find out where he lives.

Winchell loves privacy. Not your privacy, but his. Although in mortal fear of being bumped off by gangsters, he fired his bodyguard after one year because, as he puts it, "I just didn't have any privacy with that guy around." When I suggested that maybe I ought to have a chat with his wife and a look around his home if I was going to write something about him, his roar of protest frightened me: "No, sir! You can say anything you like about me, but you've got to keep my family out of this."

That from Walter Winchell!

"But, Walter," I said, "you've made a national reputation and a tremendous fortune out of other people's private affairs."

"That's different," he said. "That's business."

"But this is business. How can I write about you if I don't know something about your interests outside of your work?"

"I haven't any interests outside of my work."

"But what do you do when you're not working? You go somewhere, don't you?"

"Certainly. I go home."

"Well, where is that? In the city? In the country? Do you live in a house? Or a flat? Or a cave? Have you got a wife, children, relatives, friends?"

"What's all that got to do with it? Anything you want to know about me I'll tell you, but a man's got a right to his private life."

Wheel! And he didn't crack a smile.

So I called up his office. He has two secretaries; one, Miss Rose Bigman, publicly known as his "Girl Friday." Many times a day she picks up the phone, calls anybody anywhere and asks the most intimate questions about their homes and hearts. So I picked up the phone and called "Miss Friday." She wouldn't even tell me what time it was.

"This is getting fascinating," I said to myself. "It must be a gag." So I sent someone down to Winchell's office at the *Mirror* to talk to Miss Friday herself. No dice.

"I can't give out any information about Mr. Winchell," she said.

"Does he work here?"

"I can't say."

"When did you see him last?"

"I don't remember."

The next day Walter called me up. "What are you trying to do?" he yelled. "What are you trying to find out? What's the idea of sending people to my office?"

Walter was excited. Later I learned there was nothing unusual about that. Nor was his devotion to privacy—his privacy, I mean—a whim or a pretense. Finally I did get inside of his tower apartment and I did meet his wife, but it took doing.

Why is he so secretive? Partly because he's a lone wolf. Partly because many people are frankly afraid of him. Partly because those who aren't are trying to exploit the tremendous publicity he can give them in his column or on the air. Partly because he, in turn, coldly considers all others from the point of view of their value to him, either as present news or a possible future source. Partly because his publicized wealth and enormous income, coupled with his intimate knowledge of

500 *Post Biographies of Famous Journalists*

gangster methods, has made him fearful of extortion, kidnapping, blackmail and other terrors.

He will tell you that he honestly believes that the Lindbergh baby would be alive today if a woman's magazine hadn't published a layout with pictures of the upper floor of the Lindbergh house. "It was like giving them a map," says he. Perhaps. Certainly Winchell knows a lot about the Lindbergh case. He printed scoop after scoop months before testimony at the trial authenticated his inside information. On the wall of his office is a framed letter from J. Edgar Hoover, and the following paragraph from it, which has never been printed before, is an interesting revelation of how Winchell sacrificed the biggest scoop of his career:

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION,
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 17, 1936.

. . . Yesterday I had the occasion of speaking before the newspaper editors of America who are in convention here in Washington, at which time I pointed out some of the things that the newspapers help us in and some of the things in which they hurt. I pointed out, without, of course, mentioning the name specifically, how a well-known columnist had refrained from printing a truly national and international scoop on the Lindbergh case for twenty-four hours, in order not to harm the investigation which was being conducted in that case. Of course, you know who that person is. The entire speech is "off the record," but I thought the editors should know that there was at least one columnist who put patriotism and the safety of society above any mercenary attitude in his profession. With best regards, I am . . . Sincerely . . .

JOHN.

The scoop? Five minutes after Bruno Hauptmann was arrested, Winchell had the news, but, at the request of J. Edgar Hoover, he didn't announce it until twenty-four hours later.

Winchell doesn't print all the news he gets. For one thing, the libel laws won't let him. For another, his informant may not be considered trustworthy. One false item and that

source is never trusted again. Who are his informants? How does he get his news and gossip—and wouldn't you like to know?

A word about the libel angle before I inform on the informants. People say, "Why doesn't somebody sue that guy Winchell for libel? You'd think he'd be afraid to print things like that about people." The fact is that Winchell doesn't have to be afraid, because he has a contract that protects him. You might sue, and you might collect, but not from Winchell. The *Mirror* or any one of the hundred thirty-six papers which syndicate his column would have to pay if they published the libelous item, or the radio company and his sponsor would have to pay if he sent it over the air.

The publisher kicked and the sponsor screamed, but Winchell forced that clause into his contracts. I am told that before this happened, Winchell was sued and was stuck several times. He denies this. A lot of things people say about Walter are denied by him quite vehemently, but he should be quite tolerant about this, because all day long, every day in the year, people are denying things he says about them and, oddly enough, most of these things turn out to be true. Wouldn't it be odd if some of the things he denies turned out to be true also? Remind me to tell you about the bank holiday and the two stories told about Winchell and his money—one by an informant and the rebuttal by himself.

Perhaps you may have wondered why Winchell uses "Reno-vated" when he means "divorced." Partly because he likes to coin words and is very good at it; principally because "Reno-vated" means "divorced" in Reno, Nevada, where the grounds for divorce are many—whereas, if he should print an item to the effect that a New York wife was divorcing her husband, that might mean that the action would be taken in New York where adultery is almost the only ground for divorce, and Mr. Winchell might find it difficult to prove what he was implying.

Winchell tells me that he's been involved in only three lawsuits since he got into the big time—once for \$50,000 because he repeated on the air an item which appeared originally as

an oddity of the news. It seems that a "Mr. So-and-So, of Such-and-Such" [Nobody's going to sue me for \$50,000] sat on the limb of a tree while he sawed it off, and Winchell, reporting on this mental giant, expressed the hope that he would be out of the hospital in two weeks. Apparently, Mr. So-and-So's lawyer was caught away out on a limb, too, because he lost the case. On another occasion, Walter referred to some gentleman in his high-hearted way as a "rat." You can call a man a "mouselike creature," but you can't call him a "rat." The paper paid \$100. On another occasion he said a certain club was a "racket." The next day so many members withdrew that the club went bankrupt. The *Mirror* was soaked \$30,000, later amended to \$15,000, which was paid. Winchell says he didn't pay a nickel, but the New York county clerk's office says, in addition to the above amount, they collected \$2500 and court costs for \$186.10 from a man named Walter Winchell who was running a column on the New York *Mirror* at the time. Of course, it might have been somebody else by the same name.

Nowadays a libel lawyer reads everything Winchell writes before it gets into print and another libel lawyer blue-pencils everything he broadcasts before it goes on the air. Walter himself has grown more experienced libelwise, cautious and less "intrusive," as Alexander Woolcott puts it.

His spy system is better organized now too. He has weeded out the unreliaables. He has developed a technique of checking and cross-checking, and his passion for accuracy is notorious. He claims that his Blessed Events come from the family friends or the prospective parents themselves, and it is only in the movies that the obstetric nurses phone him from the delivery room.

When Mr. and Mrs. Blank are pouting or have "phfft," their friends smuggle the news to him—and sometimes the Blanks themselves—relieving him of the financial responsibility of keeping all the switchboard operators in New York and the Japanese gardeners in Hollywood on his pay roll. He claims his best sources are other newspaper reporters—men who slip him the stuff they can't get printed in their own

papers. He doesn't broadcast the fact, however, that he has a devoted galaxy of stooges who function as press agents and who supply him a steady stream of items in the hope that their clients will occasionally be mentioned in the Winchell column. As Walter himself modestly puts it, "The other columnists may print it, but I make it public." The man's right, and so important is it to thousands of people in this country to get their names into Winchell's column that his only worry about informants is their accuracy.

Nor does he have to gad about the way he used to. There was a time in New York when you ran into him at every night club, rendezvous, restaurant, hotel lobby and speak-easy. Now he sits for a few hours at night in the Stork Club, drops in occasionally at La Conga. In this way he keeps in contact with the intelligentsia, café society, the theatrical, radio and movie upper crust, and gets the latest gossip by the rather simple process of letting it come to him—as he sips a soft drink and jots down items in his nervous left-handed scrawl.

The rest of the night hours he spends chasing fire alarms and police calls until dawn in a \$700 car—because Dillinger told Hoover it has the fastest pick-up. It is fitted up with sirens, red lights and a short-wave receiver that gets all the official police calls. I have been out with him and can testify that it's an experience. Usually he gets to the scene of the crime when the police do. Once he got there ahead of them. It was a holdup and Walter was embarrassed. Now he waits for the cops. "It's bad form to get there first," says Walter, which is putting it gracefully.

This is Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter, who never grew up—still playing cops and robbers. This is little Boy-Peep blowing his horn with a vengeance. And yet, curiously enough, it is this same boyish instinct for excitement that keeps him in contact with life in the raw, and provides a brutal, nerve-tingling antidote for the small talk and the smaller doings of the "veddy, veddy" social and the brittle sophisticates.

Winchell's capacity for work is exceeded only by his capac-

ity for thrills. Everything excites him—as much today as it did ten years ago—rumors, facts, gossip, odd bits of useless information. He is Broadway's magpie flying home to his nest with every glittering trifle he can capture. Lately he has been flying farther afield—picking up political scraps from Washington, London, Berlin and Rome. Partly this is because no one is more sensitively attuned to the rhythms of his day than Winchell, and partly because Broadway is beginning to bore him to distraction. Hearst is out to clip his wings.

"Get yourself another boy," says Winchell. "My interests are growing. I don't care who phffts on Broadway, but if Hitler and Mussolini phfft, that's news."

"What's going to happen?" I ask him.

"What can happen?" is his jaunty reply. "Hearst can't fire me and I can't quit."

He has one more year to go unless Hearst takes up his option for an additional two years.

"I want to write what I want to write. I'd do it for nothing."

Maybe he would, but not so long as he can get \$1750 a week for it. Maybe he'd broadcast for nothing, too, but not so long as a sponsor will pay him \$4000 for fifteen minutes, and \$5000 beginning next January. Maybe he'd make pictures for nothing, too, which would be good news to Zanuck, who paid him \$75,000 apiece for two of them. But there will be one sad man when Walter Winchell starts working for nothing, and that will be "Mr. Whiskers," as Walter affectionately calls Uncle Sam—who took 60 per cent of more than \$300,000 last year.

Who got the rest of it? Walter, for Walter has no agents. And what did he do with it? He put it with all his other dollars, into Government Bonds. He used to keep it in cash—so the story goes—and here's where I remind myself to tell you the bank-holiday story. According to my informant, Walter had all his money scattered in savings accounts. Like a lot of others, he got a tip that the banks were all going to close in honor of Mr. Roosevelt's first Administration.

Walter appeared practically simultaneously at all his banks and asked for his money. And all the bankers were very reluctant—which made Walter the more eager. But one banker greeted him with a big wide smile and open arms.

"Come on in, Walter. Take all you like. Glad to be of service to you."

This impressed Walter. He felt a little ashamed of himself for having doubted such a fine fellow. So he took all the money he had collected from the other banks and put it into this fine fellow's bank. And all the banks closed as scheduled, and they all opened up again—all except the one in which Walter had put all his money. That one never opened again and never will.

"That's a good story," said Walter to me, "but it isn't so. I never lost a penny in my life. I've never owned a stock. I've never invested in any business. I don't gamble, although I used to when I couldn't afford it—but I was nearly cleaned out once—and this is a true story. I was riding along in a taxi one day and I saw a crowd outside my bank.

"That's bad," I said, and I jumped out of the taxi and ran into the bank. Sure enough, there was a run on it. When one of the officials saw me, he said: 'Oh, my God, not you. If people hear that you want your money, they will really believe the bank is in trouble.'

"Give me my money," I said. 'Give it to me quick, or they will hear about it.'

"You'll have to get in line," said the official.

"Give me my money," I said, 'or I'll get out there on the corner and start yelling.'

"So the official says: 'All right, you'll get your money, but keep quiet and get out of here.'

"And then," said Winchell, concluding the story, "because they were mad at me, they gave me all of my money—all of it. They counted out half a million dollars in one-dollar bills and I carried it across the street to another bank in my arms—just like that!"

[Add Things You Never Knew Till Now, Mr. Winchell. A package of one hundred new one-dollar bills weighs three

and one quarter ounces. Five thousand of these packages, or \$500,000, weighs 1015 pounds and 10 ounces.]

It pains Winchell that some people accuse him of bragging about the money he makes. To do him justice, Winchell doesn't brag about anything. Things are either so or not so, and he states them with the complete objectivity of a newspaperman reporting the facts. The fact that he makes so much money is not news to Winchell, but it is a continuous surprise. At heart he's still the hoofer who left an upper East Side public school when he was in 6B, hoofed his way up and down the country in small-time vaudeville, hoofed his way up and down Broadway soliciting gossip and theatrical ads. And finally, because he was fearless, talented, tireless and tormented by an unappeasable itch for success, he arrived at his present peak—where he lives in a state of ingenuous surprise that he has arrived and a gnawing fear that he cannot remain.

Certainly Winchell has seen them come and go—theatrical stars, sports champions, literary luminaries—and columnists. He has seen that faceless, formless thing, the Public, carry them around in its pocket and stroke them extravagantly, like Lenny in *Of Mice and Men* petting a mouse. And the Public, like Lenny, is very sorry when the mouse dies under this heavy-handed kindness or starves of neglect because it found another mouse in another pocket.

Arthur Brisbane called Winchell the best reporter in America. He runs a one-man news-gathering organization that continually scoops the field. Perhaps his most spectacular feat was getting the first interview with Zangara, who shot at President-elect Roosevelt in Miami, but killed Mayor Cermak, of Chicago.

"I was just lucky," says Winchell. "I overheard an argument in the telegraph office where I was filing my column. 'It was four shots,' said one fellow. 'No, it was five,' said the other. I dashed to the police station, not knowing who shot who how many times. I asked where they would put somebody who was arrested for shooting somebody. And a cop

said, 'You might try the jail.' Which sounded reasonable. I beat it over to the county building, got in the elevator and told the operator to take me up to the cells, which were on the twenty-eighth floor. He showed commendable hesitation until I gave him a dollar. But when we got up there, he informed me that he couldn't let me out, because the door opened from the inside. Fortunately, the chief of police was hurrying by, and I hailed him, flashed my card and told him that I'd print his name all over the world if he would let me in on what was happening. What I really meant was that I'd get it in the Hearst papers, but the larger prospect intrigued the chief. He was also surprised that a reporter was there even before the sheriff had met Zangara, who had been rescued from the mob and hustled to jail. I interviewed Zangara, got the story to New York before the other reporters got over to the jail, and was stuck by the paper for the toll charges—because my deal called for me to pay the telegraph charges on my column if I wired it in."

Steve Hannagan, press agent *de luxe*, who was in Miami, says it wasn't luck, but fast thinking. "Winchell beat all of us, but it was a long time before he learned that I was the one who stole his story out of the telegraph room and wired all of his exclusive quotes to another paper in New York only a few minutes after his own beat had arrived there. But don't think I was coy," said Steve, whom nobody in the world would accuse of being coy, "for later Winchell was stealing all the reports I was getting from the hospital and jail."

A Broadway columnist and a Miami press agent stealing from each other is a touching sight, but also an ennobling example of that journalistic enterprise which inspires the fledglings of the Fourth Estate.

No notes on Winchell would be complete without a paragraph on his contribution to the American Language. According to H. L. Mencken, whose book, *The American Language*, is the authority:

Winchell, if he did not actually invent Whoopee, at least gave it the popularity it enjoyed. He also is the

father of Chicagorilla—Joosh for Jewish—pash for passion—shafts for legs, and has devised a great many more words and phrases some of them euphemistic and others far from it; e. g., for married: Welded, sealed, lohen-grined, merged and middleaisled; for divorced: Renovated; for contemplating divorce: Telling it to a judge, soured, curdled, in husband trouble, this and that way, and on the verge; for in love: On the merge, on fire, uh-huh, that way, cupiding, Adam and Eveing, and man and womaning it; for expecting young: Infanticipating, baby bound and storked. I had a few other characteristic specimens of his art: Go-ghetto, debutramp, phfft, foofff (a pest). Heheheh (a mocking laugh), Hard Times Square (Times Square), Blessed Event (the birth of young), The Hardened Artery (Broadway), radiodor (radio announcer), moom pitcher, girl mad; Park rowgue (a newspaper man) and intelligentlemen. Most of these, of course, had only their brief days, but a few promise to survive.

Winchell doesn't claim he invented "whoopee," and as far as he's concerned, Shakespeare can have it. But he says that " 'Makin' whoopee' is mine." There was plenty of controversy about this at one time and one lexicographical deep-sea diver came up with something that looked like "whoopee" which he had found in a cowboy ballad published by John Lomax in 1910. Winchell appealed to his friend, Will Rogers, who said, "Well, Walt, I've heard 'em holler 'yippee!' and maybe some of the boys on the range knew the word 'whoopee' too. But they certainly didn't know what to do with it until you came along and showed 'em."

Winchell's success is no accident, and yet, as so often happens, the real beginning of it was. He was holding down five jobs on the *Graphic*: Broadway reporter, Broadway columnist, dramatic critic, dramatic editor, and solicitor of amusement ads. He was on the prowl from two P.M. until dawn, and it was only natural that he would overhear a lot of gossip. On several occasions he reported these tips to the city editor, who either paid no attention to them or refused to assign a reporter to dig up details and confirmation.

"You do it," says the city editor to Winchell.

And Walter would say, "Listen. I've got five jobs now. My feet are worn off up to my ankles. If you got a tip over the phone from a half-witted schoolboy, you'd rush ten reporters out on motorcycles."

The city editor sneered in the immemorial manner of city editors, but it was no satisfaction to Winchell that the rival tabloid came out with headlines twenty-four hours after he had the original tip.

"'All right,' I says to him. 'I'll never give you another item.' But I went on scribbling them down on little scraps of paper and sticking them down in my pocket, with no idea of what I was going to do with them. One day I was out of jokes. I had nothing to fill my regular column. I stuck my hand in my pocket and pulled out a fistful of items, and I said to myself, 'Why not?' But I wasn't sure, and I ran this first column of gossip items with an apology. And that's how it started."

Now, personal items are nothing new in journalism. Country papers couldn't live without them, but no paper—certainly no metropolitan paper—ever before had printed the kind of personal items that Winchell began to print. Privately, people might indulge in the most delectable gossip about family quarrels, impending divorces, prospective babies, but they would be shocked to read such things in their morning paper.

Winchell, with a childlike directness, said, in effect: "These things interest me. Therefore, they must interest a lot of people. I would like to read about such things. Therefore, a lot of other people would too."

His instinct was sound. His gossip column was a sensation. Items poured in on him. He aired his own prejudices and sometimes, unwittingly, the private feuds of his friends. Nothing exceeds like excess, which might well have been the motto of MacFadden's *Graphic*, on which he started his career as "Town Gossip." When you ask Winchell today why he doesn't bite as savagely now as he used to, he says, "Well, don't forget I was writing for the *Graphic* then."

This explanation is only partly true. In those days Winchell didn't know anybody. He would go to Tex Guinan's night club at six o'clock in the morning and, from six to nine, she would sit and tell him the wisecracks and the scandal tips which she had picked up during the night. Her talk was racy, informative and, most important of all, full of names. This was the speak-easy era and the swells had discovered the delights of slumming to music. People whom Winchell never would have met in another day were hobnobbing with bootleggers, smuggling flasks under the tablecloths, and falling on their faces in the middle of floor shows. Tex knew all these people and told Winchell about them, and so he began to know them too. He dashed around with all his pores open, all his nerve ends exposed, putting down his tingling reactions in a racy, staccato prose that subconsciously re-echoed the hoofer's rhythm.

Not knowing these people personally, he could speak freely. Now he knows them all—too many of them for his own good. It is a newspaper legend that Joseph Pulitzer made the New York *World* a great newspaper by editing it from his yacht in the Mediterranean, where he could keep away from people. Later the *World* was edited by Herbert Bayard Swope, who made it a point to know everybody and, in consequence, pulled his punches, so as to hurt no one. Maybe there's nothing to it, but, lo, the *World* was living and now, alas, the *World* is dead.

Walter Winchell belongs in that illustrious company of Greeley and Dana and Pulitzer and Medill if for no other reason than that he resurrected personal journalism, which had been interred with their bones. You will hear shrieks of protest. Relax. Pulitzer was savage. Greeley aired his private fights in public. "That was different," you say. But different times, different manners. And, as the French would say, the more it changes, the more it is the same.

Not all of Winchell's feuds are the same kind. Ben Bernie is an old pal. He started a feud with Ben to give his radio broadcasts a comedy lift and, through the publicity that

Bernie would get, give the old maestro a financial lift too. It lifted the old maestro and all the lads out of a Chicago restaurant into a national spotlight, a radio program of his own and co-starred him with Winchell in the movies. Bernie says it isn't true that he hasn't got a good word for Winchell—he has one, but he can never think of it. In reply, Winchell reviewed Bernie's performance in *Wake Up and Live*, saying that after the sneak preview audience saw Bernie in the film, they suggested the title be changed to *Wake Up and Leave*.

Winchell's feuds with fellow-columnists—Hershfield, Sullivan, the late O. O. McIntyre—were not so gentle. His feud with the Shuberts resulted in his being barred from all their theaters for four years—which gave him a chance to pull a nifty that to him made it all worth while.

"A certain columnist," he said in effect, "has been barred from all the Shubert openings. Now he can wait three days and go to their closings."

On one occasion he didn't wait. The Marx Brothers were playing in *Animal Crackers* and he wanted to see the show. The Shuberts, all two of them, said, "No." Winchell notified them he was coming anyway. They had detectives at all the doors, but he got in just the same . . . and, through the front door, disguised as Harpo Marx's uncle, with crepe whiskers and an Algonquin Hotel bath mat rolled up under his coat to give him that bowed-down-with-age effect.

Earl Carroll barred him, too, even though Walter had come to his rescue in the famous bath-tub-party trial. Walter was one of the guests who lined up and drank what was alleged to be champagne, out of an alleged bathtub, in which an alleged show girl lolled in alleged native innocence and pulchritude. On the stand Walter couldn't remember the names of anyone he saw there, although he did admit on cross-questioning that it wasn't a typical Broadway party. "There were too many senators there," he said. And was promptly excused from the stand and hustled out of the place. "I always thought it was odd," Walter muses, "that none of those big shots lifted a finger to save Carroll from Atlanta, but I do think he was un-

necessarily harsh on me to bar me from his theater after I said I was at a disadvantage in reviewing a show of his because the curtain was up at the time."

Winchell has been slugged, literally, by friend and foe. Two sympathizers of Hauptmann stepped out of a dark doorway one night and knocked him silly. They resented his attacks on the kidnaper, which were so outstanding that prospective jurors in the case were asked, "Do you read Walter Winchell's column? Do you listen to Walter Winchell on the radio?" And if they said "Yes" to either question, they were excused. On another occasion Al Jolson slugged him out in Hollywood, where an item appeared which Jolson construed as an insult to his wife, Ruby Keeler, who used to tap-dance in Tex Guinan's club. Explaining his impulsiveness some time later, Al Jolson said, "I guess it was a little mistake on my part, but it was the chivalry of the South—the southern part of Russia."

Now, you might think that a fellow who made a business of sticking his neck out would wear a seventeen-inch collar, at least, and have shoulders like Strangler Lewis or, lacking those handy assets, legs like Glenn Cunningham, the champion miler, for, as the Chinese say, "Of all the twenty-seven alternatives, the best one is running away." But Winchell is slight, of middle height, takes no exercise, eats too fast, smokes cigarettes incessantly, shuns the life-giving rays of God's own sunshine to bask under Edison's substitute, can't fight, can't run and can't stop talking back. In such a case, a bodyguard is indicated, and Winchell invested in one. But let him tell it in his own way:

"It grew out of the Vincent Coll incident. A few hours before he was machine-gunned to death in a telephone booth, I printed a tip that several plane loads of Chicagorillas were on their way East to get him. The grand jury quizzed me on my source, but I couldn't remember. It was just one of those things. I heard somebody say something somewhere and I printed it. Some other people seemed to be just as inquisitive as the grand jury, and I began to get scared. I called my wife

up in Miami and said good-by to her. 'I'm going to die,' I said, and I felt pretty sorry for myself.

"Late that night I was in Dave's Blue Room, talking to some of the boys, when a fellow across the room crooked his finger at me and motioned for me to come over. I went over, and he said, out of the side of his mouth, 'Sit down there, you so-and-so, and keep your trap shut.' I think I sat down. Maybe I fell down. He was hopped up and he wasn't fooling. He sat down across the table from me and started to call me everything he could think of. All I could think of was what the boys had said about the way Rothstein was killed. Shot in the stomach under the table while he was talking to a guy. The mug kept saying, 'I'm going to kill you. Do you understand?' And all the blood drained out of my face and I was pretty sick. 'Listen,' I said. 'I'm regular. Why, Owney Madden and me are just like that!' 'Ta hell with Owney Madden,' said the killer, and the cold sweat popped out on me. 'Listen,' I said desperately. 'I know Frenchy too.' 'Ta hell with Frenchy,' says the guy. 'My God,' I said to myself. 'Who is this guy that talks about Owney and Frenchy like that?'

"*If only somebody would come over here*, I kept thinking, but I was afraid to look around or open my mouth. I can't tell you how long this lasted, but, after a while, a funny kind of a reaction set in. You can't go on being scared to death forever. Finally you get to the point where you say, 'Go ahead and get it over with.' I heard myself say that, and got scared all over again, but some change seemed to come over this mug too. 'I'm going out of here the way I came in,' he said—which didn't mean anything to me, but sounded awful. And with that he got up and sort of oozed out the door. As soon as I could stand up without falling, I went out and told a cop to walk me home and not to tell anybody about it—which, of course, he did." [The Winchell influence is contagious.]


"Next day I hired a bodyguard and got a permit to carry a gun. Would you like to hear the pay-off? I was saving it for the book, but I'll give it to you. Several years later I was in Dave's Blue Room one night and a couple of the boys from

the mob came over and said, 'Walter, there's a fellow here who wants to see you. He wants to apologize. He feels awful about something that happened once. He feels terrible. Be a good fellow and tell him it's okay. He's over there.' I looked—and there was that face again—and I got cold all over and said, 'Listen! Take him away. I don't ever want to see that face again, anywhere. It's bad enough in my dreams!'

" 'But he's all right now,' they said. 'He didn't mean nothing.'

"It seems they were right. He wasn't a killer. He didn't belong to any mob. He was just a little toughy who had seen too many movies—and I guess I had seen too many, too, because he sounded awful real to me. But the real pay-off is that the bodyguard I hired to protect me turned out to be this guy's brother, and he doesn't know yet the identity of the killer he was supposed to be saving me from."

"While I'm at it," Walter continued, "I'll tell you another about the gangsters that I'm supposed to be so thick with. This was a big shot in the old take-'em-for-a-ride days and he wanted to give me a car. And I says to him, 'I can't take cars from guys like you.' 'Why not?' he says. 'I'm feeling generous. Go ahead and take it.' 'But I'm a newspaperman,' I said, 'and if I take anything from you, people will think I'm doing you favors.' And with that the guy looked me up and down with a look of scorn I'll never forget, and said, 'What the hell favors could a punk like you do for a big shot like me?'"

A popular conception of Winchell is an eye to the keyhole. In fact, a scene was written into his first picture showing him doing just that. Winchell told Producer Zanuck nothing doing. "Enough people think that's the way I get my news," says he. "If they ever saw me do it in a movie, they'd be sure it was true. And besides," says he, by way of clinching the argument, "you'd just be making monkeys out of yourselves, because doors don't have keyholes now, and you can't peep through a combination lock." 

"You ought to know," said Zanuck, defeated. And then, as

he walked away, he told the director, "I thought Winchell was a writer, but this guy's just another actor."

Twenty years ago—March 8, 1918, to be exact—*Variety* reported officially on the matter as follows:

WINCHELL AND GREEN
SPOONEYVILLE
(SKIT)
12 MINUTES
AMERICAN ROOF

In forming a likable act for the no. 2 position Walter Winchell and Rita Green have made a promising start. Theirs is a sort of bench turn, but it has dialogue, songs and dances. For an opening the girl is perched on a bit of brick wall, and there is a duet, the lyric of which is rather bright. They wander to a bench for a spoony bit, followed by a song, but here, while the lyric includes the names of famous people, it is not so well written. While Miss Green is making a costume change Winchell handles a War Song, and he gives way for the girl's eccentric solo dance. There is another duet for the close, and some stepping takes them off. The first two numbers appeared to be written, and were helped by the naïve manner of Miss Green. The turn isn't one to bring forth any volume of applause, but it's pleasant. . . . ibee

Walter is a better actor now, and acts out everything he says. Perhaps he gives his best performance when he is broadcasting. With his hat on the back of his head, his coat off, his collar open, his tie loosened, he works his sound effects for telegraph and wireless messages while he shouts into the microphone his "Dots and dashes with lots of flashes, from border to border, and coast to coast." His nervous excitement exhausts everybody around the studio, and after twelve minutes of this machine-gun delivery, he collapses like a rag doll.

Have you ever analyzed the bulk of these earth-shaking announcements which he shouts to the world with such passion every Sunday night? A lot of them have been printed, most of them have little significance, and you can read any of them next morning without raising either your temperature or blood pressure. I said something to this effect to Walter, after

watching him do his stuff one night. It was in the same studio in which I had seen Lowell Thomas, a few nights earlier, tell of the bombing of Canton with much less fuss than Winchell had just made over the birth of a baby to a colored comedian.

"I talk one hundred and ninety-seven words a minute when I broadcast," he replied. "Do you know why I go so fast?" He chuckled as though he enjoyed the joke himself. "If I talked slowly, people would find out what I was saying and remember how dull it was."

Lifelong friends of Winchell will be glad to learn that he really has a wife, and a mighty pretty one, too—she was June Magee, and a dancer—that he has a daughter, age eleven, whose ambition is to become a dancer and a mother, and whose favorite columnist is Mark Hellinger, because he writes such sad things; a son, Walter, Jr., who is two and a half and who has to take his toys to the country, where his father will never follow him, in order to get a chance to play with them. Intimate pals of Winchell will also be glad to learn that he actually lives in a tower apartment in New York City, that he has just bought a little farm which they will never see—about forty minutes from New York—and there is considerable doubt about Winchell ever seeing it either, since he is waiting till science can air-condition the country and make it half as cool as the Stork Club.

Winchell has never traveled abroad, has never had a passport and has no intention of ever getting one.

"Why should I?" he says. "This is the best place. Besides, when I was a hoofer, I was in Canada once and Mexico, too, and I discovered foreigners don't like us. I guess I'm a liberal, although I don't know what it is. I like Irving Hoffman's definition: A liberal is a fellow who has both feet firmly planted in the air.

"I don't want any part of Fascism or Communism. I'm just an American—a Yankee Doodle Boy. And if you ask me what an American is, I'll tell you it's Walter Winchell. . . . Sure, I read books once in a while, but I can't think of the names of any of them now—and that ought to be a refreshing note,

because don't you get tired of people who can tell you right off who is their favorite author and why? . . . Music?" He pointed to his ear. "If it goes in there and it sounds nice, that's all I want to know about it. . . . If I were starting all over again, the kind of column I would like to write is the kind of column I am writing."

"But wouldn't you like to go over to Europe sometime and check up on some of this political dynamite you're tossing around so nonchalantly these days?"

"Gunther and Duranty and Knickerbocker are all right for me. I believe them."

Winchell had one brush with world affairs during the war. He joined the Navy and was a yeoman for a rear admiral. He didn't win the war, but he lost his job, and in a way that was as startling as it was prophetic. It seems he had a lot of blisters on his nose and the doctor had wrapped it all up in cotton and court plaster.

Sitting one day in his office, he was neither weary nor ill at ease, for, in the next office, a group of high commanding officers were discussing something that sounded to him like an Armistice rumor. He was sealing an official envelope at the time—holding a lighted match to the sealing wax, and bending over as far as possible with his ears extended, delicately attuned to the talk in the next office.

"I was younger then," said Winchell, "and my ears were smaller and I wasn't doing so well, but I was trying. In fact, I was trying so hard I wasn't paying much attention to what I was doing.

"Suddenly the rear admiral came out of the office, took a look at me and hollered, 'For God's sake, your nose is on fire!' Which it was. I hadn't noticed it. 'Get him out of here!' screamed the officer. 'Send him to sea! He's driving me crazy!' "

Apparently, this little episode didn't cure Winchell of eavesdropping or driving people crazy, either. He is forty-one years old now, with prematurely gray hair, and, in the words of Steve Hannagan, "Walter is as nervous as a can of worms."

He finds it hard to sleep, and was complaining one day to

his friend, Mark Hellinger, that he never gets more than six hours.

"Why, that's a lot," said Mark. "That's plenty for you. Edison only got four hours sleep a night."

"Sure," snapped Walter Winchell, "but I've got things to think about!"

ERNEST JOHNSON

These biographical sketches give intimate details of the public and private lives of twenty-two outstanding editors, publishers and columnists of the past and present generation. Interesting sidelights and humorous incidents, early hardships and struggles, and later conquests and triumphs of the personages are skillfully presented by other noted writers whose keen insight into human affairs makes the book delightful reading.

Written by major figures in contemporary journalism, the articles were first published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. This collection will appeal to those men and women who recognize the press as one of the vital safeguards of the democratic way of life, and who, therefore, desire to know more about those who occupy high places within the journalistic ranks. Also there are various groups, such as practicing newspaper men and women, social scientists, students in schools of journalism, and reporters and editors of high-school newspapers, who will find in this book material of practical and background value.

In addition to being entertaining, the volume is a significant contribution to biographical literature.
